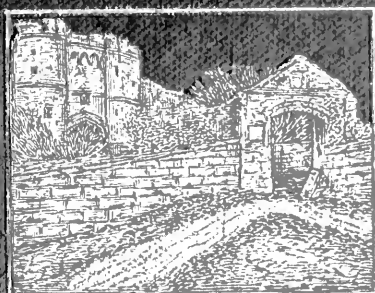


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VI.

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HENRY MORLEY.

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- „ V. ENGLISH PROSE WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.
- „ VI. PARODIES AND OTHER BURLESQUE PIECES, BY CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE.
- „ VII. TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED, TRANSLATED BY
EDWARD FAIRFAX.

PARODIES AND BURLESQUES

BY

CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE

Ballantyne Press

BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

PARODIES
AND OTHER
BURLESQUE PIECES

BY
GEORGE CANNING GEORGE ELLIS
AND
JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

WITH THE WHOLE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN

EDITED BY
HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.
EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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PARODIES AND BURLESQUES,

BY

CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE.

THE storm of thought before and after the great French Revolution began by raising in the world of letters heavy clouds of dust. The air was full of unconsidered trifles. All the winds of doctrine blew, and here in such a storm "three travellers may be seen" who cheerily press on against the gale, and laugh at all the bluster in the air. Canning, Ellis, and Frere were the three caricaturists of false sentiment who worked as comrades in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and gave life to that journal. Canning and Frere were within a year of the same age, Frere about eleven months older than Canning, and nearly of an age with William Wordsworth. They were young men of about twenty at the time of the fall of the Bastille. George Ellis was then a man of six-and-thirty. His first verse had been published in 1778, when Canning and Frere were children of eight or nine years old, and Ellis's age was five-and-twenty.

GEORGE ELLIS.

GEORGE ELLIS was born after his father's death in 1753. His father had been Member of the House of Assembly of St. George, Grenada, in the West Indies, and his mother was daughter of a Member of the Council of Jamaica. He was an only son, and after a liberal education he took his place in a small world of fashion among the wits of Bath. He published at Bath two little collections, one of "Poetical Tales, by Sir Gregory Gander, Knt.,"

the other of "Poetical Trifles, by *** *****." Both were printed by and for R. Cruttwell. Each had a French motto on its title-page. The reason for the separation seems to have been, that the "Poetical Tales," of which there were forty pages, included all the pieces of the kind usually miscalled free; so that those who did not like such pieces could leave them, and buy the "Poetical Trifles," in which there were sixty pages, and there was little or nothing to offend, with much good wit and a little sentiment to please the reader.

The last "Trifle" is a contribution to the Bath-Easton Vase; and in 1777, the year before the Poetical Tales by Sir Gregory Gander made their appearance, George Ellis had published anonymously a burlesque description of Bath.

Horace Walpole has left an account of the institution of the Vase, by Mrs. Miller of Bath-Easton Villa, near Bath:—"You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been now christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam [Riggs], an old rough humourist, who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain [Miller], full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich [daughter of Sir Robert Rich, and sister to the second Lady Lyttleton], who carried me to dine with them at Bath-Easton, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called Taste, built, and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scudéri, and as sophisticated as Mrs. V[esey]. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*; and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribands and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic

games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope [Miller], kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published—yes, on my faith! there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, *alias* ———: others very pretty, by Lord P[almerston]; some by Lord C[armarthen]; many by Mrs. [Miller] herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling.”

George Ellis in this “flux of quality” wrote:—

VERSES FOR THE VASE AT BATH-EASTON.

SUBJECT,

ADDRESS TO THE COMIC MUSE.

SWEET Parent of Laughter, Wit, Humour, and Fun,
Sworn foe to Acrostic, Charade, and bad Pun,
Come, sportive Thalia, and help to describe
The wonders of Bath, and its comical tribe:
For should heaven propitious bestow on me lungs
Of steel, or of brass, and a thousand good tongues,
With a voice louder, stronger than that of old Stentor,
To paint them without thee I never should venture.

First, note our wise Magistrates, equally skilled,
Pen, trowel, or lancet and syringe to wield,
Frame laws and directions, bleed, blister, and build,
Put our minds and our bodies alike to the torture,
And turn to a sceptre the pestle and mortar.¹

Next mark this sweet City, so fashioned to please,
Where in summer we scorch, and in winter we freeze;

¹ The Corporation of Bath is almost entirely composed of Apothecaries.—[G. E.]

Where the old and the new town, like husband and wife,
 Though coupled together, are ever at strife ;
 Where dark lanes and passages happily meet,
 More intricate far than the lab'rinth of Crete,
 And choke up the entrance of every good street ;
 With a circus and crescent so wisely combined
 To catch every tempest of snow, hail, or wind,
 That kindly indulgent oft give to our view
 Forms far more enchanting than Guido e'er drew.

Nor yet for its glories indebted alone
 To the happy arrangement of mortar and stone ;
 The company sure, without flattery, may claim
 Some little applause, in extending her fame ;
 For ne'er were beheld yet such oddly mixed crews,
 Lords, Pickpockets, Sharpers, Dukes, Tailors, and Jews,
 Collection more strange than e'er met in the ark,
 When monster met monster, and clashed in the dark.
 But say, shall the Muse, with her dagger of lath,
 Strike only the follies, the whimsies of Bath ?

When now the terrors of the field are o'er,
 And military trophies are no more,
 When now the squire, safe in paternal grounds,
 Alternate sleeps or bellows with his hounds ;
 Though at the daring subject half afraid
 The Muse recoil : yet shall her debt be paid,
 Nor suffer modest worth to wither in the shade.

Say, ye who viewed the terrible campaign
 Of Warley, or Coxheath, where none were slain,
 And they who fell, but fell to rise again :
 Can none remember ? Yes, I know all must,
 How fierce he combated whole clouds of dust,
 How brave he strode along the level plain,
 Scorched by the sun and moistened by the rain,
 Armed for his country's good, his daring soul
 No fears could daunt, no dangers could control ;
 Calm and serene amid the varying noise
 Of cannon, trumpets, drums, old women, boys,
 With breast unmoved he dared the war's alarms,
 Led his bold bands to desperate deeds in arms,
 And pleased the General's orders to perform,
 Smiled at the tumult, and enjoyed the storm.

Now, why should I tell how the King was delighted,
 How the Colonels kissed hands, how the Captains were knighted;¹
 How his Majesty graciously made the mob stare,
 And rode through the ranks with his royal wig bare,
 Like the modern old statue in Berkeley's famed square.
 Enough for me, if luckier than my neighbours,
 One sprig of myrtle crown my three hours' labours.
 She too, perhaps, though every softer grace,
 Each winning charm of figure or of face,
 Deck her fair form, and teach that form to please,
 With modest dignity and sprightly ease;
 Yet haply will *Jemima*² not refuse
 The faithful homage of the motley muse,
 But smile propitious on the sportive line
 Her eyes inspired; and grant the Bard to twine
 His humble wreath around sweet Beauty's shrine.

Dr. Johnson's comment upon a friend of his, of whom he was told that he had written for the Bath-Easton Vase, was, "He was a blockhead for his pains." Said Boswell, "The Duchess of Northumberland wrote." Said Johnson, "Sir, the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases; nobody will say anything to a lady of her high rank. But I should be apt to throw" [shall we say George Ellis's] "verses in his face." Ah, well; George Ellis was capable of better things than were producible in a Fool's Paradise, "where the great fools rule the less."

The Poetical Tales and Trifles had many readers. Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, had never read anything so "clear, so lively, and so light." And although some of the tales were light o' love, there was frequent evidence in them of that relish for the charm of our old English literature which caused George Ellis afterwards to take a place of honour among those who brought a sense of its charm home to many readers. His pleasure in our old romances was one bond of fellowship between George Ellis and Walter Scott, who recognised in the light touch of his verse a

¹ Captain Millar was knighted, and the lady of Bath-Easton died Lady Millar in 1781, aged 41.

² Lady *Jemima Ashburnham*.

power that was in the main used worthily. The fifth canto of "Marmion"—published in 1808—Scott dedicated to George Ellis :—

"Oh, born Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care ;
Who when his scythe our hoary foe
Was poisoning for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again ;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral ga;,
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit ;
In letters as in life approved,—
Example honoured and beloved,—
Dear Ellis, to thy bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend."

But we are now at work of the year 1778, when George Ellis, aged twenty-five, published "Poetical Tales by Sir Gregory Gander, Knt.," which have this

INTRODUCTION.

LADIES,—

I've often thought it was a pity,
That you should ever go to hell ;
Your little persons are so pretty,
And they become your souls so well,
Besides, I know your hearts are good,
If they were rightly understood ;
Though by some wonderful fatality,
You seldom practise your morality.

One beauty is seduced by pleasure,
A second led away by fashion,
A third is caught for want of leisure
To put her virtue in a passion.

[Others fail in other ways. Ill-natured elves observe your fall]

They never pick you up themselves,
But stand and bawl,
Calling your neighbours one and all.

Then issues forth a noisy group,
Talking as fast as they can utter,
Like amorous turkies in a coop,
Or empty bottles in a gutter.

[They are spiteful, they malign you, if you only get the vapours
they will put you in the papers.]

But what is harder still is this,
(I know the thoughts of your Mamas)
Should any of you act amiss
They'll swear my verses were the cause.
They'll all be canvassing and gleaning,
Raking each verse to find a meaning,
Whereas, you'll know, if you proceed,
I never think—I don't, indeed.

I only pass the rainy weather
In stringing a few rhymes together ;
And then I call them tales, you know,
As I call this an Introduction,
Because 'tis only meant for show,
Not for amusement or instruction.
For poets, when their works are long,
Must deck them with some previous rhyme,
Just as a hero sings a song,
To tell you he's distressed for time.

There are only seven pieces in the little book of forty pages.
One of them is a free adaptation of Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's
Tale." Another, the seventh, is—

THE POWER OF FAITH.

A TALE.

"A MIRACLE ! a miracle ! my friends !"
 The enraptured Selim cried,
 "Behold, the raging tempest ends,
 Mohammed to my prayer attends,
 And checks the insulting tide.
 For while it thundered and it lightened,
 I turned to Mecca's seven-times sacred site,—
 I could not speak, I was so frightened,—
 Our prophet, beaming through the gloom of night,
 Dispelled at once the elemental strife,
 And deigned to save his faithful servant's life."

"Is the man mad, or only drunk ?"
 An old Egyptian screams ;
 "Believe me, friend, our bark had sunk,
 Spite of your Prophet and his beams ;
 But through the storm, at my request,
 At once the mighty Apis came,
 Before these eyes he stood confessed,
 With tail of fire and horns of flame.
 I saw him shake his awful brow,
 All Nature trembled at his nod,
 And hailed with tears the mystic god,
 The heir-apparent of a Cow."

"Good folks !" exclaimed a Cherokee,
 "'Tis pity you should disagree.
 Why so abusive in your speeches ?
 The real sage such language scorns.
 Why can't you dress the Bull in breeches,
 And deck the Prophet with his rival's horns ?
 Yet, sirs, transform them as you please,
 It will not much improve your creed :
 If you would know who calmed the seas,
 Know 'twas my whip that did the deed."
 —"Your whip, sir !" — "Yes." — "Your most obedient !
 A very pleasant, safe expedient.
 A fairy, sir, perhaps, or witch ?"—
 —"Good sirs, repress these impious sneers !

This whip, resounding on my breech,
 Made the Great Hare prick up his mighty ears,
 Squatting upon his radiant form,
 He smiled to see his bleeding slave,
 And with his heavenly paw dispersed the storm,
 And smoothed the troubled wave."

While thus they quarrelled and disputed,
 Denied, asserted, and confuted,
 A sage Chinese, who near them sate
 And listened to the whole debate,
 Seizing a favourable pause,
 Thus oped his Asiatic jaws :
 " Friends, you're so learned and so funny,
 That I could hear you talk all night ;
 I'd bet the captain any money
 That all are vastly in the right.

" But yet, to set my mind at rest,
 Be pleased to grant me one request.
 I ask not that your powerful prayers,
 Addressed to Prophets, Bulls, and Hares,
 Should dry the swelling ocean's source,
 Or check the whirlwind's rapid course,
 Or give to age the bloom of youth,
 Or make a traveller tell truth.—
 But since that power we all respect,
 In forming you his perfect creatures,
 At first thought proper to neglect
 The usual complement of features ;—
 This single proof I would propose—
 That all the three sit down together,
 To Nature leave the wind and weather,
 And beg of heaven another inch of nose."

There were sixty pages in the companion volume of *POETICAL TRIFLES*, and sixteen pieces, of which eight or nine are serious and sentimental. The best piece in the book is a parody of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," adapted to another place of repose for what is left of the dead.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE chapel bell, with hollow mournful sound,
 Awakes the Fellows, slumb'ring o'er their fires,
 Roused by the 'customed note, each stares around,
 And sullen from th' unfinished pipe retires.

Now from the Common-Hall's restrictions free,
 The sot's full bottles in quick order move,
 While gayer coxcombs sip their amorous tea,
 And Barbers' daughters soothe with tales of love.

Through the still courts a solemn silence reigns,
 Save where, the broken battlements among,
 The east wind murmurs through the shattered panes,
 And hoarser ravens croak their evening song.

Where groan yon shelves beneath their learned weight,
 Heap piled on heap, and row succeeding rows,
 In peaceful pomp, and undisturbed retreat,
 The labours of our ancestors repose.

No longer, sunk in ceaseless, fruitless toil,
 The half-starved student o'er their leaves shall pore ;
 For them no longer blaze the midnight oil,
 Their sun is set, and sinks to rise no more.

For them no more shall booksellers contend,
 Or rubric posts their matchless worth proclaim ;
 Beneath their weight no more the press shall bend,
 While common-sense stands wondering at their fame.

Oft did the Classics mourn their Critic rage,
 While still they found each meaning but the true ;
 Oft did they heap with notes poor Ovid's page,
 And give to Virgil words he never knew ;

Yet ere the partial voice of Critic scorn
 Condemn their memory, or their toils deride,
 Say, have not we had equal cause to mourn
 A waste of words, and learning ill applied ?

Can none remember?—yes, I know all can—
 When readings against different readings jarred,
 While Bentley led the stern scholastic van,
 And new editions with the old ones warred.

Nor ye, who lightly o'er each work proceed,
 Unmindful of the graver moral part,
 Contemn these works, if as you run and read,
 You find no trophies of th' engraver's art.

Can Bartolozzi's all-enrapturing power
 To heavy works the stamp of merit give?
 Could Grignion's art protract Oblivion's hour,
 Or bid the epic rage of Blackmore live?

In this lone nook, with learned dust bestrewed,
 Where frequent cobwebs kindly form a shade,
 Some wondrous legend, filled with death and blood,
 Some monkish history, perhaps is laid.

With store of barbarous Latin at command,
 Though armed with puns and jingling quibble's might,
 Yet could not these soothe Time's remorseless hand,
 Or save their labours from eternal night.

Full many an elegy has mourned its fate,
 Beneath some pasty "cabined, cribbed, confined ;"
 Full many an ode has soared in lofty state,
 Fixed to a kite, and quivering in the wind.

Here too, perhaps, neglected now, may lie
 The rude memorial of some ancient song,
 Whose martial strains, and rugged minstrelsy,
 Once waked to rapture every listening throng.

To trace fair Science through each wildering course,
 With new ideas to enlarge the mind,
 With useful lessons drawn from Classic source,
 At once to polish and instruct mankind,

Their times forbade ; nor yet alone repress
 Their opening fancy ; but alike confined
 The senseless ribaldry, the scurvy jest,
 And each low triumph of the vulgar mind ;

With Griffiths, Langhorne, Kenrick, and the tribe¹
 Whom science loathes and scorn disdains to name,
 To snarl unpaid, or, softened by a bribe,
 Smear with vile praise, and deem their daubing fame.

Their humble science never soared so far,
 In studious trifles pleased to waste their time,
 Or wage with common-sense eternal war,
 In never-ending clink of monkish rhyme.

Yet were they not averse to noisy Fame,
 Or shrank reluctant from her ruder blast,
 But still aspired to raise their sinking name,
 And fondly hoped that name might ever last.

Hence each proud volume to the wondering eye,
 Rivals the gaudy glare of Tyrrel's urn,²
 Where Ships, Wigs, Fame, and Neptune blended lie,
 And weeping cherubs for their bodies mourn.

For who with rhymes e'er racked his weary brain,
 Or spent in search of epithets his days,
 But from his lengthened labours hoped to gain
 Some present profit, or some future praise?

Though Folly's self inspire each dead-born strain,
 Still Flattery prompts some blockhead to commend,
 Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath not toiled in vain,
 Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath as dull a friend.

For thee, whose Muse with many an uncouth rhyme,
 Doth in these lines neglected worth bewail,
 If chance (unknowing how to kill the time)
 Some kindred idler should inquire thy tale;

Haply some ancient Fellow may reply—
 Oft have I seen him, from the dawn of day,
 E'en till the western sun went down the sky,
 Lounging his lazy, listless hours away.

Each morn he sought the cloister's cool retreat;
 At noon, at Tom's he caught the daily lie,

¹ The Critical Reviewers. The others are the *London* and *Monthly*.—[Note of G. E.]

² *Vide* Admiral Tyrrel's monument in Westminster Abbey.—[G. E.]

Or from his window looking o'er the street,
 Would gaze upon the travellers passing by.

At night, encircled with a kindred band,
 In smoke and ale rolled their dull lives away ;
 True as the College clock's unvarying hand,
 Each morrow was the echo of to-day.

Thus free from cares and children, noise and wife,
 Passed his smooth moments ; till, by fate's command,
 A lethargy assailed his harmless life,
 And checked his course, and shook his loitering sand.

Where Merton's towers in Gothic grandeur rise,
 And shed around each soph a deeper gloom,
 Beneath the centre aisle interred he lies,
 With these few lines engraved upon his tomb :

THE EPITAPH.

OF vice or virtue void, here rests a man
 By prudence taught each rude excess to shun ;
 Nor love nor pity marred his sober plan,
 And Dulness claimed him for her favourite son.

By no eccentric passion led astray,
 Not rash to blame, nor eager to commend,
 Calmly through life he steered his quiet way,
 Nor made an enemy, nor gained a friend.

Seek not his faults—his merits—to explore,
 But quickly drop this un instructive tale,
 His works—his faults—his merits—are no more,
 Sunk in the gloom of dark oblivion's veil.

Another piece playfully imitates the conception rather than the form of Sir John Suckling's Ballad upon a Wedding, "I tell thee, Dick, where I have been."

— RACES.

A BALLAD.

O GEORGE ! I've been, I'll tell you where,
 But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
 To paint this charming heavenly fair,
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've viewed many a one,
 With lovely shapes and angel faces,
 But I have seen them all outdone
 By this sweet maid, at — Races.

Lords, Commoners, alike she rules,
 Takes all who view her by surprise,
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools.
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
 Unspoiled by art or modern dress,
 But gently tapering by degrees,
 And finely, “beautifully less.”

Her foot—it was so wondrous small,
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
 The buckle fairly hid it all,
 And seemed to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,
 Where many an eye did often glance,
 Sweetly retiring from the view,
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance ;

Two slender ankles peeping out,
 Stood like Love's heralds, to declare,
 That all within the petticoat
 Was firm and full, “and round, and fair.”

And then she dances—better far
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
 E'er moved so graceful and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
True as the echo to the sound,
She seems, as through the dance she skims.
To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inspire
The clay-cold breast of Apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips
Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses,
And there his heavenly nectar sips,
And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And there's such music when she speaks,
You may believe me when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her than the squeaks
Or far-famed squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit and steady sense.
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But tinged with virgin diffidence,
And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,
All the sun views or the seas borrow
(Else may I to the devil be hurled),
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,
And hammer them into a sonnet.

And if she deign one charming smile
The blest reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains or toil,
But pity the dull squires, my neighbours.

Another of the Poetical Trifles is a version of the fable which Defoe took from Sir Roger L'Estrange, and applied to the Dissenters at the beginning of his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters."¹

¹ Carisbrooke Library, vol. iii. p. 227.

THE COCK AND THE HORSES.

A FABLE.

'Twas long, ay very long ago,
 But when or where
 I don't exactly know,
 And if I did, perhaps you would not care ;
 A Cock, a lazy, listless spark,
 Chancing to saunter up and down,
 Much like a soldier in a cuntry town,
 Or just as you
 Or I might do
 In Bond Street or the Park.
 Whether the Devil,
 The author of all evil.
 As I judge.
 Owed him a grudge,
 Or that benighted,
 Or otherwise misled
 By his own foolish head,
 Howe'er it was, he lighted
 All in a barn, 'mongst hunters, hacks,
 And many a coach-horse, taller, larger
 Than a militia major's charger ;
 Greys, chestnuts, sorrels, whites, bays, blacks,
 Not tied, or fastened up to racks,
 But sidling, capering about,
 Like chattering dowagers at a rout,
 And round and round the creatures danced,
 Snorted, and flung, and plunged, and pranced,
 Making the vilest noise and pother,
 Kicking and biting one another :
 Meantime our Cock, by these huge Beasts surrounded,
 And like some luckless dog of a Reviewer,
 Surprised by angry bards, and sure
 Of being kicked to death or miserably pounded,
 Though not a little in fright,
 Yet thought it best,
 Perhaps too he was in the right,
 To strut and crow,
 And give them a *bon-mot*,

And tickle up their fancies with a jest,
Before he bade the world good-night.

"My friends," said he, "whose graceful education
Hath kept you from profaner home-bred courses,
And who have still maintained the reputation
Of gentlemanly, well-bred horses,
Though I should be extremely proud
In such good company to pass my life,
Yet as I hate a crowd
Worse than a smoky chimney or a scolding wife,
Permit me to propose,
That, like the incidents of modern plays,
We each pursue our different ways,
Nor rudely tread on one another's toes."

Defoe told that fable much better in half-a-dozen lines of prose, and the humour of the piece is spoilt by making the Cock know that he is joking. But this piece, like the next which follows, illustrates by the way that reaction against formalism in literature which caused men weary of the ten-syllabled rhyming couplet to break loose from its even step, and cut such capers in rhyme as formed the style which had its last good illustration in Richard Harris Barham's "*Ingoldsby Legends*."

THE DUKE OF BENEVENTO.

A TALE.

I HATE a prologue to a story
 Worse than the tuning of a fiddle,
 Squeaking and dinning ;
 Hang order and connection,
 I love to dash into the middle ;
 Exclusive of the fame and glory,
 There is a comfort on reflection
 To think you've done with the beginning.

And so at supper one fine night,
 Hearing a cry of Alla, Alla,
 The Prince was damnably confounded.
 And in a fright,
 But more so when he found himself surrounded
 By fifty Turks ; and at their head the fierce Abdalla.

And then he looked a little grave
 To find himself become a slave,
 And thought the Corsair rather in a hurry,
 Out of all rules
 To make the Duke of Benevento curry
 And take care of his mules :
 But as 'twas vain to make a riot,
 Without grimace,
 Or a wry face,
 He gave a shrug, and rubbed his mules in quiet.

It would have been great sport
 To all the puppies of the court
 To view these changes and disasters ;
 But their enjoyments
 Were damped by certain slovenly employments,
 Not more amusing than their master's.

But who can paint his grief,
 Who can describe the transports of his sorrow,
 When he beheld Almida's charms
 Conducted to Abdalla's arms
 And saw no prospect of relief ?
 But that the blooming maid,
 By cruel destiny betrayed,
 Must no more triumph in that name to-morrow.

Not understanding what he said,
Seeing him caper like an antic,
And tear his hair, and beat his head,
The eunuch wisely judged him to be frantic.

But she, the lovely cause of all his care,
Darting a look to his enraptured soul
Might soften e'en the madness of despair,
Bade him his weak, unmanly rage control,
Each favouring opportunity improve,
And bade him dare to hope, and bade him dare to love.

The Corsair in a transport of surprise,
When he beheld Almida's sparkling eyes.
Her faultless figure, her majestic air,
The graceful ringlets of her auburn hair,
That twined in many a fold to deck,
Not hide, the dazzling whiteness of her neck :
The various charms her flowing robe revealed,
While fancy whispered to his throbbing heart,
Each nameless beauty that well-judging art,
To fix the roving mind, had carefully concealed.

"O Mahomet, I thank thee!" he exclaimed,
"That to thy servant thou hast given
This bright inhabitant of heaven,
To gild the progress of his life below,
For him this beauteous houri framed ;
Enjoyment I have known, but never loved till now."

Then with a smile,
Might even a Stoic's heart beguile,
The fair one, with a little flattery,
To his charmed ears addressed her battery.

"Still may my lord," said she, "approve
The happy object of his love,
Then when Almida sues
Let not Abdalla's heart her first request refuse :
Deign to suspend but for three days
The progress of your amorous flame,
And to console my heart for these delays,
Grant me two small requests that I shall name.

"The first is to desire,
If you incline,
Five hundred lashes for two friends of mine,
And just as many for a friar.
The next, a litter and two mules,
The heavy hours of absence to amuse,
Besides a muleteer that I shall chuse,
At my disposal, subject to my rules."

So said, the culprit knaves appear,
Upon each rascal's pampered hide
The stripes are in due form applied,
Which done, she chose,
You may suppose.
Her lover for her muleteer.

Then with a voice sweet as an angel's song,
While Tancred, with attentive ear,
In silent rapture stooped to hear,
The beauteous maid the silence broke,
Conviction followed as she spoke,
And truth, and soft persuasion dwelt on her enchanting tongue:

"With grief those scenes unwilling I disclose,
Whence every error, each misfortune, rose ;
When pleasures of the lowest meanest kind,
Unnerved your feeble frame, and checked the progress of
your mind.

"In vain your people's curses or their tears
Your heart assailed,
Two flattering knaves had charmed your ears,
And Raymond vainly counselled, or as vainly railed.

"He was your father's friend, wise, honest, brave,
Him you displaced,
And listening to the malice of a slave,
The guardian of our crown was banished and disgraced.

"Me too you loved, and I approved the flame,
In hopes my counsels might have weight
To prompt you to redress the state,
And save from infamy your sinking name.

“ But soon your Cónfessor, the crafty Priest,
Rage, hate, and malice, rankling in his breast,
With timorous scruples filled your wavering mind ;
In vain each finer feeling strove
To guard your heart, and court it to be kind,
While haggard superstition triumphed over love.

“ But justice still pursues betimes,
E'en now, for she directs the hour,
The Priest and the vile partners of his power
Feel vengeance overtake their crimes.

“ The Turks' unnoticed march, last night's surprise,
The foe unthought-of thundering at the gate
At length have cleared your eyes,
Their treacherous negligence is found, is felt, too late.

“ No more of this displeasing strain—
If thinking, acting, like a man
Reformed by slavery's painful chain,
Virtue within your breast resume her reign,
Inspire your thoughts and guide your future plan,
My heart will still be yours, e'en Raymond too
Still loves his Prince, to him repair,
Confess your faults, his aid demand,
The gallant veteran waits but your command
To spread his conquering banners to the air,
To sacrifice his life with you,
Or rescue and relieve his native land.

“ Abdalla claims my promise in three days.
Think then on me :
Danger and death attend delays,
Be virtuous, be daring, and be free.”

The Lady's sermon was a little long,
Not but she talked both well and wittily,
And then she looked so prettily,
Her eyes excused the freedom of her tongue.

For when a favourite mistress speaks,
We always think her in the right,
E'en though she talk for days or weeks,
Or in the middle of the night.

To say the truth, her speech was rather rough,
But as she promised him her heart,
Upon the whole he took it in good part,
And as he loved her, liked it well enough.

So thanked her for the good advice,
And took his leave ; and ere he went,
By way of compliment,
Called her his guardian angel, his sweet tutor,
And kissed her fair hand once or twice,
And swore to be a good boy for the future.

In short, it was so settled ; the third night,
By good luck, too, 'twas dark as hell.
Tancred, with Raymond and a chosen band,
Surprise the guards, who in their fright
Make but a shabby stand,
And enter at the gates pell-mell.

Meantime, Abdalla snug in bed,
Finding Almida staid away so long,
Suspecting there was something wrong,
Looked out ; and found his troops were killed or gone,
Himself a prisoner, and alone,
And Tancred reigning in his stead.

And now the sore-backed scoundrels in a trice
Came kindly with their counsels and advice.
Proposing as a pious work
Just to impale
Or stick a hedge-stake through the tail
Of the poor Turk.

Indignant fury flashed from Tancred's eye—
“ Ye vile corrupters of my youth,
Ye foes to honour, honesty, and truth,
Hence from my sight, nor offer a reply :
If the third day
Within the limits of this state
Disclose your stay,
Not e'en Almida's self shall save you from your fate.

“ Go, brave Abdalla, to your native shore ;—
From sloth, from vice, from infamy
Your kind instructions and assistance
Have haply set me free ;

Thanks for your visit, pray return no more,
Let us be friends, but at a distance.

“And now, my better angel, whose kind care
The mists of error from my sight dispelled,
Burst the vile fetters that my reason held,
Restored fair wisdom’s gentle sway,
Guided my steps to her, and pointed out the way ;
Now while my people’s eager voice,
And Raymond too, confirms my choice,
O come, my heavenly fair !
Ascend, adorn, and bless my throne ;
Still with that cheering influence preside,
My life, my future conduct, guide,
Inspire my raptured heart, and make it virtuous as your own.”

There is only one other burlesque piece to be taken from
George Ellis’s little book of “Poetical Trifles.”

PALINODE TO THE REVIEWERS.

I WHO, of late, in many a slanderous ditty,
Burlesqued your prose and parodied your verses,
With tears and trembling supplicate your pity ;
Accept my penitence, forgive my curses.

Good, pious gentlemen, repress your rigour,
Untwist your bowels of commiseration,
Think on my tender years, and till I’m bigger,
Suspend the terrors of your dire damnation.

Long time with harmless elegy content,
Pleased in that pretty path, I paced no further,
Happy to catch some straggling sentiment,
And sing in simple style of love and murder.

Till lured by wicked wits, indeed ’tis truth,
In luckless hour listed beneath their banners,
To satire’s thorny way they led my youth,
Evil communication spoils good manners.

Dear Doctor Langhorne, you were ever good,
Mild as young Nithsdale, or Lady Ellen,¹
Can you excuse my frantic, furious mood,
’Gainst wisdom and your sage decrees rebelling.

¹ Vide “Owen of Carron,” a Poem by the Doctor.—[G. E.]

O soften then your angry colleagues' fury,¹
 My works, I fear, will quickly fall before 'em,
 Alas, they'll hang me without judge or jury,
 Or tomahawk and scalp me *in terrorem*.

And you, great Kenrick,² Britain's last, sad hope,
 Prose man or poet, chymist, critic, player,
 Whether in easy verse you rival Pope,
 Or grace with dignity the critic chair.

Or float in speculation's sceptic round
 With Priestley's patent air ; or in a trice
 Sink to the chaos of the dread profound,
 With lies and treason, politics and Price ;

Dropping with printers' tears and authors' gore,
 See where he comes !—I know his stars, his dashes—
 O spare my works, they shall offend no more—
 Behold, I mourn in sackcloth and in ashes.

Last, though not least in love, ye learned sages,
 Hight Critical, who vent your secret labours
 From nooks and lanes, if in my desperate pages
 I've treated you no better than your neighbours,

List, list, O list ! and hear while I proclaim
 All that in jest, or sober serious sadness,

¹ Mr. Griffiths, &c. &c. &c. [G. E.] Ralph Griffiths was a publisher in Pater-noster Row, who began in 1749, when his age was twenty-nine, with the aid of John Langhorne, Andrew Kippis, James Ralph, James Grainger, and others, the *Monthly Review*, for which he secured, in 1757, a year's services as bookseller's hack from Oliver Goldsmith, at the outset of Goldsmith's career. The *Monthly* was a Whig review. In March 1756, Tobias Smollett started in rivalry the *Critical Review*, to represent Tory opinions. The *Critical Review* survived until 1817; the *Monthly* until 1845. Griffiths, its founder, retired from business upon the profits of his Review, lived beyond the age of eighty, and died in 1803.

² Dr. William Kenrick, who began life as a rule-maker, published in 1759 poems, philosophical and moral, attacked in 1765 Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, produced in 1766 (revised from an edition of 1760) a comedy designed to be in Shakespeare's manner, "Falstaff's Wedding," and in 1773 a new Dictionary of the English Language, was for some time a bad-tempered critic in the *Monthly Review*, from which he seceded in 1775 to found the *London Review*, in which Priestley and others wrote. The *London Review* was living its short life of five years when Ellis wrote this Palinode to the Reviewers.

I e'er devised as touching your fair fame
Was riotous rage and frantic furious madness.¹

This being granted, to all Christian people
The fact is clear, and can appear no other,
But that I shot my arrow o'er the steeple,
And in its fatal flight have hurt my brother.²

Then seal my pardon, and from every danger
May the kind Muses and Apollo guard ye,
Though to your persons, to your worth no stranger,
Thus prays a bard unequal to reward ye.

But O, beware of libels : think, O think
What ills await. The pillory's foul disgrace,
The rabble's beastly shoutings, and the stink
Of rotten eggs slow streaming down each learned face.

So when the splendour of your dawn is o'er,
When they who took your judgments upon trust
Begin to think, who never thought before,
Your pockets sunk, your credit in the dust ;

May heaven in pity mitigate the blow,
That gives such merit to the untimely bier,
And may your works be all forgiven below,
As truly as the world forgets them here.

¹ What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.—*Hamlet*. [G. E.]

² Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.—*Hamlet*. [G. E.]

On the 24th of June 1783 Horace Walpole wrote the Earl of Strafford from Strawberry Hill, that the Anglomanie of the French "I hear has mounted—or descended—from our customs to our persons. English people are in fashion at Versailles. A Mr. Ellis, who wrote some pretty verses at Bath two or three years ago, is a favourite there."

On the 3rd of September 1783 the contest with the American Colonies was definitely concluded, and the independence of the United States recognised by the Treaty of Paris. On the 11th of November a new Session of Parliament opened. The Duke of Portland was First Lord of the Treasury, in a Coalition Ministry, with Fox and Lord North Secretaries of State, and William Pitt, not yet twenty-five years old, leading the Opposition. Pitt had opposed Lord North and the American war. His first motion had been for more equal representation of the people in Parliament. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer after Lord Rockingham's death, in the Ministry that closed the American war. In December 1783 Fox carried through the Commons, by a majority of 114, his India Bill. There was much feeling against it in the city of London and elsewhere, on which the King rested his personal opposition to the Bill, which was accordingly rejected by the House of Lords on the 17th of December. The Coalition Ministry was destroyed on the 19th of December. Pitt was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a hostile majority in the Commons, and Fox, Burke, North, and Sheridan against him. After unflinching contest with a House of Commons that in the course of about two months carried fourteen motions against him, Pitt met a new Parliament on the 18th of May 1784. In the election for this Parliament, which gave Pitt a majority, there was the strongest opposition made by the Court and its friends to the return of Fox for Westminster. The Westminster election lasted forty days, during which faction ran high, and there were very many caricatures by pen or pencil. Lord Hood and Mr. Fox were returned, but Sir Cecil Wray, who was defeated, called for a scrutiny, and the High Bailiff refused to make a return.

In the first discussion upon the Westminster scrutiny, Mr. Rolfe, member for Devonshire, said "he could not be kept all the summer debating about the rights of the Westminster electors. His private concerns were of more importance to him than his right as a Westminster elector." Here, said the wits, the member for Devonshire "emphatically proved himself the genuine descendant of Duke Rollo; and in the noble contempt which he avowed for the boasted rights of electors, seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the sword." Upon this hint spake George Ellis, among other satirists of the day who set up in a newspaper of the day a series of mock criticisms of a supposed epic, the "*Rolliad*," with snatches of political caricature in verse, professing to be extracts from that poem. Among Ellis's contributions was a description of Pitt in the second number, and probably the whole of the number.

NUMBER II. OF THE "ROLLIAD."

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of ROLLO, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate ROLLOS whom history relates to have been hanged. From this difficulty, however, he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz., by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a flaw, by which they are preserved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest. Let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendour illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable young nobleman,¹ whose diary we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says—

"Superior to abuse
He nobly glories in the name of Goose ;
Such geese at Rome from the perfidious Saul
Preserved the Treasury Bench and Capitol," &c. &c. &c.

In the description of Lord Mahon, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity :—

"This Quixote of the nation
Beats his own windmills in gesticulation,
To strike, not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers' ends," &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius (if we except only the character of Mr. ROLLE himself) is contained in the description of Mr. PITT.

¹ Lord Graham.

"Pert without fire, without experience sage,
 Young with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
 Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
 Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
 In solemn dignity and sullen state,
 This new Octavius rises to debate!
 Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
 Of country gentlemen with rapture glow;
 He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
 Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs!
 Nor rum contractors think his speech too long,
 While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue!
 O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles,
 Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
 Or vote some necessary millions more
 To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store,
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
 Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.
 But, ah! too weak," &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the *nolo episcopari* of Bishops; for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says) more congenial to his abilities, and paints—

"In smooth confectionary style
 The simpering sadness of his Mulgrave's smile."

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in imitative harmony:—

"Within his lab'ring throat
 The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh, hoarse note."

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy at once, the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts for the present. We cannot, however, conclude this essay without observing that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

So ends Number Two of the "Rolliad." Dundas was the chief butt of Number Three, and Dr. Prettyman of Number Four. In the Fifth Number, after a free distribution of satire among other politicians, the burlesque returns to Pitt :—

" Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,
Now for the India, now St. James's Court ? "

Two of the East India Company's governors were named Atkinson and Jenkinson, and shall Pitt—

" Prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either kinson, At or Jen the tool ? "

And so the jest went on.

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

IN 1785 Political Eclogues followed on the " Criticisms of the Rolliad." The eclogues are compact with satire upon politicians and in burlesque of Virgil. Virgil's second eclogue becomes the Complaint of George Rose, as Corydon, to Pitt, as Alexis. " Huc ades o formose puer," is " Come, Billy, come," addressed to Pitt :—

" Come, Billy, come. For you each rising day
My maids, though taxed, shall twine a huge bouquet :
That you, next winter, at the birth-night ball
In loyal splendour may out-dazzle all ;
Dear Mrs. Rose her needle shall employ
To broider a fine waistcoat for my boy :
In gay design shall blend with skilful toil,
Gold, silver, spangles, crystals, beads, and foil,
Till the rich work in bright confusion show
Flowers of all hues—and many more than blow."

PROBATIONARY ODES.

JOSEPH WHITEHEAD, Poet Laureate, died on the 14th of April 1785, and Literature then offered a new field of sport for the satirists with whom George Ellis was beating up game. They produced burlesque pieces as "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship,"—Odes on the King's Birthday, in which they set their politicians singing. There was a "Preliminary Discourse," of which they made Sir John Hawkins the father, with commendatory testimonies, in which Miss Hannah More and Jonas Hanway testified to Sir Joseph Mawbey's good parts for poetry. Dr. Stratford ("author of fifty-eight tragedies, only one which, to the disgrace of our theatres, has yet appeared") and Mrs. George Anne Bellamy were made to certify in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, and so forth. The following Birthday Ode parodies another Bard's address to a king. Wraxall had travelled much, and among other achievements travelled in five months two thousand miles round the Baltic Sea.

O D E

BY NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL, M.P.

I.

MURRAIN seize the House of Commons !
 Hoarse catarrh their windpipes shake,
 Who, deaf to travelled learning's summons,
 Rudely coughed whene'er I spake !
 North nor Fox's thundering course,
 Nor e'en the Speaker, tyrant, shall have force
 To save thy walls from nightly breaches,
 From Wraxall's votes, from Wraxall's speeches.
 Geography, terraqueous maid,
 Descend from globes to statesmen's aid !
 Again to heedless crowds unfold
 Truths unheard, though not untold :
 Come, and once more unlock this vasty world—
 Nations attend, the map of Earth's unfurled !

II.

Begin the song, from where the Rhine,
 The Elbe, the Danube, Weser, rolls—
 Joseph, nine circles, forty seas are thine—
 Thine twenty million souls !
 Upon a marish flat and dank
 States six and one
 Dam the dykes, the seas embank,
 Maugre the Don !
 A gridiron's form the proud Escorial rears,
 While south of Vincent's Cape anchovies glide :
 But, ah ! o'er Tagus, once auriferous tide,
 A priest-rid Queen Braganza's sceptre bears—
 Hard fate ! that Lisbon's Diet-drink is known
 To cure each crazy Constitution but her own !

III.

I burn ! I burn ! I glow ! I glow !
 With antique and with modern lore !
 I rush from Bosphorus to Po—
 To Nilus from the Nore.
 Why were thy Pyramids, O Egypt, raised
 But to be measured and be praised ?

Avaunt, ye Crocodiles ; your threats are vain !
 On Norway's seas my soul, unshaken,
 Braved the Sea Snake and the Kraken !
 And shall I heed the River's scaly train ?
 Afric, I scorn thy Alligator band !
 Quadrant in hand
 I take my stand,
 And eye thy moss-clad needle, Cleopatra grand !
 O that great Pompey's pillar were my own !
 Eighty-eight feet the shaft, and all one stone !
 But hail, ye lost Athenians !
 Hail also, ye Armenians !
 Hail once, ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians !
 Twice hail, ye Turks ! and thrice, ye Abyssinians !
 Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy !
 Hail, commerce-catching Tipperary !
 Hail, wonder-working Magi !
 Hail Ourang-Outang ! Hail Anthropophagi !
 Hail, all ye cabinets of every state
 From poor Merino's Hill, to Catherine's Empire great !
 All have their chiefs, who speak, who write, who seem to think !
 Carmarthens, Sydneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink.

IV.

Thus, through all climes to Earth's remotest goal !
 From burning Indus to the freezing Pole,
 In chaises, and on floats,
 In dillies, and in boats ;
 Now on a camel's native stool ;
 Now on an ass, now on a mule ;
 Nabobs and Rajahs have I seen ;
 Old Brahmins mild, young Arabs keen ;
 Tall Polygars,
 Dwarf Zemindars,
 Mahommed's tomb, Killarney's lake, the fame of Ammon,
 With all thy Kings and Queens, ingenious Mrs. Salmon :
 Yet vain the Majesties of Wax !
 Vain the cut velvet on their backs !
 George, mighty George, is flesh and blood—
 No head he wants of wax or wood !
 His heart is good !
 (As a king's shou'd)
 And everything he says is understood.

WILLIAM EDEN, afterwards first Lord Auckland, was a diplomatist skilled in economic questions who was one of the first appointed lords of the Board of Trade when that department of the Government was established in 1776. He had been Chief Secretary of Ireland under Lord Carlisle, from 1780 to 1782, and it was he who then established the National Bank of Ireland. In 1785 he was sent as special envoy to Versailles to carry out Pitt's policy, with which he was in hearty accord, of establishing, on free trade principles, a commercial treaty with France. The very difficult negotiation was successful. The treaty was signed in September 1786, and within the next year an agreement was signed settling the disputes of the French and English East India Companies. The wits of the "Rolliad" attacked this policy. No one is more likely than George Ellis to have been the author of the following Rondeau. He learned to think much better of Pitt. Once, when Pitt was present, Ellis was asked to give some account of the Rolliad and the writers in it. He was embarrassed by the presence of the statesman whom he had himself, in his Rolliad days, so often ridiculed. But Pitt, who knew the cause of his hesitation, turned to him kindly, and joined in the request with a line from the *Æneid*, "*Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine, nobis.*"

RONDEAU.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EDEN,
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF COMMERCIAL
AFFAIRS AT THE COURT OF VERSAILLES.

OF EDEN lost, in ancient days,
If we believe what MOSES says,
A paltry pippin was the price,
One crab was bribe enough to entice
Frail human kind from Virtue's ways.

But now when PITT, the all-perfect, sways,
No such vain lures the tempter lays,
Too poor to be the purchase twice
Of EDEN lost,

The Devil grown wiser, to the gaze
Six thousand pounds a year displays,
And finds success from the device ;
Finds this fair fruit too well suffice
To pay the peace and honest praise
Of EDEN lost.

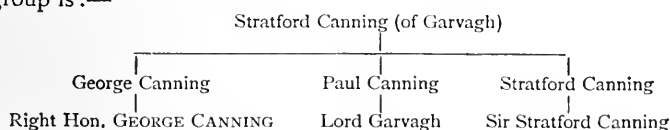
George Ellis went to the Hague in December 1784 with the embassy of Sir James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury. In the year of the outbreak of the French Revolution he wrote a History of the Dutch Revolution of 1785-87.

In 1790 he published an excellent selection of specimens of the early English poets, which was afterwards enlarged and prefaced with an "Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language," and went through half-a-dozen editions.

In 1791 George Ellis travelled in Germany and Italy with Lord and Lady Malmesbury. In 1796 he entered Parliament as member for Seaford. In July 1797—the month of Burke's death—Ellis went with Lord Malmesbury to meet the plenipotentiaries of the French Republic at Lisle. Canning wrote to Ellis there, "I ought to tell you something of what has been passing here since you left us. There is but one event, but that is an event for the world—Burke is dead. . . . It is of a piece with the peddling sense of these dogs that it should be determined to be imprudent for the House of Commons to vote him a monument. He is the man that will mark this age, marked as it is in itself by events, to all time." Canning was in hope of peace from the negotiations of Lord Malmesbury, but all chance of it was destroyed by the *coup d'état* at Paris of General Augereau on the 4th of September. New plenipotentiaries were sent from Paris who made every chance of peace impossible. Ellis wrote to Canning justifying Malmesbury, and Canning wrote of the forced departure of Lord Malmesbury from Lisle. "It was not any question of terms, of giving up this, or retaining that. It was a settled determination to get rid of the chance of peace on the part of the three scoundrelly Directors, that put an end to the negotiation." Ellis then left Lisle with Lord Malmesbury on the 18th of September, returned to London, and joined Canning and Frere in setting up the *Anti-Jacobin*, of which the first number was published on the 20th of November 1797.

GEORGE CANNING.

GEORGE CANNING was born on the 11th of April 1770. He was descended from a William Canning who, in Chaucer's lifetime, was six times Mayor of Bristol, and represented Bristol in several successive Parliaments. That William had a son John, who also sat in Parliament for Bristol, and was twice made Mayor. That John had a youngest son, William, who restored the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, founded the Priory of Westbury, served also as Mayor of Bristol, and died in 1476. This was the Canynge of Chatterton's Rowley Poems. His eldest brother, John the son of John, was father of a Thomas Canning, who became by marriage owner of the estate of Foxcote in Warwickshire. The great-grandson of that Thomas Canning passed on Foxcote to descendants of his eldest son; and had also a younger son, George, who received in 1618 from James I. a grant of the manor of Garvagh in Londonderry, from whom came the line of Cannings that produced at last George Canning the statesman. A son of that George Canning of Garvagh was William, killed in Ireland in 1641. A son of that William was a George the Second, attainted in the Parliament held at Dublin by James II. in 1690. A son of George the Second was a George the Third, who had two sons, Stratford the First and George the Fourth. Stratford the First had three sons, George the Fifth, Paul, and Stratford the Second. George the Fifth was the father of the statesman, sixth George of the Canning family. Thus the last group is:—



The father of our George Canning was eldest son and heir of Garvagh, but his political opinions were more free than his father liked. He became enamoured also without his father's approba-

tion, and was shut out from home with an allowance of £150 a year. He wrote and published verse and prose; entered to the Middle Temple, but obtained no practice at the bar; and his first love fancy having come to nothing, he married a Miss Costello, who was eighteen years old, clever, and very beautiful, but had no money to bring him. To get rid of him his father agreed to pay his debts on condition of his joining in cutting himself off from the entail of the estate of Garvagh, which was then settled upon his brother Paul. He died exactly a year after the birth of his son George, on the child's birthday. His wife inscribed upon his tomb—

“Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell,
Therefore, a little while, my George, farewell;
For faith and love like ours Heaven has in store
Its last, best gift—to meet and part no more.”

The £150 a year died with her husband, and Mrs. Canning, to support herself and her child, went upon the stage. She had friends who caused Queen Charlotte to take interest in her, and ask what she could do for her. The desire of the young widow was to be recommended by her Majesty to Mr. Garrick. Beauty and royal patronage prevailed so far, that Garrick gave to Mrs. Canning leading parts, until it became evident that she wanted alike genius and training for the stage. Then she descended into secondary parts, and acted chiefly in the provinces. She was drawn unfortunately into marriage with an actor of good abilities but low character, named Reddish, for whom she played in 1775 when he was managing the Bristol theatre. Four years afterwards Reddish became a wreck, his mind failed, he depended for support upon the Actors' Fund, and died in 1785 in the York Lunatic Asylum.

A fellow-actor, Moody, saw the great promise of Mrs. Canning's child, then seven or eight years old, in danger of destruction by the evil surroundings of his life, with Reddish for stepfather. He appealed to the child's uncle, Stratford Canning, said that the child was on the high road to the gallows, though if proper care were taken of him he would surely become a great man. When

the uncle hesitated, Moody pressed him strongly through the interest he stirred in other members of the Canning family, and the boy was taken into a well-ordered home, on condition of strict limitation of his intercourse with his mother's family. May it not be said that we owe Canning to the manliness of that warm-hearted actor?

Canning's uncle Stratford was of the banking firm of French, Burroughs and Canning, a politician in whose house the boy first met Burke and Fox and Sheridan. A small estate at Kilbrahan, in the county of Kilkenny, had been set aside by the urgent wish of the grandmother, to provide funds (£200 a year) for the education of the boy whom his grandfather and father had between them disinherited. He was sent to Hyde Abbey School near Winchester—and lived to present his old master, Mr. Richards, to a prebendal stall in Winchester Cathedral. By the advice of Fox, who took interest in his marked abilities and rare union of wit with steady earnestness of character, young Canning was sent from Winchester to Eton. He was soon among the foremost of the Eton boys, distinguished for his skill in Latin and English verse, his liveliness and generosity of character. There is a note in Wilberforce's diary: "C. knew Canning well at Eton. He never played at any games with the other boys; quite a man, fond of acting; decent and moral." Experiences of his childhood had undoubtedly left deep impressions, and under all his natural vivacity made life more serious to him than to most other boys. He never forsook his mother, whom he survived only five months. From school at Winchester, from Eton, from foreign embassies, where he was employed afterwards upon affairs of state, when premier, he took care that she should have a letter every week, in which he poured out his thoughts, hopes, experiences fully, as son to mother. The heap of the letters grew. "I cannot part with one of them, but, oh, they must be burnt," she said, "burnt after I am dead." They were, in fact, returned to Canning. He was always eager and glad to see her, when himself observed of men, and visiting his mother, openly showing himself as the companion of her poor relations.

After Reddish's death, she married a stage-struck draper at Plymouth who failed in business, went upon the stage and failed, but obtained afterwards business employment. He left Canning's mother—now Mrs. Hann—a widow for the third time, with two daughters and a son. But her first son George provided amply for her latest years. She lived to be eighty. When he retired from the office of Under-Secretary of State, and was entitled to a pension of £500 a year, he asked that it might be given not to him, but to his mother.

At Eton, Canning joined his school friends, J. and R. Smith and John Hookham Frere, in setting up a school periodical, which was published at Windsor, and after its first number, on the 6th of November 1786, appeared once a week, price twopence.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

CANNING's schoolfellow and friend, and fellow-worker in the *Anti-Jacobin*, JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, was born on the 21st of May 1769. He came of a race of Freres that was settled in Suffolk until there was a migration to Norfolk, caused by the purchase of Roydon Hall, near Diss. J. H. Frere's great-grandfather had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, his grandfather was a Fellow Commoner of the same college, his father also was entered to the same college, and became a Second Wrangler in the year in which Paley was Senior Wrangler. John Frere, the Second Wrangler, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was High Sheriff for Suffolk when his son was seven years old. At the end of the century, in 1799, he entered Parliament as member for Norwich. He had a sister married to Sir John Fenn, editor of the Paston Letters. She was a learned lady, who impressed the rustic population, and published "Cobwebs to catch Flies," and other instructive books for children, under the name of Mrs. Lovechild. John Hookham Frere said in later years of his aunt, Lady Fenn, "It is difficult to give anyone nowadays an idea of the kind of awe which, in my boyhood, a learned old lady like her inspired down in the country, not only in us, her nephews and nieces, and in those of her own age and rank who could understand her intellectual superiority, but even in the common people around her. I remember one day coming from a visit to her, I stopped to learn what some village boys outside her gate were wrangling about. They were disputing whether the nation had any reason to be afraid of an invasion by Buona-parte, and one of the disputants said, with a conscious air of superior knowledge—'I tell ye, ye don't know what a terrible fellow he is: why, he don't care for nobody! If he was to come here to Dereham, he wouldn't care that,' snapping his fingers; 'no! not even for Lady Fenn, there!'"

After preparation at a school at Putney under Mr. Cormick, Frere went in 1785 to Eton, where he was soon fast friends with Canning, and shared the common opinion of the boys, which especially marked Canning as their great man of the future. Sydney Smith's brother, "Bobus" Smith, stood next in the schoolboys' estimate of those among them who would be most famous in after life.

THE MICROCOSM

was edited by John Smith. He and his brother Robert, with Frere and Canning, were throughout its chief supporters. Beginning on the 6th of November 1786 it was published every Monday until the 30th of the following July, when it was wound up because Smith was then leaving for Cambridge. Canning himself did not leave Eton until 1788. But the four friends were of one mind in the work, and they united in the sale of the copyright to the bookseller who published it, Charles Knight of Windsor, father of the Charles Knight who afterwards was a pioneer in the work of bringing good literature home to the main body of the people. The receipt was given by George Canning to the publisher for fifty guineas paid "in full for the copyright of 'The Microcosm,' a periodical work carried on by us, the under-mentioned persons, under the name and title of Gregory Griffin. Received for John Smith, Robert Smith, John Frere, and self, GEORGE CANNING." The chief contributor was Canning, and I here give all his articles. The opening number, which I place before them, was written by John Smith. In the closing number Smith and Canning appear to have worked together. Only one paper of Frere's was lively, and that I append to the papers by Canning. His other papers were spoilt by a young sense of authorship, and did not reveal the bright spring of wit and humour that was in him. He wrote them as became the nephew of Lady Fenn.

The boys dedicated their *Microcosm* to Dr. Davies, the head-master, and Frere in his later life had memories of Davies, of which one or two are recorded in the Memoir prefacing an edition, published in 1872, of the Works of John Hookham Frere, by his nephews W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.

"Davies," he said, "who was head-master in my time, was the very incarnation of authority. We boys never dreamed of his

condescending to any physical effort other than flogging us. I never shall forget my surprise when my father took me to place me at Eton, and I saw the way in which Davies treated a man to whom I had seen every one else so deferential.

“‘Mr. Frere, I believe? Well, sir, is this your son?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well, what can he do? Where has he been?’

“‘At Mr. Cormick’s at Putney.’

“‘Humph! not a bad school; we have had some lads well prepared from him.’ And he gave me a passage to read, and away I construed for bare life. Everything about him had the same character, down to his ‘Hem!’ which might have been heard at the end of the long walk. He was ordered by his physician, when he got a little infirm, to take carriage exercise, so he had a coach-and-four; but there was something we boys did not quite like, even in his riding in a coach-and-four, like an ordinary mortal; and this effect was not lessened by his always using, when the horses were restive, the same phrase, and in the same tone, as he was accustomed to address to the prepositors of the lower school, ‘Can’t you keep them quiet there?’

“When old King George III. came over to Eton, which he used to do very frequently, I remember the jealousy with which we watched Davies, to see that he did not play the courtier too much; and very well he managed it. The King, too, used quite to understand and honour the kind of feeling we had.”

The *Microcosm* went through three editions in its original form within the year of its completion, 1787; and it has since been several times reprinted.

THE MICROCOSM.

THE BEGINNING
OF
THE MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *November 6, 1786.*

*"Protinus Italiam concepit, et arma virumque,
Qui modo vix culicem fleverat ore rudi."*—MARTIAL.

"He, who a gnat had wept with artless tongue,
'Arms and the Man,' in loftier numbers sung."

IT has often been observed that an introduction is the part of a work most embarrassing to the author, as well as the least entertaining to the reader. I have frequently wished that custom, or a literary etiquette, had prescribed some form so general as to preclude the idea of plagiarism, while it secured the author from the apprehension of misrepresenting himself to the world, as, for instance—

TO
THE MOST HIGH AND PUISSANT CRITICS,
BY THE SUFFERANCE OF THEIR SUBJECTS, OF WIT,
POETRY, AND HUMOUR, KINGS, DEFENDERS OF TASTE,
THE MICROCOSMOPOLITAN SENDS GREETING,
&c. &c. &c.

Next to this, the method almost universally adopted by periodical writers, of usurping a feigned name and character, is perhaps the most eligible; the dignity of the author is not

diminished by the egotisms of Isaac Bickerstaff, and the man with the short face reflects no portion of the ridiculous in his character on Steele or Addison.

Thus, then, I, Gregory Griffin, sally forth in this our lesser world to pluck up by the roots the more trifling follies, and cherish the opening buds of rising merit.

It is the duty of a prudent general, before he hazards an engagement, to secure a safe retreat. Why should a similar conduct be less defensible in an author. And now a conjecture there is very likely to have arisen in the minds of my readers, and which they will wonder I have not answered before, namely, who I AM. Now, as nothing is more painful than an ungratified desire of knowledge, I would advise my readers to repress and smother in its infancy this unhappy passion of inquisitiveness, as, whatever be the success of this my work, such precautions have been taken with regard to myself as shall elude all the efforts of inquiry, and baffle all the arts of curiosity. Suffice it, that I boast with them of "sucking the milk of science" from our Mother Eton, under the auspices of its present director, to whom (should this work ever be deemed worthy of so distinguished a patronage) I would wish to presume to look up for countenance and protection. But to proceed in the explanation of my design. As this attempt may have raised some degree of curiosity within the circle to which it is addressed, as it is in itself new and unprecedented in the annals of Eton, I think it incumbent on me, before I proceed any farther, to give an ample account of its scope and design, that the reader may be fully acquainted with the nature of the amusement or instruction he may expect to find, and that I may obviate any objections which I foresee will arise to this undertaking. These I shall rank under the following heads: the age of the author; the time it may take from his more serious avocations; and the tendency of the work itself.

When the respectable names of the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, or the *Rambler* recur to our memory, we start, and are astonished at the presumption of a puny authorling, who dares, at so early an

age, tread in the steps of these heroes of wit and literature. No one can suppose that it is my intention to affect to rival these illustrious predecessors. All that I can claim is a sincere desire of executing that design in a narrower sphere, which they sustained with such applause in the wider theatre of the world. My ambition, I hope, is not illaudable, and if an apology is necessary for so early an attempt, I can plead the great examples both of ancient and modern learning. Virgil and Pope produced their pastorals long before the one became the glory of Rome as her epic poet, or the other of Britain as her philosopher and satirist. If these examples are objected to, as more peculiar to poetry than prose, Cicero's treatise "*De Inventione*" was the juvenile effort of that mind, which was in future time to point the thunders of its eloquence against the betrayers of their country; to crush the audacious villainy of a Catiline, or strip the deep hypocrisy of an Antony of its specious covering. If the above-mentioned compositions were only the preludes to the greater glories of a riper age, may not I, without incurring the charge of too much presumption, try the feebler efforts of my genius, and by degrees attempt to accustom myself to undertakings of a more trying and arduous nature.

For the time which it may be thought to take from my more serious avocations, the answer will be briefly this. It only occupies a few leisure hours, which might be more triflingly, if not more unworthily employed. This is an harmless recreation at least. My only aim is that my leisure moments may in some respects be amusing, and, I hope, in some degree instructive to others as well as myself. Personal reputation cannot be my object, as the voice neither of praise nor calumny can affect him who, by remaining unknown, remains equally inaccessible to either. The friends I should gain by this attempt would be useless, the enemies (if enemies I had) harmless. Profit cannot be my object, when the circulation is confined to such a narrow compass, and even that I would not wish to enlarge. If this essay will defray the expenses incident to such an undertaking, it is the summit of my hopes, and this, by the

patronage of the circle I address myself to, I flatter myself I may perform.

To explain the nature and tendency of the work itself is a task of greater length and difficulty ; but this I shall willingly undertake rather than leave the smallest part of this design unexplained, and consequently subject to ignorant misapprehensions or wilful misconstruction. My design is to amuse and, as far as I am able, to instruct. Trifling I shall endeavour as much as it is in my power to avoid, and the least tendency to immorality or profaneness I absolutely and in the strongest terms reprobate and disavow. Does any one ask from whence am I to collect the material for such an undertaking? From whence can I have acquired a fund of knowledge, language, or observation sufficient to pursue this arduous plan? My materials are copious ; the whole range, the inexhaustible fund of topics, which every event in life, every passion, every object present lie before me ; add to these the stores which history, reading, and morality, or the offspring of a muse just struggling into notice can supply, combined with the topics of the moment, or those which our peculiar situation can afford, together with the hints which those who think the correspondence of the *Microcosm* worth their attention, may casually contribute. Survey all these, and can I hesitate a moment, can I complain of a dearth of matter, or call my subject a barren one.

“Quicquid agunt pueri ; nostri farrago libelli.”

“With faithful hints portrays

The various passions youth’s warm soul displays.”

Not that I mean to exclude everything of the light or humorous kind. The mind must sometimes be relieved from the severity of its stricter studies, and descending from the sublimer heights of speculative thought, deign to bend to inferior objects, and participate in less refined gratifications.

I consider the scene before me as a microcosm, a world in miniature, where all the passions which agitate the great original are faithfully portrayed on a smaller scale ; in which the end-

less variety of character, the different lights and shades, which the appetites or peculiar situations throw us into, begin to discriminate and expand themselves. The curious observer may here remark in the bud the different casts and turns of genius, which will in future strongly characterise the leading features of the mind. He may see the embryo statesman, who hereafter may wield and direct at pleasure the mighty and complex system of European politics, now employing the whole extent of his abilities to circumvent his companions at their plays, or adjusting the important differences which may arise between the contending heroes of his little circle; or a general, the future terror of France and Spain, now the dread only of his equals, and the undisputed lord and president of the boxing-ring. The Grays and Wallers of the rising generation here tune their little lyres; and he, who hereafter may sing the glories of Britain, must first celebrate at Eton the smaller glories of his college.

In the number and variety of the subjects which I may occasionally touch upon, it is impossible but that somebody may find a foible or a vanity, which he is conscious of, slightly reprovèd or ridiculed; but I solemnly renounce all intention of personal applications: it would not only be cruel and unwarrantable in itself wantonly to expose defects which all are in some measure liable to, but would also effectually defeat my own intentions. Who would favour or protect him who, Drawcansir like, indiscriminately flashed and cut at all around him? My answer to this objection is brief—

“ Qui capit ille facit,”

“ Let the galled jade wince.”

I have now fairly and candidly stated every part of my plan, and answered every objection which I think can be raised to it: I commit this to the public, as my first essay, with fear and trembling. Conscious of the novelty of my situation, may I hope that the higher powers will not look with a discouraging eye on my attempt. I have always seen too much care, too much attention paid to every appearance of application, and a

laudable ambition of excelling, to suppose that they will obstruct my harmless and inoffensive endeavours. If they find anything blameable, let them consider my age, and pardon it ; if anything praiseworthy, the good intent with which it was penned, and commend it. From my equals I look for still greater indulgence and less severity of criticism ; let them read with candour and decide with impartiality, then I am not afraid of passing the ordeal of their judgment. The mind of youth is naturally too unbiassed by prejudice, too susceptible of generous sentiments, to be unfavourable to one whose only aim is their pleasure and amusement.

P.S.—Whatever persons should be inclined to favour the author with their hints on any subject, they will be received and acknowledged with thankfulness. A letter directed to Gregory Griffin, the Microcosmopolitan, and left at Mr. C. Knight's, Windsor, will be safely delivered, and no farther inquiries made if the parties wish to remain concealed.

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO
THE MICROCOSM.

BY GEORGE CANNING.



No. II.—MONDAY, *November 13*, 1786.

“Jurare—et fallere Numen.”—VIRGIL.

“To swear and forswear.”

“Nec sine ulla mehercule ironia loquor.”—CICERO.

“To speak ironically.”

HAVING in my former paper, fully, and I hope satisfactorily, explained the nature and tendency of this work, and as far as I could foresee them, answered, if not obviated all the objections most likely to be started against an undertaking of the kind, I shall forbear detaining my readers by any further prefatory observations, and proceed immediately in the execution of my plan; premising only that, should it appear to the elder part of my readers that the subject now before them is too lightly treated, I would not have them conclude from thence that I am not well aware of its intrinsic weight and importance. Let them, however, be sensible that Gregory Griffin does not, with the self-assumed arrogance of an universal censor, commit to the public these his lucubrations as dictatorial lectures on morality, but as the reflections of an impartial observer of all transactions, principally, indeed, those of this lesser world, of which he boasts himself a citizen. These, as they afforded both

entertainment and instruction to him in their formation, he presumes to hope may be the source of the one or the other to some of his readers. In this character I would wish them to consider me in the following paper, and withal to keep in their minds a maxim, indisputable perhaps from the weight of its authority—

*“Ridiculum acri
Fortius, ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.”*

“Where moral precepts fail,
The sneer of ridicule will oft prevail.”

It has often occurred as a matter of surprise to me and a few friends, who, like myself, can find pleasure in such speculations as arise more immediately from common occurrences, that among the crowds of pretenders who profess to teach every accomplishment, necessary or unnecessary, to form the character of a complete gentleman, no one has as yet attempted to give instructions in a science, the use of which is more generally adopted by all ranks of people, than perhaps any other under the sun. The reader will probably guess that I allude to the noble art of swearing.

So universally indeed does this practice prevail, that it pervades all stations and degrees of men, from the peer to the porter, from the minister to the mechanic. It is the bond of faith, the seal of protestations (the oaths of lovers, indeed, are a theme too trite to need discussion here), and the universal Succedaneum for logical or even rational demonstration. And here I cannot forbear reflecting on the infinite improvements made by moderns in the method of elucidating and confirming all matters of opinion. A man nowadays has need but to acquire on equality, impudence, and to get rid of a troublesome companion, conscience, to establish whatever maxims he may take in his head. Let him but confirm with an oath the most improbable conjectures, and if any one calls his honour in question, the manner of settling all such disputes is too obvious to need explanation. And by these means how much unnecessary trouble does he save the rational talents of his auditors; what a world of useless

investigation! Who can help lamenting that this method of arguing was not long ago adopted. We should then probably have escaped being pestered by the eternal disputations of that useless set of creatures called philosophers; as any tolerable swordsman might have settled the universal system according to his own plan, and made the planets move by what regulations he pleased, provided he was ready, in the Newgate phrase, "to swear through thick and thin."

But this is a small part only of the advantages attendant on the extensive practice of this art. In the councils of the cabinet, and the wranglings of the bar, it adds weight to the most striking arguments, and by its authority enforces conviction.

It is an old proverbial expression that "there go two words to a bargain;" now I should not a little admire the ingenuity of that calculator who could define, to any tolerable degree of exactness, how many oaths go to one in these days; for I am confident that there is no business carried on, from the wealthiest bargains of the Exchange to the sixpenny chafferings of a St. Giles's huckster, in which swearing has not a considerable share. And almost every tradesman, "meek and much a liar," will, if his veracity be called in question, coolly consign to Satan some portion of himself, payable on demand, in case his goods be not found answerable to his description of their quality.

I remember to have heard of a person of great talents for inquiry, who, to inform himself whether the land or the water bore the greater portion in the globe, contrived to cut out, with extreme nicety, from a map, the different portions of each, and by weighing them together, decided it, in favour of which it is not now material. Could this experiment be made with regard to the proportion which oaths bear to the rest of our modern conversation, I own I am not without my suspicions that the former scale would in some cases preponderate; nay, certain I am that these harmless expletives constitute considerably the weightiest part in the discourse of those who, either by their own ignorant vanity or the contemptuous mock admiration of others, have been dignified with the title of bucks. And this,

indeed, as well in that smaller circle which falls more immediately under my observation, as in the more enlarged society of men; among whom, to a buck who has the honour to serve his majesty, a habit of swearing is an appendage as absolutely essential as a cockade or a commission. And many a one there is among this order, who will sit down with equal ardour and self-complacency to devise the cut of a coat or the form of an execration.

Nay, even the female sex have, to their no small credit, caught the happy contagion; and there is scarce a mercer's wife in the kingdom but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths "softened into nonsense," and with squeaking treble, mincing blasphemy into odsbodikins, slitterkins, and such like, will "swear you like a sucking dove, ay, an it were any nightingale."

That it is one of the accomplishments of boys is more than sufficiently obvious, when there is scarce one, though he be but five years old, that does not lisp out the oaths he has heard drop from the mouths of his elders; while the happy parent congratulates himself on the early improvement of his offspring, and smiles to discover the promising seeds of manly wit in the sprightly sallies of puerile execration. On which topic I remember to have heard an honest Hibernian divine, whose zeal for morality would sometimes hurry him a little beyond the limits of good grammar or good sense, in the height of declamation, declare that "the little children that could neither speak nor walk, run about the streets blaspheming."

Thus, then, through all ranks and stages of life, is swearing the very hinge of conversation! It is the conclusive supplement to argument, the apology for wit, the universal medium through which every thought is conveyed, and as to the violent passions it is (to use the words of the poet) "the very midwife of the mind," and is equally serviceable in bringing forth the sensations of anger or kindness, hope or fear, the ecstasies of extravagant delight or the agonies of comfortless despair. What mortal among us is there that, when any misfortune comes on him unexpectedly, does

not find himself wonderfully lightened of the load of his sorrow, by pouring out the abundance of his vexation in showers of curses on the author of his calamity? What gamester, who has reduced himself from opulence to beggary by the intemperate indulgence of a mad infatuation, does not after sitting down and venting his execrations for half-an-hour against his ill-fortune and his folly, get up again greatly relieved by so happy an expedient.

Since then the advantages arising from an early initiation into the practice of swearing must so evidently appear to every person unprejudiced against it by notions (now indeed almost out of date) of religion and morality, I cannot but be surprised that no one has as yet attempted to reduce it to system, and teach the theory of an art, the practical part of which is so universally known and adopted. An undertaking of this kind could not surely fail of success, especially in an age like this when attempts of a much more arduous nature are every day presented to our notice, when pigs are brought to exercise all the functions of rationality, and Hibernians profess to teach the true pronunciation of the English tongue.

It is not so very far removed, but that some of my readers must recollect the time when the noble art of boxing was, by the ever-memorable Figg and Broughton, reduced to a complete and perfect system, and the nobility and gentry were taught theoretically as well as practically to bruise the bodies and (to use a technical term) "darken the daylights" of each other, with the vigour of a Hercules tempered with the grace of an Apollo. And it is but a little time since a celebrated foreigner actually instructed some persons, of no inconsiderable rank, of both sexes in the art of eating soup with ease and dexterity (though, in my humble opinion, few people could need a preceptor to show them the way to their mouths). Of much more utility, and surely not less successful, would be the plan I recommend. Many there were who, from tenderness of age or delicacy of constitution, were precluded from the diversion of boxing. To many the science of soup-eating was useless and impracticable, merely from having none to eat; but all have their oaths in their own power, and of

them neither emptiness of pocket nor corporeal or mental imbecility prevent the free and uncontrolled use, and almost everybody, however niggardly he may be in parting with any other of his possessions, scatters these with the most liberal profusion.

Thus, then, if fostered by the hand of a skilful linguist, this science might perhaps in time come nearer than any other to realise the extravagant idea of the ingenious but romantic Bishop Wilkins of an universal language. At present, indeed, there are some slight inconveniences attending the project, among which no small one is that, according to their present general usage, oaths, like Yorick's French Friseur, by expressing too much generally mean nothing, insomuch that I now make it a rule to lessen my belief to every assertion, in proportion to the number of needless corroborative oaths by which it is supported. Nor am I, indeed, unreasonable in this, and in most cases how can I do otherwise? Is it in human nature to suppose that when one of my friends declares his joy at seeing me, and his kind concern for my health, by intimating a hearty wish of my eternal perdition, that he really means what he says?

It has been observed by some ancient philosopher, or poet, or moralist (no matter which) that nothing could be more pernicious to mankind than the fulfilling of their own wishes. And, in truth, I am inclined to be of his opinion, for many a friend of mine, many a fellow-citizen of this lesser world, would, had his own heedless imprecations on himself taken effect, long ere this have groaned under the complication of almost every calamity capable of entering human imagination. And with regard to the world at large, were this to be the case, I doubt whether there would be at this present time a leg or a limb of any kind whole in His Majesty's service. So habitual, indeed, was this custom become to an officer of my acquaintance that, though he had lost one of his eyes in the defence of his country, he could not forego his favourite execration, but still used to vent his curses on them both, with the same ease and indifference as when they were both in his possession, so blind was he rendered to his own defects, by the continued practice of this amusement. For in no other light

than as an amusement or a polite accomplishment can it be considered by those who practise it. Did they consider it as a vice, they could not, I am sure, persevere in the indulgence of one which has not even the common excuse of having for its aim the pursuit of pleasure or the gratification of a darling appetite. I cannot believe they would so disinterestedly damn themselves, and vent in public company such imprecations as in darkness and solitude they would tremble to conceive.

As an accomplishment, therefore, and as an agreeable indication of youthful gaiety it must no doubt be considered, and should any one take the hint here offered him, and commence instructor in this noble science I need not, I believe, caution him against being an Englishman, or, should he have the misfortune to be born in this country, remind him of the easy transformation of our commonest homespun names into the more fashionable French or more musical Italian; as, for instance, that of Peters into Pedro, Nicholls into Nicolini, or Gerard into Gerardot, and so on. Having thus un-Englished himself, let him get his advertisement drawn up in the Grahamic style, if not by the Doctor himself, professing that:—"Having added to the early advantages of a Billingsgate education, the deepest researches, and most indefatigable industry, &c. &c., he now stands forth as an apt and accomplished teacher of the never-to-be-sufficiently extolled, the all-expressive, all-comprehensive, &c. &c., art of swearing. Ladies and gentlemen instructed in the most fashionable and elegant oaths, the most peculiarly adapted to their several ages, manners, and professions, &c. &c. He has now ready for the press a book entitled 'The Complete Oath Register; or, Every Man his own Swearer,' containing oaths and imprecations for all times, seasons, purposes, and occasions. Also, 'Sentimental Oaths for the Ladies.' Likewise 'Execrations for the Year 1786.'"

Let him, I say, do this, and he may, I believe, assure himself of no little encouragement among the world at large, though far be it from me to presume to promise him any extraordinary countenance in that smaller circle which comes more immediately under the inspection of the Microcosmopolitan.

B.

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

(Added to No. 5.)

UNRIVALLED Greece ! thou ever honoured name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless Fame !
Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown,
Yet still shall Memory with reverted eye
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee Freedom cherished once with fostering hand,
And breathed undaunted valour through the land,
Here the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of Poverty, inured to toil.
Here loved by Pallas and the sacred Nine,
Once did fair Athens' towery glories shine.
To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,
The conquering standard's glittering glories rear,
And join the madding battle's loud career,
How skilled the Greeks ; confess what Persians slain
Were strewed on Marathon's ensanguined plain ;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.
What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood ;
Witness Thermopylæ ! how fierce he trod,
How spoke a Hero, and how moved a God !
The rush of nations could alone sustain,
While half the ravaged globe was armed in vain.
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell !
Nor war's vast art alone adorned thy fame,
" But mild Philosophy endeared thy name."

Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die ?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,
The awful fane magnificently great,
With pictured pomp to grace, and sculptured state,
This Science taught ; on Greece each science shone,
Here the bold statue started from the stone ;
Here warm with life the swelling canvas glowed ;
Here big with thought the Poet's raptures flowed :
Here Homer's lip was touched with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tuned her amorous lyre ;
Here bold Tyrtaeus roused the enervate throng,
Awaked to glory by the inspiring song ;
Here, Pindar soared a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus scorned a tyrant's sway.
Here gorgeous Tragedy with great control
'Touched every feeling of the impassioned soul ;
While in soft measure tripping to the song
Her comic sister lightly danced along,—

This was thy state ! but oh ! how changed thy fame,
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What ? that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command !
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Afric's millions once opposed in vain ;
Who could have thought ? who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown ?
That where once towered the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain,
And unobserved but by the traveller's eye,
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
And the fallen column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change !) in abject bondage sigh ;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die.

Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glittering tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has awed their servile spirits into fear ;
Spurned by the foot, they tremble and revere.
The day of Labour, Night's sad, sleepless hour,
The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonising wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring, or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous Fate ! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh,
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom high,
Tow'rs from the earth, and braves the inclement sky ;
On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thundering Ocean roars ;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious and defies the storm.
Till worn by age, and mouldering to decay,
The insidious waters wash its base away,
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

B.

No. VII.—MONDAY, *January 15, 1787.*

*“Jocis,
Ludique dictus non sat idoneus.”*—HORACE.

*“Unfit
For sprightly jokes or sportive wit.”*

“TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

“SIR,—To discharge with faithfulness the duties of the important office which you have undertaken, you ought, in my opinion, to omit nothing which might be anyways conducive to the advantage or improvement of your fellow-citizens; to the advancement of their welfare or the support of their dignity. Of this number I have the honour to be one; and by grounding a few remarks on the subject which I now offer to your consideration, you will confer a benefit, not on me only, but on many others of the great as well as little world, who may labour under the same calamity.

“You must know, Mr. Griffin, that it is my hard hap to receive an annual invitation from an old gentleman, a distant relation of mine, to spend every Christmas at his hall, in a northern county. This compliment I am never at liberty to refuse; as his estate being very large, and himself too far advanced in life to give any apprehensions of matrimony, my family have built great hopes and expectations on his partiality for me. That you may understand the nature of my misfortunes, it is necessary to inform you that he is one of that race of men called country squires, who, having been deprived of the advantages of a liberal education by the foolish fondness of his parents, which occasioned them always to keep him in their sight, professes to hold book-learning in the greatest contempt. Hence he takes no small pleasure to overthrow the arguments advanced by the parson of the parish in its favour, by alleging its inefficacy to enrich a man, which he exemplifies in the poverty of his opponent; and adds with a triumphant sneer, that ‘if his learning would get him a good living, he would say something.’ In short, sir, this talent of

joking is the grievance of which I complain, for when the old gentleman is once in the humour, he is apt to be unmercifully waggish; an event which never fails to take place on the day of my arrival.

"I would you could see us, Mr. Griffin, as we sit round the table in the great hall, you might then possibly form some idea of my miserable situation. It is necessary for your proper information to premise that the company on that day always consists of the Squire, with his feet in flannel (the gout, like myself, usually paying its annual visit about this time), the parson of the parish, who is always invited to welcome me, and two nieces of the squire, who have passed some years with him, not much to the advantage of their education, and are dized out on this occasion in all their finery.

"Having for several years been accustomed to sustain a very regular fire of wit all the first evening of my arrival, and knowing from experience the order in which the jokes succeed each other, I can now nearly bear the battle without flinching. The first attack is made, as the parson terms it, *à posteriori*, by desiring a cushion to be brought for me to sit down upon; one of his nieces, with a suitable grin on her countenance, inquires the reason, as in duty bound, for which she is referred to me; and on my protesting my ignorance of it, the old gentleman's right eye instantly assumes an arch leer at the company, while with a composed gravity he inquires of me, 'Whether birch grows pretty plentifully about Eton?' This question is immediately followed by an ungovernable he! he! from the young ladies, and a sly 'I warrant ye!' from the parson. The Squire having for a time retained his gravity, at length, as if quite overcome by the force of his own wit, gives himself up to a loud and tumultuous vociferation. This grand volley of wit, with the scattered small shot that follow, concerning great home consumption of the article, great demand for pickle, diachylon, &c. &c., generally fills up the space before dinner. That joke indeed about the similitude of our arms to the American, namely, thirteen stripes, did, the first time of hearing, occasion me to laugh heartily; the second recital provoked

a smile, but I am now grown so callous by dint of frequent repetition, that I can hear it without moving a muscle of my countenance.

“At dinner my troubles begin afresh. The very dishes are calculated to furnish out a set of witticisms. The leg of mutton he supposes he may help me to, as he dares to say that I never heard of any such thing at Eton ; the boiled fowls he conjectures to be too common food for me ; and he declares himself, not without apprehensions, that I may find fault with the poorness of his wines, being accustomed to drink none but the choicest elsewhere. During the interval between the first and second course, it is easy to perceive that there has been some little plan concerted for my surprise or mortification. Every nose in company has a forefinger applied to it to enforce secrecy ; and every eye is fixed on my countenance, to enjoy the transports which I am expected to discover at the entrance of a plum pudding of immoderate size ; half of which is immediately transferred to my plate, accompanied with sundry wise cautions to lose no time and not to be too modest. While in my own defence I am endeavouring to make away with some little portion of it, the Squire declares he thought he should surprise me ; and on my disclaiming any such surprise, an appeal is made to the rest of the company, by whom it is un-animously resolved that, when the pudding made its appearance, I betrayed the strongest symptoms of rapturous admiration.

“Finding it in vain to contend, I now resign myself to my fate ; nor long the time before the old gentleman’s countenance begins to undergo various revolutions, which seem to prognosticate some stroke of uncommon pleasantry, and at the appearance of a dish of pippins I prepare myself with Christian patience for the ‘good story’ which I am assured I have never heard before, namely, ‘a full and true account of his being caught in Farmer Dobson’s orchard, stealing, as it might be, just such apples as these, when he was just about my age.’ It is now, Mr. Griffin, just fourteen years since I first heard this story, and every one of the fourteen times of telling it he has, with wonderful facility, adapted it to my comprehension by contriving to be ‘just about my age’ when the

adventure happened. The tale being told, it is customary for one of his nieces to ask me in a whisper 'if I don't think him monstrous funny?' On my assenting to it, I am informed that 'he has some such comical stories, I can't think,' and that 'she will get him to tell me how old Dixon tricked the Londoner.' Nor is it without an infinite number of protestations that I am able to make her sensible of my perfect acquaintance with all the circumstances of that notable history, and to dissuade her from a courtesy so superfluous.

"After some short respite I perceive the old gentleman begins to grow waggish again, and am soon desired to stand up and measure heights with the young ladies. As I am some years older than they, I have been regularly found some inches taller every time of measurement; and this circumstance has as regularly produced one wink of the Squire's right eye, and two several repetitions of the old proverb, that 'Ill weeds grow apace.'

"Next follows my examination by the parson touching the proficiency which I have made, prefaced, indeed, by the Squire's declaring himself willing to wager anything on 'my knowing all about it as well as the best of them.' During the ceremony he usually falls asleep, and on waking takes the opportunity to have a fling at the parson by asking significantly 'whether I am too hard for him?'

"But, in short, Mr. Griffin, I lament my inability to give you a perfect idea of this character, which, however, I am persuaded, is not very uncommon. There are, no doubt, many who in the same manner aim at the reputation of wits, without any advantages either of natural abilities or acquired understanding. On such as these I could wish you to bestow some advice for the correction of their ignorant pretensions, and the amendment of their erroneous opinions. These are the people most apt to indulge their satirical humour at the expense of your fellow-citizens, whose honour and credit it is your duty to defend against every calumnious imputation. Tell, then, these good people how widely mistaken they are in supposing that the mind of youth, like the vegetation of the walnut tree, is quickened by

blows in its advances to maturity. Tell them that the waters of Helicon do not flow with brine, nor are the laurel and the birch so intimately interwoven in the chaplets of the Muses as they are willing to believe. Tell them, also, that an increase of knowledge does not necessarily bring with it a proportionable increase of appetite, and that the being able to read a Roman author with facility does not justify the supposition of an immoderate desire for toast and butter, and an insatiable craving for plum pudding. Remind them that these and all familiar jokes which they are pleased to make use of on these occasions have been made the same use of at least fifty times before. Advise them to reflect how often they themselves, on the same subjects, at stated opportunities, have reiterated those regular *bon-mots* and trite conceits; how often given vent to the same strain of annual waggy, to the same sallies of periodical facetiousness. And let them know, that as they have but little to boast of on the score of novelty, they have as little on that of humour. If, on the repetition of their witticisms, a grin takes possession of the countenance of their auditors, warn them that they mistake not the sneer of ridicule for the smile of approbation; and hint to them, that though, by the respect or diffidence of those at whose expense it pleases them to be merry, they may be secured from being rendered openly ridiculous, they may still be liable, and likely to become, secretly contemptible.—I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.”

The grievance of which my correspondent complains is well worthy of being attended to, nor had it escaped my notice, but he has placed his subject in so proper a light that to dilate on it farther would be totally superfluous. I shall therefore only venture to throw together some observations of a more general kind.

It is with men of their wit as with women of their beauty. Tell a woman she is fair, and she will not be offended that you tell her she is cruel. Tell a man that he is a wit, and if you lay to his charge ill-nature or blasphemy he will take it as a compliment rather than a reproach. Thus, too, there is no woman but lays some claim to beauty, and no man will give up his pretensions

to wit. In cases of this kind, therefore, where so much depends upon opinion, and where every man thinks himself qualified to be his own judge, there is nothing to a reader so useless as illustration, and nothing to an author so dangerous as definition. Any attempt, therefore, to decide what true wit is must be ineffectual, as not one in a hundred would be content to abide by the decision. It is impossible to rank all mankind under the name of wits, and there is scarce one in a hundred who does not think that he merits the appellation.

Hence it is that every one, how little qualified soever, is fond of making a display of his fancied abilities, and generally at the expense of some one to whom he supposes himself infinitely superior. And from this supposition many mistakes arise to those who commence wags with a very small share of wit and a still smaller of judgment: whose imaginations are by nature unprolific, and whose minds are uncultivated by education. These persons, while they are ringing their rounds on a few dull jests, are apt to mistake the rude and noisy merriment of illiterate jocularity for genuine humour. They often unhappily conceive that those laugh *with* them who laugh *at* them. The sarcasms which every one disdains to answer they vainly flatter themselves are unanswerable, forgetting, no doubt, that their good things are unworthy the notice of a retort, and below the condescension of criticism. They know not, perhaps, that the ass, whom the fable represents as assuming the playfulness of the lap-dog, is a perfect picture of jocular stupidity; and that, in like manner, that awkward absurdity of waggishness, which they expect should delight, cannot but disgust, and instead of laying claim to admiration, must ensure contempt.

But, alas! I am aware that mine will prove a successless undertaking, and that, though knight-errant-like I sally forth to engage with the monsters of witticism and waggery, all my prowess will be inadequate to the achievement of the enterprise. The world will continue as facetious as ever in spite of all I can do, and people will be just as fond of their "little jokes and old stories" as if I had never combated their inclination.

Since, then, I cannot utterly extirpate this unchristian practice, my next endeavour must be to direct it properly, and improve it by some wholesome regulations. And herein shall I imitate his most Christian Majesty, who by licensing a limited number of brothel houses, restricted an evil which he never could entirely have suppressed; prevented many of the ill consequences which naturally arise from promiscuous libertinism; and drew, moreover, from the profits no very inconsiderable revenue, thus, from the folly of individuals deriving advantage to the community. Equally advantageous to the public, and equally profitable to myself, will be the plan which I have laid down, and which I have already bestowed some pains to bring to perfection. I propose, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to Parliament for permission to open "A LICENSED WAREHOUSE FOR WIT," and for a patent, entitling me to the sole vending and uttering wares of this kind for a certain term of years. For this purpose I have already laid in jokes, jests, witticisms, *morceaus*, and *bon-mots* of every kind, to a very considerable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have epigrams that want nothing but the sting; conundrums that need nothing but an explanation; rebuses and acrostics that will be complete with the addition of the name only. These being in great request may be had at an hour's warning. Impromptus will be got ready at a week's notice. For common and vernacular use I have a long list of the most palpable puns in the language, digested in alphabetical order. For these I expect good sale at both the universities. Jokes of all kinds ready cut and dry. *N.B.*—Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit, and to all second-hand vendors of wit and retailers of repartee who take large quantities. *N.B.*—Attic salt in any quantity. *N.B.*—Most money given for old jokes.

B.

NO. XI.—MONDAY, *February 12, 1787.*

*“Res gesta regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possint numero, monstravit Homerus.”*—HORACE.

*“By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,
In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.”*—FRANCIS.

THERE are certain forms and etiquettes in life which, though the neglect of them does not amount to the commission of a crime, or the violation of a duty, are yet so established by example and sanctioned by custom, as to pass into statutes, equally acknowledged by society, and almost equally binding to individuals, with the laws of the land or the precepts of morality. A man guilty of breaking these, though he cannot be transported for a felon or indicted for treasonable practices, is yet, in the High Court of Custom, branded as a flagrant offender against decorum, as notorious for an unprecedented infringement on propriety.

There is no race of men on whom these laws are more severe than authors, and no species of authors more subject to them than periodical essayists. Homer having prescribed the form or, to use a more modern phrase, set the fashion of epic poems, whoever presumes to deviate from his plan must not hope to participate his dignity. And whatever method *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, and others, who first adopted this species of writing, have pursued in their undertaking, is set down as a rule for the conduct of their followers, which, whoever is bold enough to transgress, is accused of a deviation from the original design, and a breach of established regulation.

It has hitherto been customary for all periodical writers to take some opportunity, in the course of their labours, to display their critical abilities, either by making observations on some popular author and work of known character, or by bringing forth the performances of hidden merit and throwing light on genius in obscurity. To the critiques of *The Spectator*, Shakespeare, and more particularly Milton, are indebted for no inconsiderable

share of the reputation which they now so universally enjoy, and by his means were the ruder graces and more simple beauties of "*Chevy Chase*" held up to public view, and recommended to general admiration.

I should probably be accused of swerving from the imitation of so great an example, were not I to take occasion to show that I too am not entirely destitute of abilities of this kind ; but that by possessing a decent share of critical discernment, and critical jargon, I am capable of becoming a very tolerable commentator. For the proof of which, I shall rather prefer calling the attention of my readers to an object, as yet untreated of by any of my immediate predecessors, than venture to throw in my observations on any work which has before passed the ordeal of frequent examination. And this I shall do for two reasons ; partly, because were I to choose a field, how fertile soever, of which many others had before me been reaping the fruits, mine would be at best but the gleanings of criticism ; and partly, from a more interested view, from a selfish desire of accumulated praise ; since, by making a work, as yet almost wholly unknown, the subject of my consideration, I shall acquire the reputation of taste, as well as judgment ;—of judiciousness in selection, as well as justness in observation ;—of propriety in choosing the object, as well as skill in using the language, of commentary.

The epic poem on which I shall ground my present critique has for its chief characteristics brevity and simplicity. The author—whose name I lament that I am, in some degree, prevented from consecrating to immortal fame, by not knowing what it is—the author, I say, has not branched his poem into excrescences of episode, or prolixities of digression ; it is neither variegated with diversity of unmeaning similitudes, nor glaring with the varnish of unnatural metaphor. The whole is plain and uniform ; so much so, indeed, that I should hardly be surprised if some morose readers were to conjecture that the poet had been thus simple rather from necessity than choice ; that he had been restrained, not so much by chastity of judgment, as sterility of imagination.

Nay, some there may be, perhaps, who will dispute his claim to the title of an epic poet, and will endeavour to degrade him even to the rank of a ballad-monger. But I, as his commentator, will contend for the dignity of my author, and will plainly demonstrate his poem to be an epic poem, agreeable to the example of all poets, and the consent of all critics heretofore.

First, it is universally agreed that an epic poem should have three component parts—a beginning, a middle, and an end; secondly, it is allowed that it should have one grand action or main design, to the forwarding of which all the parts of it should directly or indirectly tend, and that this design should be in some measure consonant with, and conducive to, the purposes of morality; and thirdly, it is indisputably settled that it should have a hero. I trust that in none of these points the poem before us will be found deficient. There are other inferior properties which I shall consider in due order.

Not to keep my readers longer in suspense, the subject of the poem is “The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts.” It is not improbable that some may object to me that a knave is an unworthy hero for an epic poem—that a hero ought to be all that is great and good. The objection is frivolous. The greatest work of this kind that the world has ever produced has “the Devil” for its hero; and supported as my author is by so great a precedent, I contend that his hero is a very decent hero, and especially as he has the advantage of Milton’s, by reforming at the end, is evidently entitled to a competent share of celebrity.

I shall now proceed to the more immediate examination of the poem in its different parts. The beginning, say the critics, ought to be plain and simple—neither embellished with the flowers of poetry, nor turgid with pomposity of diction. In this how exactly does our author conform to the established opinion! He begins thus:—

“The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts.”

Can anything be more clear! more natural! more agreeable to the true spirit of simplicity! Here are no tropes, no figurative

expressions, not even so much as an invocation to the Muse. He does not detain his readers by any needless circumlocution, by unnecessarily informing them what he *is* going to sing, or still more unnecessarily enumerating what he *is not* going to sing ; but, according to the precept of Horace :—

“*In medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit—*”

That is, he at once introduces us and sets us on the most easy and familiar footing imaginable with her Majesty of Hearts, and interests us deeply in her domestic concerns. But to proceed—

“The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer’s day.”

Here indeed the prospect brightens, and we are led to expect some liveliness of imagery, some warmth of poetical colouring ; but here is no such thing. There is no task more difficult to a poet than that of rejection. Ovid among the ancients, and Dryden among the moderns, were perhaps the most remarkable for the want of it. The latter, from the haste in which he generally produced his compositions, seldom paid much attention to the *limæ labor*, “the labour of correction,” and seldom, therefore, rejected the assistance of any idea that presented itself. Ovid, not content with catching the leading features of any scene or character, indulged himself in a thousand minutiae of description, a thousand puerile prettinesses, which were in themselves uninteresting, and took off greatly from the effect of the whole ; as the numberless suckers and straggling branches of a fruit-tree, if permitted to shoot out unrestrained, while they are themselves barren and useless, diminish considerably the vigour of the parent stock. Ovid had more genius but less judgment than Virgil ; Dryden more imagination but less correctness than Pope ; had they not been deficient in these points the former would certainly have equalled, the latter infinitely outshone the merits of his countryman. Our author was undoubtedly possessed of

that power which they wanted, and was cautious not to indulge too far the sallies of a lively imagination. Omitting, therefore, any mention of sultry Sirius, sylvan shade, sequestered glade, verdant hills, purling rills, mossy mountains, gurgling fountains, &c. &c., he simply tells us that it was "All on a summer's day." For my own part I confess that I find myself rather flattered than disappointed; and consider the poet as rather paying a compliment to the abilities of his readers, than baulking their expectations. It is certainly a great pleasure to see a picture well painted; but it is a much greater to paint it well oneself. This, therefore, I look upon as a stroke of excellent management in the poet. Here every reader is at liberty to gratify his own taste, to design for himself just what sort of "summer's day" he likes best; to choose his own scenery, dispose his lights and shades as he pleases, to solace himself with a rivulet or a horse-pond, a shower or a sunbeam, a grove or a kitchen garden, according to his fancy. How much more considerate this than if the poet had, from an affected accuracy of description, thrown us into an unmannerly perspiration by the heat of the atmosphere, forced us into a landscape of his own planning, with perhaps a paltry good-for-nothing zephyr or two, and a limited quantity of wood and water. All this Ovid would undoubtedly have done. Nay, to use the expression of a learned brother commentator—*quovis pignore decertem*, "I would lay any wager," that he would have gone so far as to tell us what the tarts were made of, and perhaps wandered into an episode on the art of preserving cherries. But *our* poet, above such considerations, leaves every reader to choose his own ingredients, and sweeten them to his own liking; wisely foreseeing, no doubt, that the more palatable each had rendered them to his own taste, the more he would be affected at their approaching loss.

"All on a summer's day."

I cannot leave this line without remarking that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes

instead of "all on" reading "alone," alleging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a high Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated Johannes Pastor,¹ intituled "An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate," wherein the gentleman declares that, rather indeed in compliance with an old custom than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going—

"All hanged for to be
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree."

Now, as nothing throws greater light on an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius' opinion, and to consider the "All" as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it, *elegans expletivum*. The passage therefore must stand thus :—

"The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day."

And thus ends the first part, or beginning, which is simple and unembellished, opens the subject in a natural and easy manner, excites, but does not too far gratify our curiosity, for a reader of accurate observation may easily discover that the hero of the poem has not, as yet, made his appearance.

I could not continue my examination at present through the whole of this poem without far exceeding the limits of a single paper. I have therefore divided it into two, but shall not delay the publication of the second to another week, as that, besides breaking the connection of criticism, would materially injure the unities of the poem.

B.

¹ More commonly known, I believe, by the appellation of Jack Shepherd.

No. XII.—MONDAY, *February 12, 1787.*

*“Servetur ad inum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.”*—HORACE.

“From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.”—FRANCIS.

HAVING thus gone through the first part, or beginning of the poem, we may, naturally enough, proceed to the consideration of the second.

The second part, or middle, is the proper place for bustle and business, for incident and adventure :—

“The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts.”

Here attention is awakened, and our whole souls are intent upon the first appearance of the hero. Some readers may perhaps be offended at his making his *entrée* in so disadvantageous a character as that of a thief. To this I plead precedent.

The hero of the Iliad, as I observed in a former paper, is made to lament very pathetically that “life is not like all other possessions, to be acquired by theft.” A reflection, in my opinion, evidently showing that, if he *did* refrain from the practice of this ingenious art, it was not from want of an inclination that way. We may remember, too, that in Virgil’s poem almost the first light in which the pious Æneas appears to us is a deer-stealer; nor is it much excuse for him that the deer were wandering without keepers, for however he might, from this circumstance, have been unable to ascertain whose property they were, he might, I think, have been pretty well assured that they were not his.

Having thus acquitted our hero of misconduct, by the example of his betters, I proceed to what I think the master-stroke of the poet.

“The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And—took them—quite away !!”

Here, whoever has an ear for harmony and a heart for feeling must be touched ! There is a desponding melancholy in the run of the last line ! an air of tender regret in the addition of "quite away !" a something so expressive of irrecoverable loss ! so forcibly intimating the *Ad nunquam reditura* ! "They never can return !" in short, such an union of sound and sense as we rarely, if ever, meet with in any author, ancient or modern. Our feelings are all alive, but the poet, wisely dreading that our sympathy with the injured Queen might alienate our affections from his hero, contrives immediately to awaken our fears for him by telling us that—

"The King of Hearts
Called for those tarts."

We are all conscious of the fault of our hero, and all tremble with him, for the punishment which the enraged monarch may inflict :

"And beat the Knave full sore !"

The fatal blow is struck ! We cannot but rejoice that guilt is justly punished, though we sympathise with the guilty object of punishment. Here Scriblerus, who, by the bye, is very fond of making unnecessary alterations, proposes reading "score" instead of "sore," meaning thereby to particularise that the beating bestowed by this monarch consisted of twenty stripes. But this proceeds from his ignorance of the genius of our language, which does not admit of such an expression as "full score," but would require the insertion of the particle "a," which cannot be, on account of the metre. And this is another great artifice of the poet. By leaving the quantity of beating indeterminate, he gives every reader the liberty to administer it, in exact proportion to the sum of indignation which he may have conceived against his hero, that by thus amply satisfying their resentment they may be the more easily reconciled to him afterwards.

"The King of Hearts
Called for those tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore."

Here ends the second part, or middle of the poem, in which we see the character and exploits of the hero portrayed with the hand of a master.

Nothing now remains to be examined but the third part, or end. In the end it is a rule pretty well established that the work should draw towards a conclusion, which our author manages thus:—

“The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts.”

Here everything is at length settled; the theft is compensated, the tarts restored to their right owner, and poetical justice, in every respect, strictly and impartially administered.

We may observe, that there is nothing in which our poet has better succeeded than in keeping up an unremitted attention in his readers to the main instruments, the machinery of his poem, viz., the *tarts*; insomuch that the afore-mentioned Scriblerus has sagely observed that “he can’t tell, but he doesn’t know, but the tarts may be reckoned the heroes of the poem.” Scriblerus, though a man of learning, and frequently right in his opinion, has here certainly hazarded a rash conjecture. His arguments are overthrown entirely by his great opponent, Hiccius, who concludes by triumphantly asking, “Had the tarts been eaten, how could the poet have compensated for the loss of his heroes?”

We are now come to the *dénouement*, the setting all to rights; and our poet, in the management of his moral, is certainly superior to his great ancient predecessors. The moral of their fables, if any they have, is so interwoven with the main body of their work, that in endeavouring to unravel it we should tear the whole. Our author has very properly preserved his whole and entire for the end of his poem, where he completes his main design, the reformation of his hero, thus—

“And vowed he’d steal no more.”

Having in the course of his work shown the bad effects arising from theft, he evidently means this last moral reflection to

operate with his readers as a gentle and polite dissuasive from stealing.

“The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more!”

Thus have I industriously gone through the several parts of this wonderful work, and clearly proved it, in every one of these parts, and in all of them together, to be a “due and proper epic poem,” and to have as good a right to that title, from its adherence to prescribed rules, as any of the celebrated masterpieces of antiquity. And here I cannot help again lamenting that, by not knowing the name of the author, I am unable to twine our laurels together, and to transmit to posterity the mingled praises of genius and judgment, of the poet and his commentator.

Having some space left in this paper, I will now, with the permission of my readers of the great world, address myself more particularly to my fellow-citizens.

To them the essay which I have here presented will, I flatter myself, be peculiarly serviceable at this time, and I would earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of it to all of them whose muses are engaged in compositions of the epic kind. I am very much afraid that I may run into the error, which I have myself pointed out, of becoming too local; but where it is evidently intended for the good of my fellow-citizens it may, I hope, be now and then pardonable. At the present juncture, as many have applied for my assistance, I cannot find it in my heart to refuse it them. Were I to attempt fully explaining why, at the present juncture, I fear it would be vain. Would it not seem incredible to the ladies were I to tell them that the period approaches when upwards of a hundred epic poems¹ will be exposed to public view, most of them nearly of equal length, and many of them nearly of equal merit, with the one which I have here taken into consideration, illustrated, moreover, with elegant etchings, de-

¹ Bacchus; abolished in the succeeding year.

signed either as hieroglyphical explanations of the subject, or as practical puns on the name of the author? And yet in truth so it is ; and on this subject I wish to give a word of advice to my countrymen.

Many of them have applied to me by letter to assist them with designs for prefixing to their poems, and this I should very willingly have done had those gentlemen been kind enough to subscribe their real names to their requests ; whereas, all that I have received have been signed Tom Long, Philosophus, Philalethes, and such like. I have therefore been prevented from affording them the assistance I wished ; and cannot help wondering that the gentlemen did not consider that it was impossible for me to provide typical references for feigned names, as, for ought I know, the person who signs himself Tom Long may not be four feet high, Philosophus may be possessed of a considerable share of folly, and Philalethes may be as arrant a liar as any in the kingdom.

It may not, however, be useless to offer some general reflections for all who may require them. It is not improbable that, as the subject of their poems is the Restoration, many of my fellow-citizens may choose to adorn their titlepages with the representation of His Majesty Charles the Second escaping the vigilance of his pursuers in the Royal Oak. There are some particularities generally observable in this picture, which I shall point out to them, lest they fall into similar errors. Though I am as far as any other Briton can be from wishing to "curtail" His Majesty's wig "of its fair proportion," yet I have sometimes been apt to think it rather improper to make the wig, as is usually done, of larger dimensions than the tree in which it and His Majesty are concealed. It is a rule in logic, and I believe may hold good in most other sciences, that *omne majus continet in se minus*, that "everything larger can hold anything that is less," but I own I never heard the contrary advanced or defended with any plausible arguments, viz., "that every little thing can hold one larger." I therefore humbly propose that there should be at least an edge of foliage round the outskirts of the said wig, and that its curls

should not exceed in number the leaves of the tree. There is also another practice almost equally prevalent, of which I am sceptic enough to doubt the propriety. I own I cannot think it by any means conducive to the more effectual concealment of His Majesty that there should be three regal crowns stuck on three different branches of the tree. Horace says indeed—

*“Pictoribus atque poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”*

“Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal and their art the same.”—FRANCIS.

And this may be reckoned a very allowable poetical license, inasmuch as it lets the spectator into the secret “who is in the tree.” But it is apt to make him at the same time throw the accusation of negligence and want of penetration on the three dragoons who are usually depicted on the foreground, cantering along very composedly, with serene countenances, erect persons, and drawn swords very little longer than themselves.

NO. XVIII.—MONDAY, *March* 12, 1787.

“Fruitur famâ sui.”—TACITUS.

“He becomes a witness of the opinions which
others entertain of him.”

“MERCURY,” says the fabulist, “wishing to know in what estimation he was held by mankind, put off the insignia of divinity, and assuming the air and appearance of a mere mortal, entered into the shop of a statuary. Having purchased, at a considerable price, a Jupiter, a Juno, a Fury or two, and some other knick-nacks of the same kind, ‘And what,’ said he, pointing to a statue of himself, which stood on graceful tiptoe in the window, ‘what may be the price of that elegant image?’ ‘Sir,’ replied the artist, ‘you have proved so good a customer to me for some of my best

pieces that I shall but do you justice if I throw you that paltry figure into the bargain.’”

Prevalent as every species of curiosity is among mankind, there is none which has so powerful an influence over every man as this desire of knowing what the world may think of him. There is none the gratification of which is so eagerly desired, or in general so heartily repented of.

A man in his absence will undoubtedly be spoken of with more freedom than when present. His faults will be more openly pointed out; his vices more strongly censured; his whole character will undergo a stricter examination, and will be scrutinised with less reserve and more impartiality. Censure will not be restrained by the fear of giving offence, nor praise allured by the hopes of conciliating affection.

Should he, therefore, take advantage of his supposed absence to discover the true opinions of others with regard to himself, he will run no little risk of hearing disagreeable truths, which, at the same time that they inform him of foibles in himself, against which he had hitherto shut his eyes, seldom or never fail to estrange his esteem from those to whom he is indebted for the information.

Advice, however earnestly sought, however ardently solicited, if it does not coincide with a man's own opinions, if it tends only to investigate the improprieties, to correct the criminal excesses of his conduct; to dissuade from a continuance, and to recommend a reformation of his errors, seldom answers any other purpose than to put him out of humour with himself, and to alienate his affections from the adviser. If, then, censure, even when thus courted under the name of kindness, is so destructive to all friendship, how much more so must it be when being bestowed unasked and unavowed, its intention seems not so much to caution as to criminate, to reform as to condemn; for in this light must all strictures passed on an absent person appear to himself, when, instead of the candour of open advice, the warnings of friendly admonition, he fancies that he discovers the meanness of secret calumny, the malice of deliberate detraction.

It cannot then but be evident to every man how dangerous an experiment it is thus artfully to search out the opinion others may entertain of him, which, when discovered, is generally the cause of not a little mortification, and makes an impression on the mind hardly ever to be effaced by subsequent professions of esteem, or even a series of disinterested services; an impression which is deepened by a sense of the treachery of those who took advantage of his absence to canvass his faults, and by a remembrance of the dishonest artifice by which he obtained a knowledge of their opinions.

And if it be thus necessary for every man to be cautious of prying into the opinions of others with regard to himself, it is no less necessary that he should beware before whom or what persons he delivers his own opinion. An unlucky censure, an unintentional sarcasm has sometimes checked the progress of intimacy, has loosened the bonds of friendship, and has branded the unwary author of it with the title of a cynic or a slanderer. I remember an incident of this kind, which, though not very serious in its consequences, must nevertheless have been extremely distressing. A gentleman in a crowded theatre turned suddenly round to a stranger who sat beside him, and inquired hastily, "What ugly hag was that coming into an opposite box?" The stranger, with a low bow of acknowledgment, replied that it was his sister. The gentleman, confounded and ashamed, made an eager but awkward endeavour to exculpate himself, and as errors, like misfortunes, seldom come singly, "Pardon me, sir," cried he, "it was not that good-looking young lady I meant to point out to you, but that deformed witch that sits next to her." The stranger repeated his obeisance, "And that, sir," said he, "is my wife." There is not perhaps another situation so distressing as one of this kind, where an unhappy mortal having, by a casual inadvertency, made one false step which he is unable to retrieve, becomes conscious of his mistake, and unwilling to go forward, yet not knowing how to recede, confused in apologies and entangled in excuses, seeking in vain for some clue of

explanation, wanders through a maze of error, and is lost in a labyrinth of perplexity.

But it is not my intention to weary my readers through the whole of this paper with prudential cautions and dogmas on discretion. I shall at present consider my subject only as it relates to myself. "*Scribam ipse de me*," "I will become my own historian," says Cicero, in that extraordinary specimen of unbounded vanity, his letter to Lucceius, "*multorum tamen exemplo, et clarorum virorum*," "in imitation, however, of many and illustrious men." To become "their own historians" has been the constant practice of all my illustrious predecessors, none of whom have omitted in some part of their works to descant on the importance and usefulness of their undertaking; to display the unavoidable inconveniences, or boast of the peculiar advantages incident to their situation.

Availing myself of these precedents, I may be allowed to boast, that there is no one who enjoys so many favourable opportunities of gratifying the curiosity, which I have made the subject of this paper, of discovering the real opinion my readers entertain of myself and my lucubrations. Personally unknown, even to my fellow-citizens, as Gregory Griffin, I am afforded considerable entertainment by becoming an auditor of their criticisms on the work, and a confidant of their conjectures on the author. Many a time have I heard in silence my own accusation; have joined in a general sneer, or even affected to participate in a hearty laugh at my own expense. And as often, to the great pain of my natural modesty, have I tacitly assented to the praise, or even loudly concurred in the commendations of my own performances. In trials of the former kind, I own I have sometimes found it difficult to restrain the feelings of an author, and have been ready to give vent to my indignation when I have seen my labours degraded to the most menial employments, and insultingly placed under a pound of butter, or wrapped round the handle of a tea-kettle. At other times I have been sinking with shame and confounded with gratitude, when I have chanced to meet with gentlemen who have been so good as to clear me of all my faults, by kindly taking them on themselves, and candidly confessing

that they did send me this or that paper, and did give me permission to publish it, without acknowledging my obligations. To these gentlemen I am proud of an opportunity to return my thanks for the honour they confer on me, and to assure them that all my papers are very much at their service, provided only that they will be so kind as just to send me previous notice which they may think fit to own, that my bookseller may have proper directions, if called upon, to confirm their respective claims, and for the prevention of any error which might otherwise arise, should two persons unfortunately make the same choice.

In the course of the discoveries which have been confidentially imparted to me, I have been not a little amused by the variety of positive proofs on which each has grounded his knowledge of the author. So confident, indeed, have been some assertions, that I have been much staggered in my belief, and almost inclined to doubt my own identity. About three weeks ago I was very seriously alarmed by intelligence which I received of an illness under which I then laboured. My informer was certain of his fact, but enjoined me not to mention it again; he had, it seems, been let into the secret by a friend of his, who had been told of it by an acquaintance of his, who had had it from a near relation of his, who had been informed of it by an intimate of hers, who had heard it from the best authority. Here, indeed, was the clearest conviction and proofs which amounted to a certainty, and I really began to be very uneasy about the consequences of my indisposition, when I was happily relieved from my anxiety by another friend of mine, who, with like injunctions of secrecy and equal positiveness of assertion, assured me that I was then very well, and had been seen in a commoner's gown at one of the universities.

But nothing has diverted me more than the various strictures passed on me by such as have wished either to correct me by counsel or damp me by discouragement. In these I have been frequently amused by a fair arrangement of contradictory criticisms and objections, which obviate each other. Awkward imitation, and affected originality; the ostentation of reading, and the want

of it, have been carped at with equal severity. Some have objected to the "price twopence," and others to the *præcox ingenium*; some are offended by the arrogance of unnecessary egotism, and others sneer at the unimportance of anonymous obscurity.

As specimens of these opposite censures I shall subjoin a few short letters, by which various well-meaning persons have, at different times, kindly attempted my reformation.

"SIR,—From the promising exordium of your elegant work I own I expected to find much better amusement, and, let me add, instruction, than humorous caricatures of the foibles and follies of your fellow-citizens; let me hope, sir, you will no longer proceed on this plan, but will rise to subjects more worthy your genius and abilities.—I am, sir, yours, AMICUS.

"LINCOLN'S INN, Nov. 25, 1786."

"MR. GRIFFIN,—I thought you promised, in the beginning of your work, that you would confine it to your fellow-citizens; this you have not done. You will, perhaps, answer that you have at least chosen such subjects as would instruct and improve them. But that is not what I mean. In short, sir, are we to have any satire, or are we not?—Yours, A FELLOW-CITIZEN.

"ETON, Feb. 19, 1787."

"SIR,—I am extremely pleased with the whole of your admirable work. It is a praiseworthy attempt, and if it succeeds, which I cannot doubt, will reflect great honour on the place of your education. I hope you will continue to intersperse it throughout with poetical pieces; I received much pleasure from those which I have already perused, and am certain every one who views your work through a medium of candour must do the same.—I am, sir, your admirer, _____"

"MR. GREGORY,—I like your work very well upon the whole;

very well indeed, but pray beware of poetry; stick to prose and you may succeed, but poetry, sir, will never do. Another thing, Mr. G., I would advise you—to imitate Mr. Addison more; you can never copy too closely so great an original. Take my advice, sir, and believe me,—Your well-wisher,

CRITICUS.”

“I write merely to warn you, sir, that imitation, carried too far, becomes plagiarism. An Addison, sir, may be imitated too far. I hate even Garrick thus at second hand.—Yours,

“CENSOR.”

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am particularly pleased with your equitable treatment of correspondents, in paying so strict attention to their communications, and yet not making that a plea for inactivity or a remission of your weekly labours. That you may long continue to enjoy the reputation you so justly merit, is the sincere wish of, sir,—Your admirer,

E. P.

“LONDON, *March 1*, 1787.”

“As long as you gave one number a week, Mr. Griffin, it was all very well, and I took two of each, but now you give two every week; and though you pretend to do it out of justice to correspondents, let me tell you, sir, it has a very mercenary appearance, and so long as this continues, I shall only take one of each, so you’ll get nothing by it.—From your humble servant,

“ANAS!”

“SIR,—In a literary performance by a juvenile author, I feared to find intermixed much of the common trash of periodical papers—stories of love-adventures ‘founded on facts,’ luckless pairs, happy marriages, and jumbles of jealousy and sentimental affection. I am, sir, happily disappointed, and hope you will continue without any mixture of stuff about love, which young men ought to know nothing of, thus to amuse.—Your constant reader,

“GERTRUDE GRUM.”

"MR. GRIFFIN, SIR,—This comes to let you know that, though I can't write nor read, our Peter writes this for me, and I hear all your papers read in our kitchen. I don't understand none of them, not I; but I see there's nothing at all about love, or about maid-servants making their fortunes by marriage. Oh, Mr. Griffin, if you be he they says you be, you know the person that I love best. He is to be sure the prettiest behaved, sweetest young gentleman, and his name begins with a—no, but I won't tell you what his name begins with neither; but could not you just give him a hint about his loving humble servant, as he calls me,

"MARITORNES."

"*P.S.*—Peter can read and write, and cipher too."

I have taken some liberties with my last correspondent, in adjusting the orthography of her letter, so as to adapt it to common comprehension; if there is any other alteration she must look for its cause in the *P.S.*, where Peter (totally, I believe, with a view to his own aggrandisement, and without the privity and consent of his fair employer) declares his skill in ciphering, which he has practised with such success as to render the deciphering a matter of no small difficulty.

I shall not add any comment to the preceding letters, but leave them, like the gravitation and centrifugal force which philosophers talk of, to counteract each other's tendency; and conclude my paper, as I began it, with a tale, which though, perhaps, it may be very old, enjoys a double advantage, which tales seldom do, of being extremely short and extremely *à propos*.

A painter of great skill and eminence, who wished to have his work as free from blemishes, and as correctly beautiful as a picture could be made, hung it up one morning in the public market-place, with a request that every one would take the trouble to mark what he thought the faulty part of the performance. Coming in the evening to carry home his picture, he was surprised and mortified to find every part of it covered with faults. Not a muscle of the body or a feature of the face but bore some sign of disapprobation. Resolving, however, to see whether his piece

was entirely destitute of beauties, he hung it up next morning in the same place, desiring that every one would be so kind as to set some mark on what he thought the excellences of the picture. Coming as before in the evening to carry it away, it was not a little consolation to him to find those very parts that had before exhibited the strongest signs of dislike, now marked with the utmost encomium ; to find that if he had before had reason to lament having excited universal disgust, he might now be proportionably proud of having conciliated universal admiration.

NO. XXII.—MONDAY, *April 9, 1787.*

"Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris."—HORACE.

"Such honour common subjects may receive."

"SIR,—It must no doubt often have occurred to a writer of your penetration, that there is nothing more unjust and illiberal than those ill-grounded prejudices which confound in general censure, or undistinguishing contempt, any particular class or description of men. And yet these prejudices, however sensible we cannot but be of their improper tendency, we are all too apt to indulge ; till, nourished by long habit, they take as deep root in our minds as if they had been implanted there by nature, and acquire such strength as enable them to withstand the most forcible arguments, to resist the most palpable conviction.

"There are in Turkey a body of men against whom universal contempt is indiscriminately as well as undeservedly directed, and these are the worshipful company of grocers ; insomuch that should any member of a noble family have disgraced himself and his connections by living a life of tranquillity, or what is worse, dying in his bed, that is, a natural death, his name is never pronounced by his relations but with disapprobation and disgust, and his memory is consigned to infamy for having, as they say, lived and died like a *raccal*, or grocer.

“The person who has now the honour to address you is a member of a community who, by the courtesy of England, are like the raccals of Turkey, collectively involved in the most indiscriminate ridicule, the most comprehensive contempt. I say collectively, sir, because individually we are allowed to have no existence, the wicked waggery of the world judging nine weavers and nine tailors requisite to the formation of one man. Yes, sir, to so high a pitch have they carried the disrespect in which these professions are held, that in the eyes of ‘the many’ (as the poet calls them) to address a man by the appellation either of weaver or tailor implies not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horsemanship, but on his personal courage, and even his personal existence.

“I, sir, am a weaver. I feel for the injured dignity of my profession, and since, thanks to my own genius and two years and a half of education at an academy on Tower Hill, I have a very decent acquaintance with the classics—that is, I know them all by name, and can tell Greek when I see it, any day in the week; and since, as far as Shakespeare’s plays and all the monthly magazines go, I have a very pretty share of English book-learning, from these considerations, Mr. Griffin, I think myself qualified to contend, not for the utility and respectability only, but for the honour of the art of weaving. Tailoring, as it is secondary to weaving, will of course partake of the fruits of my labours, as, in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain the credit of the other.

“To this end, Mr. Griffin, I shall not appeal to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke their judgment. I shall not solicit their indulgence, but by the force of demonstration will claim their assent, to my opinion.

“Poetry, sir, is universally allowed to be the first and noblest of the arts and sciences, insomuch that it is the opinion of critics that an epic poem is the greatest work the human mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If, then, I can prove that the art of weaving is in any degree analogous to the art of poetry, if this analogy has been allowed by the whole tribe of critics so far, that in speaking of the latter they have used the terms of the former, and have passed judgment on the works of the poet in the lan-

guage of the manufacturer ; nay, if poetry herself has condescended to imitate the expressions, and to adopt the technical terms into her own vocabulary, then may I surely hope that the sanction of criticism may challenge the respect, and the flattery of poetry (for imitation is the highest degree of flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

“First, then, with regard to criticism. To select a few examples from a multitude of others, are we not entertained in the works of Longinus and the *Gentleman's Magazine* with delectable dissertations on the *weaving* of plots and the *interweaving* of episodes? Are we not continually informed that the author unravels the *web* of his intrigue, or breaks the *thread* of his narration? Besides these, a friend of mine, a great etymologist, has assured me that *bombast* and *bombasin* originally spring from the same root, and *fustian*, everybody knows, is a term applied indifferently to passages in poetry, or materials for a pair of breeches. So similar is considered the skill employed in the texture of an epic poem and a piece of broadcloth, so parallel the qualifications requisite to throw the shuttle and guide the pen.

“I was not a little pleased the other day to find, in the critique of one of the most eminent writers of the present day, the works of a favourite poet styled a *tissue*. An idea then occurred to me, suggested perhaps by my partiality for my profession, which I am not without some faint hope of one day seeing accomplished.

“By a little labour and ingenuity it might surely be discovered that the works of different authors bear a considerable affinity (like this of the tissue) to the different productions of the loom. Thus, to enumerate a few instances, without any regard to chronological order, might not the flowery smoothness of Pope be aptly enough compared to *flowered satin*? Might not the compositions of all the poets laureate, ancient and modern, be very properly termed *Princes' Stuff*? And who would dispute the title of Homer to *Everlasting*? For Shakespeare, indeed, I am at a loss for a comparison, unless I should liken him to those *shot silks*, which vary the brightness of their hues into a multitude of different lights and shades. And would orthography allow of the pun, I

might say, that there are few poets but would be proud to be thought worthy of the *Green Bays*.

“For proof of the use which poetry makes of the weaver’s dictionary, *vide* ten thousand odes on spring; where you may catch the fragrance of the *damask* rose, listen to the rustling of the *silken* foliage, or lie extended with a listless languor, pillow-ing your head upon the *velvet* mead; to say nothing of Nature’s *loom*, which is set to work regularly on the 1st of May, to weave variegated *carpets* for the lawns and landscapes. Now, Mr. Griffin, these similitudes, though very pretty and very *à propos*, I own I am not perfectly satisfied with. The Genoese certainly excel us in the article of velvets; and French silks are by many people far preferred for elegance to any of English manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Griffin, if these allusions would not be much more delightful to British ears, if they tended to promote such manufactures as are more peculiarly our own. The Georgics of Virgil, let me tell you, sir, have been suspected by some people to have been written with a political, as well as poetical view; for the purpose of converting the victorious spirits of the Roman soldiery from the love of war, and the severity of military hardships, to the milder occupations of peace, and the more profitable employments of agriculture. Surely, equally successful would be the endeavours of our poets, if they would boldly extirpate from their writings every species of foreign manufacture, and adopt in their stead materials from the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely we have a variety which would suit all subjects and all descriptions; nor do I despair, if this letter has the desired effect, but I shall presently see landscapes beautifully diversified with (all due deference being paid to alliteration) plains of *plush*, pastures of *poplin*, downs of *dimity*, valleys of *velveret*, and meadows of *Manchester*. How gloriously novel would this be; how patriotically poetical an innovation, which nothing but bigoted prejudice could object to, nothing but disaffection to the interests of the country could disapprove.

“Excuse me, sir, if I have detained you beyond the usual limits of a letter, on a subject in which I am so deeply interested.

Pardon, sir, the partiality of an old man to the profession of his youth ; and, oh ! Mr. Griffin, may your paper be the means of rescuing from unmerited ridicule and illiberal contempt an art which has added a clearness and a polish to the remarks of criticism, and has clothed the conceptions of poetry in the language of metaphor : an art inferior to none but those which have so frequently and so successfully borrowed its assistance ; nor even to them, unless it can be proved, that that which provides the necessary raiment for the body, should yield to those which are but the sources of amusement to the mind.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

H. HOMESPUN."

I cannot but own myself much pleased with the enthusiasm which seems to animate my correspondent while he treats on a subject so near his heart. He has, I can assure him, my full approbation to his proposed improvements ; and I am convinced every well-meaning person in His Majesty's kingdoms must feel the force of his reasoning. Will any caviller presume to contend that our looms are not as fertile of poetic imagery as those of our neighbours ? Have we not handkerchiefs of printed cotton crowded with all the beauties of rural scenery ? and "azure flowers that blow," in the carpets of the Wilton manufactory ? Nay, even, supposing an unquestionable inferiority on the side of the English looms, would not every Englishman still show a laudable partiality to his country ? and by such a preference, what he lost in poetry would he not amply make up in patriotism ?

In short, so convinced am I by Mr. Homespun's arguments, that I cannot help taking the earliest opportunity to recommend to such of my correspondents as may have been induced by the forwardness of the season to begin odes on spring for the use of the *Microcosm*, that they would be careful to stick to the productions of the English loom, if they think it necessary to draw metaphors from weaving at all ; that is, if they *do* really think that Nature can be embellished by the technical terms of Art, and that the works of the Creator can receive additional beauty by being assimilated to those of the manufacturer, which, in my

humble opinion, I will confess does not appear to be the case.

I know no better advice that I can give to my correspondents on this head, unless, indeed, it were, not to write odes on spring at all. B.

No. XXVI.—MONDAY, May 14, 1787.

"Fabula nullius teneris, sine pondere, et arte."—HORACE.

"A silly story, without weight or art."

NOVEL-WRITING has by some late authors been aptly enough styled the younger sister of Romance. A family likeness indeed is very evident, and in their leading features, though in the one on a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted scale, a strong resemblance is easily discoverable between them.

An eminent characteristic of each is fiction—a quality which they possess, however, in very different degrees. The fiction of romance is restricted by no fetters of reason or of truth, but gives a loose to lawless imagination, and transgresses at will the bounds of time and place, of nature and possibility. The fiction of the other, on the contrary, is shackled with a thousand restraints, is checked in her most rapid progress by the barriers of reason, and bounded in her most excursive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors, we shall not indeed find in novels, as in romances, the hero sighing respectfully at the feet of his mistress during a ten years' courtship in a wilderness, nor shall we be entertained with the history of such a tour as that of St. George, who, mounting his horse one morning in Cappadocia, takes his way through Mesopotamia, then turns to his right into Illyria, and so by way of Grecia and Thracia, arrives in the afternoon in England. To such glorious violations as these of time and place romance writers have an exclusive claim. Novelists usually find it more convenient to change the scene of courtship from a desert to a drawing-room, and far from thinking it necessary to lay a

ten years' siege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive to carry their point in an hour or two, as well for the sake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for establishing their favourite maxim of love at first sight; and their hero, who seldom extends his travels beyond the turnpike-road, is commonly content to choose the safer, though less expeditious, conveyance of a post-chaise, in preference to such a horse as that of St. George.

But these peculiarities of absurdity alone excepted, we shall find that the novel is but a more modern modification of the same ingredients which constitute the romance, and that a recipe for the one may be equally serviceable for the composition of the other.

A romance (generally speaking) consists of a number of strange events, with the hero in the middle of them, who, being an adventurous knight, wades through them to one grand design, namely, the emancipation of some captive princess from the oppression of a merciless giant, for the accomplishment of which purpose he must set at nought the incantations of the caitiff magician, must scale the ramparts of his castle, and baffle the vigilance of the female dragon, to whose custody his heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at first sight seem from the purposes of a novel, we shall find, upon a little examination, that these are in fact the very circumstances upon which the generality of them are built, modernised, indeed, in some degree by the trifling transformations of merciless giants into austere guardians, and of she-dragons into maiden aunts. We must be contented also that the heroine, though retaining her tenderness, be divested of her royalty, and in the hero we must give up the knight-errant for the accomplished fine gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themselves remain nearly the same. In the guardian we trace all the qualities which distinguish his ferocious predecessor, substituting only, in the room of magical incantations, a little plain cursing and swearing, and the maiden aunt retains all the prying vigilance and suspicious malignity—in short, every endowment but the claws which characterise her romantic counterpart. The

hero of a novel has not indeed any opportunity of displaying his courage in the scaling of a rampart, or his generosity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is necessary that a hero should signalise himself by both these qualifications, it is usual to manifest the one by climbing the garden-wall, or leaping the park-paling in defiance of "steel-traps and spring-guns," and the other by flinging a crown to each of the post-boys on alighting from his chaise and four.

In the article of interviews the two species of composition are pretty much on an equality, provided only that they are supplied with a *quantum sufficit* of moonlight, which is an indispensable requisite, it being the etiquette for the moon to appear particularly conscious on these occasions. For the adorer, when permitted to pay his vows at the shrine of his divinity, custom has established in both cases a pretty universal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of novel and romance seem to be on a very equal footing, to enjoy similar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which romance has but slender claims to comparative excellence—I mean the choice of names and titles. However lofty and sonorous the names of Amadis and Orlando; however tender and delicate may be those of Zorayda and Roxana: are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the seducing softness of Lydia Lovemore and Sir Harry Harlowe, of Frederic Free love and Clarissa Clearstarch? Or can the simple "Don Belianis, of Greece," or the "Seven Champions of Christendom," trick out so enticing a titlepage and awaken such pleasing expectations as the "Innocent Adultery," the "Tears of Sensibility," or the "Amours of the Count de D—— and L——y ——"?

It occurs to me, while I am writing this, that as there has been so considerable a consumption of names and titles as to have exhausted all the efforts of invention and ransacked all the alliterations of the alphabet, it may not be amiss to inform all novelists, male and female, who under these circumstances must necessarily wish with Falstaff to know "where a commodity of good names may be bought," that at my "Warehouse for Wit" I have laid in

a great number of the above articles of the most fashionable and approved patterns. Ladies may suit themselves with a vast variety, adapted to every composition of the kind, whether they may choose them to consist of two adjectives only, as the "Generous Inconstant," the "Fair Fugitive," or the name of a place, as "Grogram Grove," "Gander Green," or whether they prefer the still-newer method of coupling persons and things with an "or," as "Louisa ; or, the Purling Stream," "Estifania ; or, the Abbey in the Dale," "Eliza ; or, the Little House on the Hill." Added to these I have a complete assortment of names for every individual that can find a place in a novel, from the Belviles and Beverleys of high life, to the Humphreyses and Gubbinses of low, suited to all ages, ranks, and professions, to persons of every stamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the scenes of low life, the novel again enjoys the most decisive superiority. Romance, indeed, sometimes makes use of the grosser sentiments and less refined affections of the squire and the confidante as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the hero and suits the sensibility of his mistress. But where shall we find such a thorough knowledge of nature, such an insight into the human heart, as is displayed by our novelists, when, as an agreeable relief from the insipid sameness of polite insincerity, they condescend to portray in coarse colours the workings of more genuine passions in the bosom of Dolly the dairymaid, or Hannah the housemaid.

When on such grounds, and on a plan usually very similar to the one I have here endeavoured to sketch, are founded by far the greater number of those novels which crowd the teeming catalogue of a circulating library, is it to be wondered at that they are sought out with such avidity and run through with such delight, by all those (a considerable part of my fellow-citizens) who cannot resist the impulse of curiosity, or withstand the allurements of a title-page? Can we be surprised that they look forward with expecting eagerness to that inundation of delicious nonsense with which the press annually overflows ; replete as

it is with stories without invention, anecdotes without novelty, observations without aptness, and reflections without morality?

Under this description come the generality of these performances. There are, no doubt, a multitude of exceptions. The paths which a Fielding and a Richardson have trodden must be sacred. Were I to profane these by impertinent criticism, I might with justice be accused of avowed enmity to wit, of open apostasy from true feeling and true taste.

But let me hope to stand excused from the charge of presumption if even here I venture some observations, which, I am confident, must have occurred to many, and to which almost everybody, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the novel of "Tom Jones," however excellent a work in itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children? That it is a character drawn faithfully from nature, by the hand of a master, most accurately delineated and most exquisitely finished, is indeed indisputable. But is it not also a character in whose shades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and misconduct, are so intimately blended and softened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiscriminating eye of childhood to distinguish between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections so nearly allied to excellence, and does not the excess of its good qualities bear so strong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends and vice begins? The arguments urged in opposition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of Nature. Undoubtedly it is; but is Nature to be held up to the view of childhood in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude, however unbecoming? The hero's connection with Miss Seagrim, for instance, and the supposed consequences of it, are very natural, no doubt; are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a child must admire the character, is certain; that he should wish to imitate what he admires, follows of course; and that it is much more easy to imitate faults than excellences, is

an observation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open assault on an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to see, and consequently fortitude to resist; the other is the treacherous attack of an insidious invader, who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart. Such is the character of Jones. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to Sophia, however ungrateful, nor his connection with Lady Bellaston, though perhaps the most degrading situation in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds, therefore, though there cannot be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster," Sir Charles Grandison, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is, that Grandison is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this, it tends to prove that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently, the surest way to become a Jones is to aim at being a Grandison; for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural bias of his passions will make him bate something of his valuation. Hence, therefore, the character of Grandison is assuredly the properer pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that must necessarily be productive of some attainment in virtue. The character of Jones can neither operate as an incitement to virtue, nor a discouragement from vice. He is too faulty for the one and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities must, on an undiscerning mind, have a bad effect; since, by fascinating its affections, they render it blind to his foibles; and the character

becomes the more dangerous in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digression to the consideration of novels in general, some of my fellow-citizens may perhaps conjecture that I have affected to undervalue them from interested motives; and that I would wean them from their study of them, for the purpose only of increasing the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any suspicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promise, in the course of a few numbers, to point out to the observation, and recommend to the perusal of professed novel readers, a set of books, which they now treat with undeserved contempt; but from which I will prove that they may derive at least as much entertainment, and certainly much more useful instruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning sentiment and insipid conversation; of incidents the most highly unnatural, and events the most uninteresting.

NO. XXX.—MONDAY, *June 11, 1787.*

“Quanto rectius hic.”—HORACE.

“How much superior he,” &c.

FROM the time that I first promised my fellow-citizens I would point out a set of books to their observation, from the perusal of which, if substituted in the place of novels, they might derive at least equal advantage and entertainment, there has scarce a day passed in which some attempt has not been made by different correspondents, either by letters of inquiry or conjecture, to forestall my good advice, and anticipate my intended recommendation. Some have been so good-natured as to cloak counsel under the garb of conjecture, and under pretence of guessing my intentions, have recommended their own favourite studies to my notice, as fit objects for my recommendation to the notice of my fellow-citizens; and furnished me with arguments for the support of

their own propositions. Others have contented themselves with forming a variety of conjectures; and some of them have so far piqued themselves on their sagacity that they have confidently offered me wagers of ten to one, which I can assure my readers I expect no small applause for not having accepted, when they consider, that had my views been at all mercenary, I might here have taken the opportunity to pick up a very comfortable sum in a very honourable way. Others again have been so conscious of their own unbounded attachment to the study I have laboured to depreciate, as to think themselves particularly pointed at in that sentence where I complained of the unmerited contempt with which the objects of my intended recommendation are treated; and have sent me the most affecting assurances of better behaviour for the future. Historiophilus cannot help being surprised that I should know he had never "read his Bible," which he doubts not is the book to which I propose calling his attention, but he promises me faithfully henceforward to read a chapter of it every night going to bed, and never to devour at most above three novels in a month. Latinus's conscience has been equally busy in informing him that the books I mean for his perusal can be no other than the classics, to which, though he owns he has hitherto neglected them, to gratify his taste for sentiment, he is now determined, in compliance with my advice, to give the most ardent attention, and as an earnest of his amendment, he tells me he has already struck out his name from the list of subscribers to the circulating library, for which he adds, rather archly, my bookseller he believes will not consider himself under any great obligation to me.

Though I must assure these gentlemen that all their suppositions are very erroneous, I cannot but confess myself very much pleased at the above-mentioned salutary, and I will add unforeseen, effects of my censorial exertions. Not but I am a little surprised that any of my correspondents could for a moment suppose me so devoid of delicacy as to propose as a substitute for sentiment the dull perusal of the unpolished ancients, and a study so unfashionable as religion.

There are, besides those already mentioned, another set of correspondents of whom I must take some notice before I proceed to the discovery of my purpose. These are some who have continued to send me frequent assurances of the little credit they give to my professions of disinterestedness, and who resolve, in spite of my declarations to the contrary, to persevere in believing the studies to which I wish them to give so much application to be no other than my own lucubrations. One gentleman in particular has taken the trouble to be extremely witty on the subject, and has had the art, by a course of the most apt and pointed observations, to turn my own declaration against me. He adduces the example of a highwayman with great success, and tells an interesting and affecting story (but rather of the longest), extracted as it seems from the "Newgate Calendar, or Malefactor's Bloody Register," by which it appears that this highwayman "denied this murder before he was accused of it, and so got himself found out." This my gentleman considers as exactly a case in point, and proceeds accordingly, through a long series of logical divisions, and some very nice and subtle distinctions of "whys" and "wherefores," to argue that my disavowal of any sinister view to my own advantage could have been derived from nothing but a perfect consciousness of the same, and consequently must be ascribed to precisely the same motives as the unsolicited protestations of his hero the highwayman.

Ingenious as are the arguments, and conclusive as are the inferences of my worthy correspondent, I must beg leave to differ from him very decidedly on the present question, and however sure the grounds of the indictment preferred against me may appear to him at present, I doubt not but the very material evidence which I shall produce on my part will, ere long, induce him to alter his opinion, and to give a verdict in favour of my disinterestedness.

I shall now therefore no longer delay to bring forward, as substantial and satisfactory witnesses of my disinterestedness, the books which I think so fully capable of supplying the place of those studies which usually engross the attention of our novel-readers,

and these are no other than the instructive and entertaining histories of Mr. Thomas Thumb, Mr. John Hickathrift, and sundry other celebrated worthies, a true and faithful account of whose adventures and achievements may be had by the curious and public in general, price twopence, gilt, at Mr. Newbery's, St. Paul's Churchyard, and at some other gentleman's, whose name I do not now recollect, the Bouncing B., Shoe Lane.

I am well aware that full many are the opinions I shall have to combat against in behalf of my recommendation. Many there will be who will ungenerously cavil at the size of my protégés, armed with a sort of cowardly criticism, which, though it dares not venture any strictures on a bulky folio, or scan the merits of even a tolerable corpulent quarto, yet thinks itself fully competent to give a decided opinion on so small an offspring of literature, and to persecute an unprotected 16mo with the most unrelenting severity.

To show, however, the very high estimation in which I am confident they deserve to be held by the literary world, I shall not condescend to compare them with those precious farragos in the room of which I intend introducing them to my fellow-citizens. Far higher are my ideas of the comparative excellence of Mr. Newbery's little books, and more especially of the two to which I have before alluded. In the heroes of these, a candid and impartial critic will readily agree with me that we find a very strong resemblance to those who are immortalised in Homeric song; that in Hickathrift we see portrayed the spirit, the prowess, and every great quality of Achilles; and in Thumb, the prudence, the caution, the patience, the perseverance of Ulysses. There is, however, one peculiar advantage which the histories of the modern worthies enjoy over their ancient originals, which is that of uniting the great and sublime of epic grandeur with the little and the low of common life, and of tempering the fiercer and more glaring colours of the marvellous and the terrible with the softer shades of the domestic and the familiar. Where, in either of the great originals, shall we find so pleasing an assemblage of tender ideas, so interesting a picture of domestic employments as the following

sketch of the night preceding that in which Tom Thumb and his brethren were to be purposely lost in the wood?

"Now it was nine o'clock, and all the children, after eating a piece of bread and butter, were put to bed. But little Tom did not eat his, but put it in his pocket. And now all the children were fast asleep in their beds; but little Tom could not sleep for thinking of what he had heard the night before, so he got up, and put on his shoes and stockings," &c.

How forcibly does this passage bring to the mind of every classical reader the picture which Homer draws of Agamemnon in the tenth book of the "Iliad."

"Αλλ' οὐκ Ατρείδην Αγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἕπνος ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντα," &c.

"The chiefs before their vessels lay
And left in sleep the labours of the day;
All but the king, with various thoughts oppressed,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast," &c.

"He rose,
And on his feet the shining sandals bound," &c.

This vigilant conduct in brooding a sleepless night over embryo expeditions, and cautiously providing against future necessities by the pocketing of his bread and butter, is at least equal to any trait in the character of Ulysses. Nor is it in point of character only that the resemblance between this work and the two great poems of antiquity is discernible. Here we find also in their fullest perfection—

"*Speciosa—Miracula rerum,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum cyclope Charybdin.*"

"Antiphates his hideous feast devours," &c.—FRANCIS.

To say nothing of the form of the ogre, which is painted in a style infinitely beyond the Polypheme of Homer; to pass over the terrible poetic imagery with which his first speech of "Fee, faw, fum" is replete, it must, I think, be readily allowed that the stratagem by which Tom releases himself and his brethren from

the monster's power (by taking "the crowns of gold from the heads of the little ogres and ogresses, and putting them on their own, whereby the giant comes and kills his own children") is far more poetical, far more noble than the pitiful escape of Ulysses and his companions under the sheeps' bellies, and the paltry contrivance of *Ουδης*. But there is another circumstance where the fictions of the two poets bear a still nearer resemblance to each other. The learned reader will easily guess that I mean the march of the ogre in the third chapter of "Tom Thumb" and that of Neptune in the thirteenth book of the "Iliad." To enable my readers to draw the comparison better I shall transcribe both—

"There the ogre," says my author, "called for his seven-leagued boots, in which he journeyed, and he put them on; and he took one, two, three steps, and at the third he came to the dark cave where little Tom was."

Of Neptune's passage from Samothrace to Troy, Homer says:—

*"Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν τὸ δὲ τέτρατον, ἔκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγᾶς"*

"From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And at the fourth the distant Egæ shook."

"Which," says his commentator, "is pretty near a degree at each step." But let the reader candidly examine both the passages, and make fair allowances for the unavoidable difference in sound of "the distant Egæ," and "the dark cave where little Tom was," and I doubt not but my author will claim at least an equal share of admiration.

But it would be an endless task to point out every latent beauty, every unnoticed elegance with which these productions are interspersed. Not to enter therefore into a comparative view of the characters of Hickathrift and Achilles; to omit noticing the affecting and solemn invocation of the Princess Cinderella to the bean her counsellor, beginning—"Bean, bean, little bean, I charge thee in the name of the fairy Trusio" (which, by the bye, justifies the opinion of Pythagoras with regard to the reverence due to this vegetable), to omit this, I say, and other innumerable

passages equally worthy of notice, I shall hasten to inform my fellow-citizens that, in compliance with my advice, my bookseller proposes very soon substituting in the room of his present catalogue a list of all the productions of this kind which can be procured either at Mr. Newbery's or the Bouncing B.

And I doubt not but I shall in a very short time have the satisfaction to see the generality of my fellow-citizens running through them with the most eager avidity from beginning to end—from "Once upon a time" to "lived very happy afterwards"—fully convinced that such works as could bear a competition with the strains of Homer would be degraded by any comparison with the silly effusions of nonsense and sentiment, convinced too, if the examples for the purposes of morality be considered, that a character which gleaned the several excellences of all the Edwards, the Sir Harrys, and the Pamelas of novel-writers, would be but a poor competitor with one that joined in itself the patience and chastity of Cinderella, the prudence of Thumb, and the heroism of Hickathrift.

B.

No. XXXII.—MONDAY, *June 25*, 1787.

"Unus et alter.

Assuitur pannus,——."—HORACE.

"'Tis all a patch-work."

To a writer, and especially a periodical writer, it has justly been observed, that there is no part of his business so difficult as the selection of a subject.

That traveller will arrive sooner at his place of destination who pushes on to the end of his journey through a strait and direct road, from whence no winding paths allure his feet, no variety of distant scenery diverts his attention, than he whose way lies through a country diversified with a multitude of objects which solicit his admiration, who stops to gaze at every opening pro-

spect, to catch the sunshine of every meadow, and enjoy the coolness of every grove.

Nearly the same difference exists between the writer of volumes who pursues one settled subject, whether of reasoning or narrative, and whose labours, when that subject is fixed, are confined to the detail of facts or the arrangement of arguments; and the essayist whose periodical exertions require a desultory diligence, which, unable to pursue an uninterrupted train of thought, must, to avoid a sameness of subject, occasionally adapt itself to every species of composition, and must assume a variety of styles and sentiments such as may suit a variety of topics, and agree with the different purposes of satire or commendation of sprightly wit or speculative solemnity.

It is not therefore from a dearth of subjects, but from a too great abundance of them, that this difficulty in selection takes its rise. A man who sits down to a table where there is but one dish, will, if he is hungry, make a hearty meal of that, but if the board be laden with a profusion of different delicacies, he will, however sharp-set, make some pause ere he begins, to consider against which the first attack of his appetite shall be directed.

In a situation much resembling either of the preceding which I have described do I frequently find myself at the beginning of a paper. For either my attention, like that of the traveller, is so absorbed in the contemplation of distant images, and so distracted by the multiplicity of surrounding objects, that while I gaze at them all with undeciding admiration, I advance not a step towards the completion of my design; or, like the gentleman at table, my appetite is solicited by so great a variety of delicacies all equally tempting, that while I am eager to taste them all, I know not on which to begin; or (which is as applicable and expressive a simile as either of the foregoing) my mind, like the coffin of the prophet of Mecca, is so equally assailed on every side by the magnetism of surrounding attractions, that it hangs in suspense between them all without the power to incline to either.

In almost all cases where the judgment is unable to decide, chance, however little mankind in general may be inclined to

confess it, is the best and only arbitrator. The biographer of the great La Mancha freely owns, that in all points of the road which admitted of hesitation, he did not scruple to leave it, according to the laudable custom of knights-errant from time immemorial, to chance, or, what is nearly the same thing, to the judgment of Rosinante. And it is related of some French judge, who was remarked throughout his whole practice for the almost infallible justice of his decrees, that whenever any extraordinary case occurred, the circumstances of which were so perplexed as to render him incapable of giving a decided opinion in favour of either side, with satisfaction to his own conscience, he was accustomed to retire to his closet, and refer it to the final decision of the die. For my own part, so firm is my reliance on the arbitration of chance, that I can assure my readers many is the good paper for the subject of which they are indebted to her interference, many are the hints which she has been kind enough to throw in my way by an accidental dip into a poetical miscellany or an Ainsworth's dictionary, or a casual glance at a newspaper advertisement, or a pamphlet in a bookseller's shop window. Nor indeed is it possible that chance if trusted to should suggest any subject out of which something might not be gathered, capable enough of being rendered serviceable to purposes either of instruction or amusement. This I believe my readers will be ready to allow, when I assure them, that even this paper, totally unconnected as it may appear to them with any use whatever, is calculated to serve as a precept of morality. I intend it indeed as a striking instance of the folly of not confining one's attention to one particular object, as he who has many objects in view cannot attend properly to the pursuit of any one of them. Thus there is nothing, however inconsiderable, from which morality may not be derived, whether it be from the contemplation of a broomstick or of the chubby countenances of tombstone cherubim. "And for a text" (or a motto), says the celebrated author of "Tristram Shandy," "Cappadocia, Pontus, and Phrygia, will answer as well as any sentence out of any book whatever."

There are, however, other circumstances still more embarrassing

in the choice of a subject. "That there is nothing new under the sun" was the no less true than lamentable complaint of some ancient philosopher. And if this want of novelty obtained in his time, what can a poor authorling of the present day expect, when so many hungry followers have been for ages gathering up every crumb of invention which had fallen from the tables of the ancients, and picking the bones of every disputation on every topic, over and over again, with the most industrious eagerness? It could not fail, I am certain, to excite the commiseration of my readers were I to relate how many bright ideas and brilliant expressions I have rejected, merely because they have been thought and expressed in the same manner a hundred times before; how often, after wandering in vain to find some untrodden path of original invention, I have been tempted to beat the beaten way of imitation, and to take another turn out of the threadbare topics of "Virtue and Vice," or "The Return of Ulysses."

But though, to place common objects in new lights, to clothe familiar ideas in unhackneyed language, so as to give an air of novelty to conceptions with which everybody is acquainted, be a labour requiring the united efforts of ingenuity and judgment, yet even when this is accomplished, the reader must have a certain coincidence of thought, a sympathy of feeling, and must peruse a paper with the same spirit with which it was written, ere he can enter fully into the ideas and relish the sentiments of the author. Hence is it, reader, that you and I have in all probability frequently differed in opinion during the course of these my lucubrations. Every paper must infallibly borrow its hue from the humour, or the accident of the moment, in which it is written. Now, if it has, as it no doubt often has, so happened that you have taken up in a merry humour what I have written in a grave one, or *vice versa*, that you have been very solemn when I have been disposed to be very witty, it is ten to one but both my wit and my gravity have been totally lost upon you; that the sprightliest sallies of the former have been unable to derange the phlegmatic primness of your muscular economy, and that instead of receiving with due reverence the precepts of the latter, you have been wickedly

inclined to treat me and my morality with most unchristian ridicule.

Hearing the other day that a fellow-citizen of mine had exercised his genius in the composition of a tragedy, I took the liberty of inquiring the subject of it, and was informed by him, after considerable hesitation, that it was "on no particular subject." This is, I believe, nearly the predicament in which my present paper stands; for though I flatter myself I have pointed out in it what a paper ought to be, it has been rather by example than precept, by instancing in an eminent degree what it ought not to be. But as I have gone on thus far without selecting "any particular subject," and as I am now too far advanced to dip for a new one in any of the books which lie upon my table, I shall conclude my paper with a letter, in which my fellow-citizens will find such rules laid down as will, if well observed, contribute no doubt to render them good and useful citizens of the greater world. And, I flatter myself, my correspondent will forgive my publishing it with such a view, though contrary to his express desire.

"TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—‘Do what you are bid,’ ‘Come when you are called,’ ‘Speak when you are spoken to,’ and ‘Shut the door after you,’ such were the precepts, Mr. Griffin, which in my earlier days I imbibed from the tongue of my grandmother; such was the path of morality chalked out for me, by following which I was to become an honour to my family, a credit to my country, and Lord Chancellor. For you must know, sir, that from my infancy this was the destined goal to which my course of glory was to be directed. As I was the darling of my grandmother, to her was left the sole care and superintendence of my education. For the furtherance, therefore, of her projects in my favour, it was resolved, when I was eight years old, to send me to Eton. At my setting out her former maxims were reinforced by the addition of a few more equally serviceable exhortations, viz., ‘to be a good boy,’ ‘mind my book,’ ‘never to get on horseback until I could ride,’

‘nor to venture into the water until I could swim,’ and above all, ‘not to make myself sick by the too hasty expenditure of the sixpence which she bestowed on me at parting.’ All these maxims, Mr. Griffin, comprehensive as they are, I have carefully treasured up in my mind; and I write now merely to ask your opinion of their efficacy to make me an honour to my family, and everything else which her fond hopes have cut me out for. At any rate, Mr. Griffin, there are, I am confident, many of our fellow-citizens who have far inferior precepts for their moral conduct than myself; and I must beg, therefore, that you will not take advantage of my letter by betraying my secret assurances of success to raise me up competitors in my progress to the woolsack.—I am, sir, yours,

“ ——— ———.”

B.

No. XXXIX.—MONDAY, *July* 30, 1787.

“*Non omnis morior.*”—OVID.

“I die not all.”—GARTH.

DEBILITATED as I am with sickness, I feel that I shall not be able to entertain my readers, as usual, with a calm discussion of topics not the most immediately interesting. I feel plainly that I am no longer a man of this world. And that being the case, I think it incumbent on me to leave to my fellow-citizens some knowledge of the life of one whose writings have been dedicated to their service.

A life, indeed, of so short a duration as that of Gregory Griffin cannot be supposed to have been replete with any uncommon incidents, or to have abounded with any surprising adventures. It has, as may be imagined, been chequered rather by a variety of sentiments than situations; and owes its diversification rather to a succession of ideas than a series of events.

Yet even in these, I flatter myself, that my fellow-citizens will find themselves interested; and that they will be solicitous to

become acquainted even with the most trivial circumstances which concern one to whom they are indebted, if not for instruction and entertainment, at least for an earnest desire to instruct and entertain.

Of my birth and parentage I shall say nothing, for from an account of either no instruction could be gathered. Of my education, the first circumstances which I have any recollection of are, that I was, at the age of six years, employed in learning the rudiments of my mother tongue, spinning cockchafers on corking pins, and longing for bread and butter, at a day school near —. My proficiency here was so great that I actually got through, within a month, by far the greater part of a gingerbread alphabet, and might be literally said to devour my learning with an astonishing avidity. In my hours of relaxation from study, the utmost stretch of my intellects was the acquisition of the aforesaid bread and butter; the highest notion I could conceive of rational amusement, was enjoyment of that delight which arose from the contemplation of the above-mentioned cockchafer writhing, or as I then, in compliance with the custom of my school-fellows, termed it preaching, in the agonies of impalement. And yet my temper, gentle reader, is not cruel; my disposition, would you believe me, is far from tyrannical. But the abuse of power is equally prevalent among children and men. And when we every day find, by melancholy experience, that the strongest intellects and the maturest judgments are unable to resist the intoxication of uncontrolled command and, rioting in the plentitude of power, break through the laws of reason and of right, can we expect that the senses of childhood should be less frequently fascinated and less easily overcome; and that when armed with the ability of distributing life and death to the subject tribes of animals and insects, it should exercise its dominion with equity, and administer its charge without injustice? Not but, with regard to myself as well as others, the rage of despotism has been checked, and the triumphs of tyranny interrupted, by the admonitions of friendly advice, and the interposition of parental authority. But, alas, how could I regard

those admonitions or revere that authority when, after being severely chidden for wantonly dismembering a wasp, or knocking down a butterfly, I was often called upon to crush a spider or trample an earwig to atoms, because, forsooth, a lady in the company had conceived a rooted horror to the one, or was endowed with a natural antipathy to the other? Let the parent, who would keep his child pure from the stain of cruelty to animals, beware how he makes him the executioner of his vengeance on even the most noxious; the crusher of spiders and the trampler of earwigs. The distinctions of harmless and hurtful are not to be explained to childhood. Self-preservation needs not the admonition. The child who executes these commands must, either if he does not reflect at all, be steeled by their repetition against the pleadings of pity; or if he does reflect, in what light can he consider them but as dictated by the lust of destroying, cloaked indeed under the affectation of antipathy!

But to proceed in my narrative. My removal at the age of eight years to a Grammar School at —, as it changed my method of study, and enlarged my prospects of improvement in the *belles lettres*, so did it give a totally new turn to the train of my ideas, and open a larger field for the exercise of my adventurous ambition. I set out with becoming a professed admirer and would-be imitator of the heroes of the head class, and wearied the good-natured patience of all my friends, relations, intimates, acquaintance, and visitors during the first six vacations, by relating ten times a day, with a considerable degree of archness and an infinite quantity of admiration, the tricks of Tomlinson and the wickedness of Wilkins, and how Spriggins kicked the usher's shins under the table, and then said it was not he. I called moreover into action my mimetic powers, and before the expiration of my eleventh year was able to imitate, with no small share of success, the tone and manner of the writing usher, in pronouncing, "Very vell, Master Simkins, I'll sartinly get you vript for dartying on your breeches."

But the time was now arrived when I was to be no longer the

trumpeter of another's fame, the humble admirer of another's achievements. Having attained the "topmost round" of that learning which this seminary was capable of bestowing, and going on, as I was, in my twelfth year, I thought it time to aim at being the pattern of the excellence I had pictured, and to become myself the hero of my own celebration. Like the son of Fingal, I now resolved to sing the achievements of myself and my own companions.

*"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magni fui."*

And if in the ardour of narration I by chance had drained the sources of reality, and emptied the stores of truth, I betook myself, without hesitation, to ransacking the riches of fiction, and trusted implicitly to the inexhaustible fertility of my own invention. Many times have I entertained or, perhaps, tired an indulgent audience with long accounts of my miraculous escapes from dangers of my own raising, and extricated myself, with admirable address, from situations of my own contriving. Often have I, for the sake of displaying my heroism and telling a good story, endangered my precious neck by leaping fancied ditches and climbing imaginary walls, for the purpose of despoiling fictitious apple-trees or non-existent gooseberry-trees.

Luckily for my safety and perhaps for my reputation, I was rescued from the midst of these "imminent deadly" dangers by a removal to Eton. From her to have "sucked the milk of science," to have contracted for her a pious fondness and veneration which will bind me for ever to her interests, and, perhaps (pardon, kind reader, the licensed vanity of a periodical writer, abandoning himself on his deathbed to the fascination of egotism), to have improved by my earnest endeavours her younger part of the present generation, is to me an infinite source of pride and satisfaction.

But I find myself growing weak and am unable to proceed any farther. With the rest of my life, and how it has been employed, my fellow-citizens are sufficiently acquainted. For my own part, I look back upon it with contentment; but I must resign the

pen to my publisher, who will say whatever I have left unsaid that ought to be made known to my countrymen. They will, I flatter myself, remember, not without esteem, the name of Gregory Griffin; they will preserve a regard for his memory——

Mr. Griffin could not finish the sentence he was about; this last effort has quite exhausted him, and he has left to me the melancholy office of concluding his life. Which, by-the-bye, if printed, with a neat type, in a thin octavo, and adorned with a well-looking title-page, would cut a very pretty figure in the annals of literature. I should, indeed, be a little in doubt whether to entitle it simply the “Life of Mr. Griffin,” or the “Confessions of Mr. Griffin,” or “An Apology for the Life and Writings,” &c., but of that hereafter—*tempus edax rerum*. I find nothing among Mr. G.’s papers worthy of meeting the public eye, as I discovered, upon searching his breeches pockets since he went to bed, that they consist of: in his right-hand pocket, his laundress’s bill; in his fob, a piece of brown paper, containing one pennyworth of sugar-candy, of which he was wont to be very fond, and a small note to a friend, containing a positive declaration that he leaves behind him no writings whatsoever unpublished but his will, which he intends enjoining his executors to lay before his fellow-citizens after his decease.

It may be questioned why I, who must naturally entertain a veneration for his person, do not, now that so fair an opportunity offers itself, attempt something just by way of a character or so; and it may be suspected that there is some reason for the omission—and to say truth, so there is. It must be confessed that I have for some time intended (and have collected materials for the purpose), as the eyes of the world must infallibly be fixed on his exit, to favour it, after Mr G.’s demise, with a collection of anecdotes, stories, smart sayings, witty repartees, funny jokes, and shining sentiments, under the comprehensive title of *Griffiniana*. Of this work the following extracts will give a sufficient specimen:—

“Mr Griffin was a man of great humour. Coming one day into the parlour, where Pompey, the editor’s little dog, was lying

and basking before the fire, 'I protest, Pompey,' said he, 'you are almost as lazy a dog as myself!'"

The voluntary sallies of Mr. Griffin's wit were only to be equalled by the readiness of his repartees; of this the two following anecdotes will give evidence:—

"Mr. Griffin, walking one day in the street, was suddenly accosted by a friend of his, who, pulling off his hat, addressed him with 'How do you do, Mr. Griffin?' Mr. Griffin, without the smallest hesitation or embarrassment, instantly retorted, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir; I hope you are well?'"

"Another time, Mr. Griffin was attacked in a large company by a lady, who, thinking to catch him unprepared, asked him very sharply, how much two and two made? 'Two and two, madam,' said he, with great quickness, and without betraying the smallest confusion, 'make four.'"

I will be candid enough to own that the idea of this publication was borrowed from one of a similar kind on a man of almost equal eminence with him, who is to be the subject of these memoirs. But though there may be a near resemblance between the anecdotes here set down and some which are related of that gentleman, the reader will, I hope, have fairness enough to think that it is very possible that both should be original. I have, however, been once on the point of dropping the design when it was represented to me by a friend, on whose judgment I had great reliance, "that I should act unworthily as a biographer, and ungenerously as a friend, in endeavouring to reduce the name of Mr. Griffin, by such a publication, to the level of Joe Miller and Tom Brown; and in rashly bringing to light such uninteresting and trifling effusions of momentary mirth, or occasional levity, as would but detract from the weight of his other performances; and such as from their own intrinsic merit could only pass without ridicule when they passed without public observation."—THE EDITOR.

B.

THE END
OF
THE MICROCOSM.

NO. XL.—MONDAY, *July 30, 1787.*

*"Amicorum munus est, quæ voluerit, meminisse,
——quæ mandaverit, exequi."*—TACITUS.

"It is the office of friends to remember the requests of the deceased, and faithfully execute his commissions."

THE melancholy event predicted in a late number has taken place—Gregory Griffin is no more.

About five minutes three seconds after nine o'clock on Monday evening his friends were alarmed by a hasty summons to his bedside. The good gentleman seemed to be perfectly sensible that the moment of his dissolution drew near.

It has been usually customary with the biographers of eminent men, when drawing towards the conclusion of their hero's existence, to make the world acquainted with every little symptom attending his exit. But the effects of a cathartic or the operation of an emetic have been too minutely investigated and too frequently discussed to be any longer interesting, and the various circumstances of this kind which marked the termination of Mr. Griffin's existence would be of as little consequence to the literary as medical world. These therefore we shall omit mentioning.

"My friends!" (said he as we stood round him, raising himself a little on his left elbow, while the bookseller's boy placed a pillow under his head—we knew that there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen), "my friends," said he, "I could not quit this world satisfactorily to my own conscience without acknowledging my obligations to you. I die, it is true, at an age when I might, without presumption, have hoped for the enjoyment of a protracted existence. But I have long foreseen this event, and am happy to be prepared to meet it. It is a great consolation to me that I leave you behind me, the defenders of my conduct in that official character which I have during my lifetime supported. It has been my endeavour to blend the instruction of my fellow-citizens with their entertainment, to temper my censure with lenity, and to laugh away their follies, rather than to scourge their vices. If in any one of these points my success has been equal to my wishes, the end of my existence is fully answered.

"It has indeed so happened that, contrary to my expectations, my name has found its way beyond the limits of our little republic. Even there, cast as I was on the wide world, I have met with such a reception as to convince me that the tendency of my plan has been warmly approved, however inadequate may have appeared its execution. And if by these means I have added one more citizen to our commonwealth, or contributed to diffuse a patriotic love of Eton among its present members, then indeed shall I be proud to congratulate myself on the success of my endeavours. But I feel my strength going from me." The publisher pulled out his pocket-handkerchief. "Adieu!" The publisher applied his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes. "To your care I entrust my will. You will find I have not forgotten you, my friends. You will execute my commissions with fidelity." "Mr. Griffin is dead," said the bookseller. "Sure enough," said the bookseller's boy. The printer's devil blubbered. It was too much. We were forced to retire to give vent to our feelings, and open the will. A copy of it we now lay before the public:—

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

"Vicesimo tertio die Julii, anno regni Georgii Tertii Magnæ Britannię, Francię, et Hibernię regis, Fidei Defensoris, &c., vicesimo septimo; Domini, millesimo septingentesimo octogesimo septimo.

"I, GREGORY GRIFFIN, of the College of Eton, in the county of Bucks, being weak in body, but sound in understanding, on this twenty-third instant of this July present, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of His Majesty, George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, do hereby commit my body to the press, from whence it came, my spirit to the comprehension of my readers.

"Of my worldly effects, consisting chiefly of essays, poems, letters, &c. &c.

"*Imprimis*, I do give and bequeath the whole of the aforesaid essays, poems, letters, &c. &c., to my much-beloved friends, J. Smith, G. Canning, R. Smith, and J. Frere, to be among them divided as shall be hereafter by me appointed; excepting only such legacies as shall be hereafter by me assigned to other my worthy and approved friends.

"And I do further constitute and appoint the aforesaid, my much-beloved friends, the executors and administrators of this my last will and testament, to divide my effects according to the form appointed therein.

"*Item*, I do give and bequeath to Mr. John Smith, late of the College of Eton, now of King's College, Cambridge, all my papers, essays, &c. &c., which bear the signature of A.

"*Item*, To Mr. George Canning, now of the College of Eton, I do give and bequeath all my papers, essays, &c. &c., signed with B.

"*Item*, To Mr. Robert Smith, now of the College of Eton aforesaid, I do assign all my papers, &c. &c. (as aforesaid), signed C.

“*Item*, I do make over to Mr. John Frere, now of the aforesaid College of Eton, all my papers, &c. (as before-mentioned), marked D.

“*Item*, To Mr. Joseph Mellish, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in token of my respect and esteem, I do assign the paper bearing the signature of M.

“*Item*, To Mr. B. Way I do bequeath the letter signed ‘Musidorus;’ to Mr. Littlehales the letter of Cæmeterius; to Lord H. Spencer the letter and poem of Ironculus, with the letter of Σοφὸς Πολυφαγός.

“The rest of my papers, &c. &c., here undisposed of, I do hereby enjoin my executors to make over to such of my correspondents as shall severally make good their claims thereunto; declaring, moreover, that all such papers as do not bear any of the aforesaid signatures, A., B., C., or D., are not to be considered as the property of my executors.

“Dated this 23rd day of July present, in the year, &c. &c., 1787.

“(Signed) GREGORY GRIFFIN.

“CHARLES KNIGHT, *witness*.

“PHILIP NORBURY, *witness*.”

And now, in the character of Mr. Griffin’s executors, having first rendered our thanks to the public for the great support which that gentleman has experienced from their candour and indulgence, it would be ungrateful were we not in his name to express his more particular obligations to a world which he quits with so much regret.

Long may it flourish as it has hitherto done, the nursery of heroes and statesmen, of poets and philosophers; and may its citizens, equally qualified to shine in the busy sphere of political eminence or cultivate with taste the elegancies of literary retirement, ever look back with filial affection on the spot where they were formed for such noble, such elevated purposes.

May the contemporaries of Mr. Griffin ever join with him in looking up with gratitude and veneration to the instructor of their

youth, whose approbation has been equally the aim of all their puerile exertions. To him, as the source from which their merit, if any, has originated, we now commend the guardianship of these early efforts begun under his auspices, and consequently with peculiar propriety entrusted to the continuance of such distinguished approbation.

B. & C.

A CONTRIBUTION TO
THE MICROCOSM.

BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.



No. XXXV.—MONDAY, *July* 9, 1787.

“Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.”

“I but forget,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.”

THERE are few instances of imperfection more mortifying to human pride than those incidental ones which occur in the most illustrious and distinguished characters. The traces of occasional oversight are most frequently discovered in those figures whose outlines have been dashed with a gigantic sublimity ; of the masterpieces of the most celebrated painters few will remain which we can declare faultless, after those are excepted in which some trivial oversight has been discovered, and published with all the efforts of industrious petulance. The errors of Hannibal and Charles the Twelfth are such as an inferior genius would have been preserved from by the mere frigidity of cautious consideration, however superior the noble daring of a great mind may be to that cold and faultless mediocrity which is approved without admiration. Though the puns of “Paradise Lost,” the incidental nodding of the “Iliad,” and the *parties quarrées* in Somerset Place, vanish before the collected splendour of the whole design, they must be regarded as infinitely more mortifying

than a series of continued dulness or a collection of united deformity.

In such a train of reflections I was interrupted by an unexpected summons from my editor, who informed me that a stranger of a very extraordinary appearance had of late made very frequent inquiries for me, and was now at his house waiting my arrival with considerable impatience. As I am not by nature either incurious or discourteous I followed my editor, who, after a walk of about a quarter of an hour, introduced me to a little parlour and a little elderly man, with a very serious countenance and exceedingly foul linen. After smoothing his approaches to my acquaintance by some introductory compliments, he informed me, as indeed I might have guessed, "that he was by profession an author, that he had been for many years a literary projector, that, owing to a kind of fatality which had hitherto attended his attempts, and a firm resolution on his own side never to indulge the trivial taste of an ill-judging age, in which it was his misfortune to be born; but he would not trouble me with a detail of the open hostilities committed on his works by avowed criticism, or the more secret and dangerous attempts of tacit malevolence and pretended contempt; that he had lately hit upon a project, which by its nature must secure to itself the attention of the public, and which, if he had not formed a very wrong estimate of its merit, would draw his former efforts from the dust of unmerited oblivion into general notice and universal approbation.

"It could not have escaped an exact observer, and such a one he might, without hazarding the imputation of flattery, pronounce Mr. Griffin (whereupon Mr. Griffin bowed), that the reputation of our great tragic poet was sinking apace; and that, not so much from any radical or intrinsic defect in his writings, as from some venial errors and incidental omissions. Our more refined neighbours had never been able to relish the low humour which pervades every scene, or the frequent violation of those unities which they observe with so religious a regard. Mr. Voltaire, with that philosophic candour which so strongly characterised his life and writings, had abandoned his defence; and, though

in some instances he had deigned to borrow from him, had condemned him as the poet of a barbarous age, and the favourite of an unenlightened people. Even among a national audience, the most admired of his dramas were received at least without that enthusiastic applause they had formerly excited; and we must expect that, in another century, the partiality for *our* favourite poet will vanish, together with our national antipathies against popery and wooden shoes, and frogs and slavery; and that a taste for French criticism will immediately follow a relish for their cookery.

“Something must be done, Mr. Griffin, and that shortly. The commentators have done little or nothing. Indeed, what could be expected from such a plan? Could anything be more ridiculous? They have absolutely confined themselves to what Shakespeare might possibly have written! I am fully sensible that the task of reducing to poetic rules and critical exactness, what was written in ignorance or contempt of both, requires a genius and ability little inferior to that of the original composer; yet this is my project; which, however arduous in the undertaking, however difficult in execution, I am persuaded to attempt; and to whom can I with greater propriety —— Mr. Griffin, who himself —— so early an age —— in so extraordinary a manner —— &c., &c.”

My friend continued by remarking, “that the people of Athens allowed to the judicious critic who should adapt a tragedy of *Æschylus* to the stage, an equal proportion of credit and copy money with the author of an original drama. Yet he desired me to observe that the author of Grecian tragedy was far more strictly observant of poetic discipline, than the father of the English stage. In all his tragedies there is only one in which he has ventured to break the unity of place; an essential point, and, as my friend declared, highly necessary; though it is very natural for the spectator to mistake the stage for a palace, actresses for virgin princesses, &c., yet it is impossible for him to imagine that he is in *Bohemia*, when but the act before he was fully convinced that he was in *Sicily*.”

He at length concluded by drawing out of a tin box some "proposals for publication," which he desired might be communicated to the public through the medium of my paper; at the same time presenting me with a very copious specimen of the work he had undertaken. He reflected on the honour of such a distinction, "but he was naturally partial to rising merit; and Gregory Griffin might see a period when he himself should exist only in his writings."

In the course of conversation my new acquaintance became extremely communicative; desired my opinion of a preface and dedication, and whether he should prefix it to an improved edition of "*Sleidan de quatuor imperiis*," or "Girton's Complete Pigeon Fancier;" but upon recollection, resolved upon an ode which he had lately composed, "On the use of acorns in consumptive cases."

Having occasion, in the course of conversation, to remark the number of classical scholars produced in our public seminaries, and the comparative paucity of those who have directed their attention to the cultivation of their native language, my friend regarded the cause as extremely evident. "There were several assistances which the classical composer enjoyed, which—but all these difficulties I should see obviated in his "New Dictionary of Rhymes;" it was a work which had cost him considerable labour and study. Those of his predecessors—Bysshe, Gent, and others—were mere farragos, in which the sound only was consulted, without any nicety of taste or accuracy of selection. This chaos, this rude and undigested mass, he had reduced to order by selecting the rhymes proper for every possible subject, and reducing them to systematical arrangement. However, as this scheme must be unavoidably retarded by the prosecution of his former project, he should be peculiarly happy to see his system familiarly explained and illustrated in some of my future lucubrations." This request, from an earnest desire I entertained of assisting young practitioners in the pleasing art of poetry, I immediately complied with. However, as I did not fully comprehend his system, I took the liberty of transcribing the following passages from my author's manuscript.

“For the eclogue, or pastoral dialogue, let the student conclude his lines with the rhymes underwritten, always taking care to finish his sense with the second rhyme, and at no time to suffer his verse to exceed the just measure of ten syllables. The rhymes for this purpose be these—

“shady brake
Lycidas awake.
careless rove
leafy grove.
fruitful field
harvest yield.
tuneful measures,
harmless pleasures.
nymphs and swains,
flowery plains.
 &c.

“Should our student turn his thoughts to panegyric, we would advise that he adhere to the endings we have here prescribed, as—

“The muse
A tributary—refuse
good and great
ordained by fate
noble line
race divine
great—heir
peculiar care.
 &c.

“If the practitioner should perchance be possessed of a great fund of humour, and be inclined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing the clergy, we would admonish him to adhere to the following terminations, in order as they are appointed, being careful only to confine his lines to eight syllables—

“musty
rusty
college
knowledge

farce on
parson
vicar
liquor
ease
fees
fire
squire
tale
ale
spouse
carouse
breed
feed."

Should the public approve of this specimen of my friend's abilities, I may, perhaps, in some future paper, present them with a sample of his projected publication.

D.

PARODIES AND BURLESQUES.

CANNING AND FRERE

FROM 1788 TO 1798.

IN 1788 George Canning, aged eighteen, left Eton for Oxford, and entered Christ Church. Frere went to Cambridge, and entered Caius College.

When Canning went to Christ Church, his uncle Stratford had lately died, but there remained for his use the £200 a year from the little estate that, by his grandmother's wish, had been set apart to pay costs of his training. Canning took with him from Eton to Oxford a brilliant school reputation, and in his college, as in his school, he soon became a leading spirit. The friends he made remained his friends when they were all active together in the work of the world. His most intimate college friends were the Hon. Charles Jenkinson, who was created Earl of Liverpool in 1796, and Lord Henry Spencer, a comrade from Eton, who had contributed a playful paper to the *Microcosm* upon the "Art of Lying." Lord Henry Spencer died in his twenty-fifth year, after distinguishing himself in the diplomatic service. Other friendships formed by Canning in his student days at Christ Church were with the Lords Holland, Carlisle, Seaford, and Boringdon, with Granville Leveson Gower, afterwards Lord Granville, and with Mr. Sturges Bourne.

Some occasional verses written by Canning in his undergraduate days for the amusement of holiday friends have been preserved by Robert Bell in his "Life of Canning." Mrs. Crewe, of Crewe

Hall, a Whig beauty, having shown him her dairy, and close to it the grave of a pet dog just dead, whose name was Quon, pressed Canning to write an epitaph upon her dog. Unable to refuse, he gave her this—

EPITAPH ON MRS. CREWE'S DOG.

“Poor Quon lies buried near this dairy,
And is not this a sad quondary?”

Mrs. Crewe was a clever lady, and a Whig toast. In 1784, when she gave a supper at her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, after a banquet to celebrate Fox's return to Westminster, all the company being in the Whig colours, buff and blue, the Prince of Wales gave, after supper, the toast—

“Buff and blue,
And Mrs. Crewe.”

The lady replied at once with—

“Buff and blue,
And all of you.”

The same lady having maintained, in conversation at her farm, that all nervous affections produce a craving appetite, Canning wrote upon leaving her country house these—

LINES IN MRS. CREWE'S ALBUM.

“HAPPY the fair, who here retired,
By sober contemplation fired,
Delight from Nature's work can draw.”
(’Twas thus I spoke when first I saw
That cottage which, with chastest hand,
Simplicity and taste have planned.)
“Happy, who, grosser cares resigned,
Content with books to feed her mind,
Can leave life's luxuries behind ;
Content within this humble cell,
With peace and temperance to dwell,
Her food the fruits,—her drink, the well.

'Twas thus of old"— But as I spoke,
Before my eyes what dainties smoke !
Not such as eremites of old,
In many a holy tale enrolled,
Drawing from but their frugal hoard
With nuts and apples spread the board,
But such as, fit for paunch divine,
Might tempt a modern saint to dine.
Then thus, perceiving my surprise,
Which stared confest through both my eyes,
To vindicate her wiser plan
The fair philosopher began—
"Young gentleman, no doubt you think"
(And here she paused awhile to drink)
"All that you said is mighty fine ;
But won't you take a glass of wine ?
You think these cates are somewhat curious,
And for a hermit too luxurious ;
But such old fograms, Lord preserve us !
Knew no such thing as being nervous.
Else had they found, what now I tell ye,
How much the mind affects the belly ;
Had found that when the mind's opprest,
Confused, elated, warmed, distrest,
The body keeps an equal measure
In sympathy of pain or pleasure,
And, whether moved with joy or sorrow,
From food alone relief can borrow.
Sorrow's indeed, beyond all question,
The best specific for digestion ;
Which, when with moderate force it rages,
A chicken or a chop assuages ;
But to support some weightier grief
Give me, ye gods, a round of beef !
Thus, then, since abstract speculation
Must set the nerves in agitation,
Absurd the plan with books and study
To feed the mind, yet starve the body.
These are my tenets, and in me
Practice and principle agree.
See then beneath this roof combined
Food for the body and the mind,
A couplet here, and there a custard,
While sentiment by turns and mustard

Bedew with tears the glistening eye.
 Behold me now with Otway sigh,
 Now revelling in pigeon pie ;
 And now, in apt transition, taken
 From Bacon's works to eggs and bacon."
 Dear Mrs. Crewe, this wondrous knowledge
 I own I ne'er had gained at College.
 You are my tutress ; would you quite
 Confirm your wavering proselyte ?
 I ask but this, to show your sorrow
 At my departure hence, to-morrow,
 Add to your dinner, for my sake,
 One supernumerary steak !

Another house at which young Canning visited in long vacation was that of the Leghs of Cheshire. Mrs. Legh having given him a pair of shooting breeches, Canning wrote these lines :—

TO MRS. LEGH UPON HER WEDDING-DAY.

WHILE all to this auspicious day
 Well pleased their heartfelt homage pay,
 And sweetly smile and softly say
 A hundred civil speeches ;
 My Muse shall strike her tuneful strings,
 Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
 Tho' humble be the theme she sings,—
 A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
 Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
 And fastened well in every part
 With twenty thousand stitches ;
 Mark then the moral of my song,
 Oh, may your lives but prove as strong,
 And wear as well, and last as long,
 As these, my shooting breeches.

And when, to ease the load of life,
 Of private care, and public strife,
 My lot shall give to me a wife,
 I ask not rank or riches ;

For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And formed like thee to give away,
Not wear herself, the breeches."

On the 26th of June 1789 George Canning recited at Oxford his Latin poem on the Pilgrimage to Mecca which obtained the Chancellor's Prize. That was believed to be the best Latin prize poem that Oxford had ever produced. In 1790 Canning took his B.A. degree and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, but occupied chambers at 2 Paper Buildings in the Inner Temple.

John Hookham Frere at Cambridge took his B.A. in 1792 and his M.A. in 1795. He obtained a Fellowship at his college, obtained prizes for Latin prose and verse, and the Members' Prize in 1792 for a Latin essay on the question "Whether it be allowable to hope for the improvement of Morals and the Cultivation of Virtue in the rising State of Botany Bay."

George Canning, meanwhile, was on the way to public life. At his uncle's house he had been among the Whigs, had become known to Fox and Sheridan, and was in general accord with them. But the course of events after the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, caused a revulsion of feeling. In the first conception of the formula, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, there was an honest aspiration of young minds towards a higher life of man. There was belief that, by bold cutting asunder of all ties to low-lying corruption and prompt re-establishment of society in pure air on higher ground, a remedy for the chief ills of life was to be found within the few days of a generation. The mistake was great, but truth is learnt by discovery of error. The great rod brought into the school-house of the world, helped Europe by the ministry of pain. Our young men dreamed dreams. They called on a brute mass, degraded by long tyranny, untaught, ill-trained, to realise a heaven upon earth. Fine aspirations, when their watchwords became cries of emotion on the lips of rough men with their passions lashed to fury, and with no restraint of reason on the instincts of the beast, seemed to have brought a heavy curse upon society, and not a blessing.

At first the young and ardent, who desired prompt remedy for all the wrongs of life, clung to the hope that was in their dreams, while others condemned utterly the sowers of the wind, when Europe had begun the reaping of the whirlwind. Wordsworth thought of the celebration by the French of the Fête of the Federation on the 14th of July 1790, the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, as—

“The great spousals newly solemnised
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.”

There is a passage in which Burke not less definitely connected the same festival with Hell.

But apart from passions and emotions of the controversy, let us take a passage from Mackintosh's reply to Burke's first attack on the French Revolution, as calm expression of the generous demand for root and branch reform. Let us preface it with a passage from Burke's answer to one who asked him “What he would wish France to do?” a calm expression of the sense of peril in change rashly made.

This is Burke's view, expressed in a letter to a member of the National Assembly :—

“You gently reprehend me,” he says, “because in holding out the picture of your disastrous situation, I suggest no plan for a remedy. Alas! sir, the proposition of plans without an attention to circumstances is the very cause of all your misfortunes. . . . Permit me to say, that if I were as confident, as I ought to be diffident, in my own loose general ideas, I never should venture to broach them, if but at twenty leagues distant from the centre of your affairs. I must see with my own eyes. I must, in a manner, touch with my own hands, not only the fixed but the momentary circumstances, before I could venture to suggest any political project whatsoever. I must have the power and disposition to accept, to execute, to persevere. I must see all the aids, and all the obstacles. I must see the means of connecting the plan where connectives would be wanted. I must see the things; I must see the men. *Without a concurrence and adaptation of*

these to the design, the very best speculative projects might become not only useless, but mischievous."

In contrast of opinion, Sir James Mackintosh—not then Sir James—wrote in his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," in 1791, of the French Assembly:—

"By what principle of reason, or of justice, were they precluded from aspiring to give France a government less imperfect than accident had formed in other States? Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts, the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man, to be alone stationary amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection. Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions? . . . A government of Art, the work of legislative intellect, reared on the immutable basis of natural rights and general happiness, which should combine the excellences and exclude the defects of the various constitutions which chance had scattered over the world, instead of being precluded by the perfection of any of those forms, was loudly demanded by the injustice and absurdity of them all. It was time that men should learn to tolerate nothing ancient that reason does not respect, and to shrink from no novelty to which reason may conduct. It was time that the human powers, so long occupied by subordinate objects and inferior arts, should mark the commencement of a new era in history, by giving birth to the art of improving government and increasing the civil happiness of man. It was time, as it has been wisely and eloquently said, that Legislators, instead of that narrow and dastardly *coasting* which never ventures to lose sight of usage and precedent, should, guided by the *polarity* of reason, hazard a bolder navigation and discover, in unexplored regions, the treasure of public felicity."

The course of events in France showed how vain was the hope of finding "the polarity of reason" in the minds of a people yet untrained in the use of judgment for control of passion and the choice of paths.

The Revolution was indeed the commencement of a new era in history, by joining to a strong revolt against corrupt traditions of life the clearest demonstration of failure in the way by which a change was sought. We have learnt that no state can be better than the citizens of which it is composed; and that the only way towards a higher life on earth is the long labour for the lifting of the minds of men by education that shall really bring out their true powers for thought and action.

On the 25th of June 1791 Louis XVI., who had sought escape to the protection of an army, was brought back into Paris in charge of three Commissioners from the Assembly. The National Assembly ceased to exist on the 30th of September 1791, and next day the Legislative Assembly began its sittings. Some weeks earlier—in August 1791—the Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia had met at Pilnitz and agreed that foreign powers should intervene with force of arms for maintenance of the prerogatives of the French monarchy. Troops of Austria, Prussia, Piedmont, and Spain were on French frontiers. Leopold was preparing war with France at the time of his sudden death in 1792; the minister of his successor, Francis II., lost no time in despatching an ultimatum, which produced a change of ministry in France that, in March 1792, brought the Girondists into power. On the 20th of April 1792, war was declared. On the 20th of June an armed mob swarmed into the palace. The government was powerless. The leading men in France were sundered into factions, and the people were furious at prospect of invasion by foreign powers.

On the 11th of July the legislative body proclaimed that the country was in danger. Then there was a rising throughout France of armed volunteers, who thronged to Paris at the call of their Jacobin leaders. They were called Jacobin because they represented the ideas of a political club formed at Versailles

in 1789 as the *Club Breton*, and then *Jacobin* because when it removed to Paris it met in the hall of what had been a Convent of Jacobins, in the Rue St. Honoré. The Jacobins who had possessed that convent were Dominican Friars, who had been called Jacobins because their first settlement in Paris, in the year 1219, was in the Rue St. Jacques. The revolutionary Jacobins, who took their name from their club quarters, were politicians pledged to root and branch reform.

On the 10th of August 1792, the masses of the people overpowered King and Legislature. The Jacobin commune then was in supreme authority. The dethroned king was sent to the fortress of the Temple. The King of Prussia, at the head of an allied army of 110,000, had entered France on the 30th of July. Verdun was invested, and capitulated on the 23rd of August. Then Danton opened his dread policy. The country must be saved by striking royalists with terror. There followed the horror of the massacres which began on the 2nd of September 1792, a butchery of thousands, Frenchmen slaughterers of Frenchmen. On the 21st of September the National Convention met for the first time, with strong opposition between the moderate republicans—who were called Girondists, because the department of the Gironde had chosen five such men, all distinguished for their eloquence—and the Montagnards, the extreme Jacobin party, who were said to be of the Mountain, because the place they took in the National Convention was on the highest benches. The Montagnards were the maintainers, the Girondists the opposers, of a reign of terror.

On the 21st of January 1793 Louis XVI. was executed.

Canning in the year 1792, while such tidings came from France, had his good taste and good sense offended daily by talk of many whom he looked upon as English Jacobins. His sympathy with what was sound in their cause grew to be less and less. His mind drew nearer to the views of Pitt, and he is said to have been finally driven into the Tory party by a visit from William Godwin. Godwin came and preached to him of the political reformation to be brought to pass in England, and

hinted that the result would be —what in his poor conceit was the triumph of pure reason—supremacy of William Godwin as regenerator of the state. “Take any shape but that—hence, horrible shadow!”

Ellis and Canning in 1793 had both ceased to be Whigs. In January 1794 George Canning entered Parliament as member for Newport, Isle of Wight—then counted as “one of Bob Smith’s boroughs”—and became known as the best speaker on Pitt’s side. Pitt himself came to look upon Canning as his political successor, and there grew up between chief and follower a strong personal regard.

In 1796 Canning became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and that was his position in 1797 when he planned the *Anti-Jacobin*. In that year he had ceased to be member for Newport, and sat in the House for Wendover.

Frere, who had been from the first a Tory, or rather a Pittite, when he left Cambridge, was employed under Lord Grenville in the Foreign Office, and was returned to Parliament, in November 1796, as member for the close borough of West Looe in Cornwall. That was Frere’s position at the time of the production of the *Anti-Jacobin*. We have already brought the account of George Ellis to that date.

After the execution of Louis XVI., France had to face war with the greater part of Europe. On the 10th of March 1793 the Revolutionary Tribunal was established, and on the 27th of May the Committee of Public Safety. On the 2nd of June a Jacobin force of 80,000 men surrounded the Tuileries, and crushed the power of the Girondists. The west of France then rebelled, as Girondists, against the Convention, and Charlotte Corday attacked the cruelty of the Mountain, at the price of her own life, by stabbing Marat to the heart. There was also a Royalist insurrection in La Vendée. Lyons rebelled, and having surrendered after two months’ siege, two thousand of its inhabitants were put to death. Royalist Toulon called an English fleet to aid, and was defended by British troops against a siege in which Napoleon Buonaparte, a young officer of artillery, first distinguished himself.

On the 19th of December 1793 the British troops escaped by sea from Toulon.

In France the Reign of Terror was established. There was civil war and foreign war. An extreme party led by Hébert voted away Christianity, and substituted for the Sunday a public holiday on every tenth day. But when Hébert and his chief associates had been in their turn guillotined, and soon after them Danton, who was executed on the 6th of April 1794, Robespierre caused the existence of God to be voted, and presided on the 8th of June at a *Fête de l'Être Suprême*. The Supreme Being in France seemed then to be Robespierre. Before the end of the month a vote was passed that gave to the Revolutionary Tribunal, of which he was the guiding spirit, power of condemning to death any one whom its juries might on any ground regard as enemies of the Republic. Victims were sent in batches of thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, to be guillotined.

On the 28th of July 1794 it was Robespierre's turn to die by guillotine, and France revolted from the policy of blood. But there were more tumults of reaction before the final ruin of the power of the Montagnards in May and June of the next year 1795. In that year, by the 22nd August, a committee of eleven members, nearly all Girondists, had planned a new form of constitution. The Convention accepted it, and, with aid from Napoleon Buonaparte in quelling an insurrection against it, the new Constitution was established. It set up two chambers, severally called the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients, and it placed the executive in the hands of a Directory of five members, appointed by the Legislative Chambers. As precaution against the development of too great personal power, one director was to go out by rotation every year.

The French army had meanwhile been successful in its action against the force of the allies. Soon after the help he had given in quelling rebellion against the new Constitution, Napoleon Buonaparte was placed in chief command of the Army of the Interior. On the 9th of March 1796 he married the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, who had been guillotined during

the Reign of Terror. Twelve days after his marriage he left Paris for Nice, as General-in-Chief of the army of Italy. By the 28th of April he had compelled the King of Sardinia to make a peace, in which he ceded to France Savoy and Nice. On the 10th of May, in pursuit of the army of the Austrians, Napoleon carried the fortifications of the bridge of Lodi, and on the 15th entered Milan in triumph. He blockaded Mantua, silenced at Bologna the Pope's hostility, sent pictures to Paris, and put French garrisons into Italian cities. Victory followed victory, and in 1797 Buonaparte carried war into the heart of Austria. His march towards Vienna caused alarm that led to the signing of preliminaries of peace between France and the Empire on the 18th of April in that year, and on the 17th of October 1797, by the treaty of Campo Formio, France acquired the Belgic provinces and the boundary of the Rhine. On the 10th of December Buonaparte was received by the Directory with public honours in Paris.

The next care of the Directory was that Napoleon should deal with England as he had dealt with Lombardy and with the Empire. War must be carried home to the English also. Great preparations were made for invasion, and command was offered to Napoleon. When Napoleon had been to Boulogne, reviewed "the army of England," and examined carefully the lines of coast, he went back with a report which caused that enterprise to be abandoned. In place of it he advised attack on England by seizing Egypt, and so giving to France command of the Mediterranean and of the road to India.

That was the state of things when the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" was being written. It includes pieces evidently written at a time when the French army of invasion was being formed, and the general who had marched upon Vienna and brought the Emperor to terms, was to try his yet unbroken fortune in a march on London. The first number of the *Anti-Jacobin* or *Weekly Examiner* appeared on the 20th of November 1797, with a notice that its publication would be "continued every Monday during the sitting of Parliament."

William Gifford was chosen by Canning to be editor of the political paper which is now famous only for these pieces which were, in the year 1800, republished from it in a volume, as "The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin." Gifford's age was then forty. He had been born of poor parents at Ashburton in Devonshire. At thirteen he was a penniless orphan, sent to sea as a cabin boy. He was then apprenticed to a shoemaker in Ashburton, and showed a taste for verse and mathematics. His unusual promise caused a surgeon of the town to get him freed from his indentures, put to school, and then, by help of a subscription, sent to Oxford. At Oxford Gifford made such good use of his time, that Lord Grosvenor, discovering his story by the accidental opening of a letter addressed to his care, and having full proof of his competence, engaged him to be tutor to his son, the Marquis of Westminster. Thus Gifford was introduced in London to companionship with wits and politicians, and acquired high credit as a satirist, in 1791, by publishing "The Baviad," in ridicule of some weak sentimental poets. "The Baviad" was followed by "The Mæviad" in 1795, and in 1797 the two satires were republished together. This achievement, and his good classical scholarship, made Gifford the fittest person to be editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*; but he had more to do with its prose than with its verse. If he had not the fine humour of Canning, his rough way of contemptuous attack served for the prose warfare in the body of the paper. One of his contributions was a weekly collection of "Mistakes, Misstatements, and Lies," from writings on the other side.

An edition of the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" was published in 1852 by Mr. Charles Edmonds, who has since done good service as a bibliophile, which gave the names of the authors of pieces as they have been found noted—(1) In Canning's own copy of the book (C); (2) in the copy of Wright, the publisher (W); (3) in Lord Burghersh's copy (B); and (4) according to information from W. Upcott, the amanuensis (U). Wright the publisher had his shop at No. 169 Piccadilly. Upcott was an assistant of his who, to avoid identification by handwriting, used

to copy out articles before they were sent to the printers. Canning, Ellis, and Frere, as fellow-workers, were often with Gifford in the editor's room at Wright's, and we learn from Frere, through talk with his nephews as recorded in their life of him, that the room was the common property of the three who aided Gifford, and that they sometimes suggested here a line, there a phrase, to one another; very much as they might have done when school-boys at Eton. Any one of them, looking in, might add some touch to a piece left upon the table. Thus it became difficult for the authors themselves in later years to assign to each his exact original share in such a composition.

I happen to possess a copy of the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" in which authorship of many pieces was marked at the time by one who evidently was behind the scenes. This copy (M) corroborates the evidence of Canning, Frere, and Wright, and has in one or two places a peculiar precision of detail. In adding Ellis to Canning and Frere as authors of the parody on Southey's lines to Henry Marten, this informant may indicate the secondary fact that Ellis was in the room when it was written, and put in his word, though Canning expresses the substantial fact that it was by himself and Frere. Otherwise the only error seems to be in ascribing to Ellis an imitation of Horace, lib. iii. carm. 25, which Canning notes as written by himself. The notes in Lord Burghersh's copy (B) are not to be relied upon. As the editors of Frere's works say, Lord Burghersh attributes several pieces to "Frere" which he never claimed; and where there is information that comes only from (B) it may convey rather a suggestion than a fact.

POETRY
OF
THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

POETRY
OF
THE ANTI-JACOBIN.



No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

[*Canning (C. M.).*]

November 20, 1797.

IN our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our readers, we have not omitted to make all the inquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring poetical assistance ; and it would give us no small satisfaction to be able to report that we had succeeded in this point precisely in the manner which would best have suited our own taste and feelings, as well as those which we wish to cultivate in our readers.

But whether it be that good morals, and what we should call good politics, are inconsistent with the spirit of true poetry—whether “the Muses still with freedom found” have an aversion to regular governments, and require a frame and system of protection less complicated than King, Lords, and Commons ;

“Whether primordial Nonsense springs to life
In the wild war of Democratic strife,”

and there only—or for whatever other reason it may be, whether physical, or moral, or philosophical (which last is understood to mean something more than the other two, though exactly what, it

is difficult to say), we have not been able to find one good and true poet, of sound principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse, such verse as our readers might be expected to get by heart and to sing, as the worthy philosopher Monge describes the little children of Sparta and Athens singing the songs of freedom in expectation of the coming of the Great Nation.

In this difficulty we have had no choice but either to provide no poetry at all—a shabby expedient—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready-made, that of the Jacobins—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse, qualifying it, at the same time, with such precautions as may conduce at once to the safety of our readers' principles, and to the improvement of our own poetry.

For this double purpose we shall select, from time to time, from among those effusions of the Jacobin Muse which happen to fall in our way, such pieces as may serve to illustrate some one of the principles on which the poetical, as well as the political, doctrine of the New School is established, prefacing each of them, for our readers' sake, with a short disquisition on the particular tenet intended to be enforced or insinuated in the production before them, and accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle.

By these means, though we cannot hope to catch "the wood-notes wild" of the bards of freedom, we may yet acquire, by dint of repeating after them, a more complete knowledge of the secret in which their greatness lies than we could by mere prosaic admiration; and if we cannot become poets ourselves, we at least shall have collected the elements of a Jacobin Art of Poetry for the use of those whose genius may be more capable of turning them to advantage.

It might not be unamusing to trace the springs and principles of this species of poetry, which are to be found, some in the exaggeration, and others in the direct inversion of the sentiments and passions which have in all ages animated the breast of the favourite of the Muses, and distinguished him from the "vulgar throng."

The poet in all ages has despised riches and grandeur.

The Jacobin poet improves this sentiment into a hatred of the rich and the great.

The poet of other times has been an enthusiast in the love of his native soil.

The Jacobin poet rejects all restriction in his feelings. His love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind. The love of all human kind is without doubt a noble passion: it can hardly be necessary to mention that its operation extends to freemen, and them only, all over the world.

The old poet was a warrior, at least in imagination, and sung the actions of the heroes of his country in strains which "made ambition virtue," and which overwhelmed the horrors of war in its glory.

The Jacobin poet would have no objection to sing battles too, but he would take a distinction. The prowess of Buonaparte, indeed, he might chant in his loftiest strain of exultation. There we should find nothing but trophies, and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive, phalanxes of Republicans shouting victory, satellites of despotism biting the ground, and geniuses of Liberty planting standards on mountain-tops.

But let his own country triumph, or her allies obtain an advantage, straightway the "beauteous face of war" is changed; the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of victory are kept carefully out of sight, and we are presented with nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants, and deserted looms. Our poet points the thunder of his blank verse at the head of the recruiting sergeant, or roars in dithyrambics against the lieutenants of press-gangs.

But it would be endless to chase the coy Muse of Jacobinism

through all her characters. *Mille habet ornatus*. The *Mille decenter habet* is, perhaps, more questionable. For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth or of melancholy, of piety or of tenderness, under all disguises, like Sir John Brute in woman's clothes, she is betrayed by her drunken swagger and ruffian tone.

In the poem which we have selected for the edification of our readers, and our own imitation, this day, the principles which are meant to be inculcated speak so plainly for themselves that they need no previous introduction.

INSCRIPTION

*For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where HENRY MARTEN,
the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years.*

For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison ; not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime ?
He had *rebelled against the King, and sat
In judgment on him* ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but such
As Plato loved ; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipped. Blessed hopes ! a while
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled !

IMITATION.

[Canning and Frere (C. F.), with Ellis (M).]

INSCRIPTION

*For the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where MRS. BROWNRIGG,
the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her Execution.*

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
*She whipped two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole ;* for her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes !
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws ! But time shall come,
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed.

No. II.

[Canning (M.).]

November 27, 1797.

I N the specimen of Jacobin poetry which we gave in our last number was developed a principle, perhaps one of the most universally recognised in the Jacobin creed, namely, "that the animadversion of human laws upon human actions is for the most part nothing but gross oppression, and that, in all cases of the administration of criminal justice, the truly benevolent mind will consider only the severity of the punishment, without any reference to the malignity of the crime." This principle has of late years been laboured with extraordinary industry, and brought forward in a variety of shapes, for the edification of the public. It has been inculcated in bulky quartos, and illustrated in popular novels. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which had been attempted in the inscription for Chepstow Castle, and which (we flatter ourselves) was accomplished in that for Mrs. Brownrigg's cell.

Another principle, no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is the natural and eternal warfare of the *poor* and the *rich*. In those orders and gradations of society which are the natural result of the original difference of talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a graduated scale of violence and cruelty. He considers every rich man as an oppressor, and every person in a lower situation as the victim of avarice, and the slave of aristocratical insolence and contempt. These truths he declares loudly, not to excite compassion, or to soften the consciousness of superiority in the higher, but for the purpose of aggravating discontent in the inferior orders.

A human being in the lowest state of penury and distress is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast. He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light, with a view of extracting from the variety of his wretchedness new topics of invective against the pride of property. He indeed (if he is a true Jacobin) refrains from relieving the object of his compassionate contemplation, as well knowing that every diminution from the general mass of human misery must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.

This principle is treated at large by many authors ; it is versified in sonnets and elegies without end. We trace it particularly in a poem by the same author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin doctrine of crimes and punishments. In this poem the pathos of the matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the metre. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it, as our imitation does not pretend to be so literal as in the last instance, but merely aspires to convey some idea of the manner and sentiment of the original. One stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life.

The learned reader will perceive that the metre is Sapphic, and affords a fine opportunity for his scanning and proving, if he has not forgotten them.

“Cōld wās thē nīght wīnd ; drīftīng fāst thē snōws fēll,
Wīde wēre thē dōwns, ānd shēltērlēss ānd nākēd ;
Whēn ā poōr wānd'rēr strūgglēd ōn hēr joūrnēy
Wēarȝ ānd wāy-sōre.”

This is enough ; unless the reader should wish to be informed how—

“Fāst o'ēr thē bleāk heāth rāttlīng drōve ā chāriōt ;”

or how, not long after—

“Loūd blēw thē wīnd, ūnheārd wās hēr cōmplāīnīng—
ōn wēnt thē hōrsemān.”

We proceed to give our imitation, which is of the Amœbæan or Collocutory kind.

“Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the Justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

“I should be glad to drink your honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

[*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy.*]

No. III.

November 30, 1797.

WE have received the following from a loyal correspondent, and we shall be very happy at any time to be relieved by communications of a similar tendency from the drudgery of Jacobinical imitations.

THE INVASION;

OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

*[Hely Addington (W. M.).]**Tune*—"Whilst happy in my native land."

I.

Whilst happy in our native land,
 So great, so famed in story,
 Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,
 To guard our country's glory :
 When Britain calls, her valiant sons
 Will rush in crowds to aid her—
 Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,
 And crush the fierce invader !
 Whilst every Briton's song shall be,
 "O give us death—or victory !"

II.

Long had this favoured isle enjoyed
 True comforts, past expressing,
 When France her hellish arts employed
 To rob us of each blessing :

These from our hearths by force to tear
 (Which long we've learned to cherish)
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare ;
 We'll keep 'em, or we'll perish—
 And every day our song shall be,
 “O give us death—or victory !”

III.

Let France in savage accents sing
 Her bloody Revolution ;
We prize our country, love our King,
 Adore our constitution ;
For these we'll every danger face,
 And quit our rustic labours ;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
 Our scythes be changed to sabres ;
 And clad in arms, our song shall be,
 “O give us death—or victory !”

IV.

Soon shall the proud invaders learn,
 When bent on blood and plunder,
That British bosoms nobly burn
 To brave their cannon's thunder :
Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
 Have planned the world's undoing !
Our vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
 Which seek our country's ruin ;
 And night and morn our song shall be,
 “O give us death—or victory !”

V.

When, with French blood our fields manured,
 The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endured,
 The blessings we've defended.

O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting ;
And weep o'er those who nobly fell
Their country's battle fighting—
And ever thence our song shall be,
“ 'Tis valour leads to victory ! ”

No. IV.

December 4, 1797.

WE have been favoured with the following specimen of Jacobin poetry, which we give to the world without any comment or imitation. We are informed (we know not how truly) that it will be sung at the meeting of the Friends of Freedom, an account of which is anticipated in our present paper.

LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

A NEW SONG.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

[*Canning and Frere (C. F. M.). Hammond (B.).*]

Tune—"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France."

I.

FROM the blood-bedewed valleys and mountains of France
 See the genius of Gallic invasion advance !
 Old ocean shall waft her, unruffled by storm,
 While our shores are all lined with the Friends of Reform,¹
 Confiscation and murder attend in her train,
 With meek-eyed Sedition, the daughter of Paine ;²
 While her sportive Poissardes, with light footsteps are seen,
 To dance in a ring round the gay guillotine.³

¹ See "Proclamation of the Directory."

² The "*too-long calumniated* author of the 'Rights of Man.'" See a Sir Something Burdet's speech at the Shakspeare, as referred to in the *Courier* of November 30.

³ The guillotine at Arras was, as is well-known to every Jacobin, painted *couleur de rose*.

II.

To London, "the rich, the defenceless,"¹ she comes—
 Hark, my boys, to the sound of the Jacobin drums!
 See corruption, prescription, and privilege fly,
 Pierced through by the glance of her blood-darting eye.
 While patriots, from prison and prejudice freed,
 In soft accents shall lisp the Republican creed,
 And with tri-coloured fillets, and cravats of green,
 Shall crowd round the altar of Saint Guillotine.

III

See the level of freedom sweeps over the land—
 The vile aristocracy's doom is at hand!
 Not a seat shall be left in a house that we know,
 But for Earl Buonaparte and Baron Moreau.—
 But the rights of the Commons shall still be respected,
 Buonaparte himself shall approve the elected;
 And the Speaker shall march with majestic mien,
 And make his three bows to the grave guillotine.

IV.

Two heads, says the proverb, are better than one,
 But the Jacobin choice is for five heads or none.
 By Directories only can liberty thrive;
 Then down with the *one*, boys! and up with the *five*!
 How our bishops and judges will stare with amazement,
 When their heads are thrust out at the national casement!²
 When the national razor² has shaved them quite clean,
 What a handsome oblation to Saint Guillotine!

¹ See *Weekly Examiner*, No. II. Extract from the *Courier*.

² *La petite Fenêtre*, and *la Razoire Nationale*, fondling expressions applied to the guillotine by the Jacobins in France, and their pupils here.

No. V.

[*Canning and Frere (C. F.). "The Soldier's Friend," Frere (M.), Ellis (E.).*]

December 11, 1797.

WE have already hinted at the principle by which the followers of the Jacobinical sect are restrained from the exercise of their own favourite virtue of charity. The force of this prohibition, and the strictness with which it is observed, are strongly exemplified in the following poem. It is the production of the same author whose happy effort in English Sapphics we presumed to imitate; the present effusion is in Dactyls, and equally subject to the laws of Latin prosody.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Wēaryſ wāy-wāndērēr, lānguīd ānd sīk āt hēart,
Trāvĕllīng pāīnfūllŷ ōvēr thē rūggēd rōād,
Wild vīsāg'd wāndērēr—āh fōr thŷ hēavyſ chānce.

We think that we see him fumbling in the pocket of his blue pantaloons; that the splendid shilling is about to make its appearance, and glad the heart of the poor sufferer. But no such thing: the bard very calmly contemplates her situation, which he describes in a pair of very pathetic stanzas; and after the following well-imagined topic of consolation, concludes by leaving her to Providence.

"Thy husband will never return from the war again;
Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as charity,
Cold are thy famished babes—God help thee, widowed one!"

We conceived that it would be necessary to follow up this

general rule with the particular exception, and to point out one of those cases in which the embargo upon Jacobin bounty is sometimes suspended. With this view we have subjoined the poem of

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

DACTYLICS.

COME, little drummer boy, lay down your knapsack here :
I am the soldier's friend—here are some books for you ;
Nice clever books by Tom Paine, the philanthropist.
Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too—
Go to the barracks and give all the soldiers some :
Tell them the sailors are all in a mutiny.

[Exit Drummer Boy with handbills and half-a-crown. Manet soldier's friend.]

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amalgamate,
Freedom's volcanic explosion prepares itself,
Despots shall bow to the Fasces of Liberty,
Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum, diddledum."
Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledey,
Higgledy, piggledey, "fiddledum, diddledum."
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

[Lord Carlisle (B.). Not assigned (M.).]

JUST guardian of man's social bliss ! for thee
The paths of danger gladly would I tread :
For thee contented, join the glorious dead,
Who nobly scorned a life that was not free !

But worse than death it pains my soul, to see
The lord of ruin, by wild uproar led,
Hell's first-born, Anarchy, exalt his head,
And seize thy throne, and bid us bow the knee !

What though his iron sceptre, blood-imbrued,
Crush half the nations with resistless might ;
Never shall this firm spirit be subdued :
In chains, in exile, still the chanted rite,
O Liberty, to thee shall be renewed :
O still be sea-girt Albion thy delight !

D.¹

¹ [Frere signed his papers in "the Microcosm" D ; but this sonnet is not included in the edition of his works, and he used no signature in "the Anti-Jacobin.]

No. VI.

[*Introduction: Canning. Imitation: Gifford (M.). Canning (B.). Gifford (W.).*]

December 18, 1797.

WE cannot enough congratulate ourselves on having been so fortunate as to fall upon the curious specimens of classical metre and correct sentiment which we have made the subjects of our late Jacobinical imitations.

The fashion of admiring and imitating these productions has spread in a surprising degree. Even those who sympathise with the principles of the writer selected as our model, seem to have been struck with the ridicule of his poetry.

There appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Monday, a Sapphic Ode, apparently written by a friend and associate of our author, in which he is, however, travestied most unmercifully. And to make the joke the more pointed, the learned and judicious editor contrived to print the ode *en masse*, without any order of lines, or division of stanza; so that it was not discovered to be verse till the next day, when it was explained in a hobbling *erratum*.

We hardly know which to consider as the greater object of compassion in this case; the original odist thus parodied by his friend, or the mortified parodist thus mutilated by his printer. "*Et tu Brute!*" has probably been echoed from each of these worthies to his murderer, in a tone that might melt the hardest heart to pity.

We cordially wish them joy of each other, and we resign the modern Lesbian lyre into their hands without envy or repining.

Our author's Dactyls have produced a second imitation (conveyed to us from an unknown hand), with which we take our leave of this species of poetry also.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

DACTYLICS.

"Wearý wáy-wándérér," &c. &c.

IMITATION.

DACTYLICS.

*Being the quintessence of all the Dactyls that ever were or ever
will be written.*

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE.

WEARISOME sonneteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratc lays—
Moon-stricken sonneteer, "ah! for thy heavy chance!"
Sorely thy Dactyls lag on uneven feet:
Slow is the syllable which thou would'st urge to speed,
Lame and o'erburthened, and "screaming its wretchedness!"¹
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Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities.
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em? "God help thee, silly one!"

The verses which we here present to the public were written immediately after the Revolution of the 4th of September. We should be much obliged to any of our classical and loyal correspondents for an English translation of them.

[*Marquis Wellesley (M. U.). Frere (B.), but not claimed by Frere.*]

IPSA mali Hortatrix scelerumque uberrima Mater
In se prima suos vertit lymphata furores,
Luctaturque diu secum, et conatibus ægris
Fessa cadit, proprioque jacet labefacta veneno.

¹ My worthy friend, the bellman, had promised to supply an additional stanza; but the business of assisting the lamplighter, chimney-sweeper, &c., with complimentary verses for their worthy masters and mistresses pressing on him at this season, he was obliged to decline it.

Mox tamen ipsius rursúm violentia morbi
 Erigit ardentem furiis, ultróque minantem
 Spargere bella procul, vastæque incendia cladis,
 Civilesque agitare faces, totumque per orbem
 Sceptra super Regum et Populorum subdita colla
 Ferre pedem, et sanctas Regnorum evertere sedes.

Aspicias ! Ipsa sui bacchatur sanguine Regis,
 Barbaque ostentans feralis signa triumphí,
 Mole giganteâ campis prorumpit apertis,
 Successu scelerum, atque insanis viribus audax.

At quâ Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
 Cernis ibi, priscâ morum compage solutâ,
 Procubuisse solo civilis fœdera vitæ,
 Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
 Religio, Pietasque et Legum fræna sacrarum.

Nec spes Pacis adhuc—necdum exsaturata rapinis
 Efferâ Bellatrix, fusove expleta cruore.
 Crescit inextinctus Furor, atque exæstuat ingens
 Ambitio, immanisque irâ Vindicta renatâ
 Reliquias Soliorum et adhuc restantia Regna
 Flagitat excidio, prædæque incumbit opimæ.

Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
 Libertate probâ, et justo libramine rerum,
 Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum ;
 Antiquosque colit mores, et jura Parentum
 Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
 Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deorum.
 Eheu ! quanta odiis avidoque alimenta furori !
 Quanta profanatas inter spoliabitur aras
 Victima ! si quando versis Victoria fatis
 Annuerit scelus extremum, terræque subactâ
 Impius Oceani sceptrum fœdaverit Hostis !

No. VII.

[*Lord Morfeth (M.). Frere (B.), but not claimed by Frere.*]

December 25, 1797.

WE have been favoured with a translation of the Latin verses inserted in our last number. We have little doubt that our readers will agree with us, in hoping that this may not be the last contribution which we shall receive from the same hand.

PARENT of countless crimes, in headlong rage,
 War with herself see frantic Gallia wage,
 Till worn and wasted by intestine strife,
 She falls—her languid pulse scarce quick with life.
 But soon she feels through every trembling vein,
 New strength collected from convulsive pain :
 Onward she moves, and sounds the dire alarm,
 And bids insulted nations haste to arm ;
 Spreads wide the waste of war, and hurls the brand
 Of civil discord o'er each troubled land,
 While Desolation marks her furious course,
 And thrones, subverted, bow beneath her force.

Behold ! she pours her monarch's guiltless blood,
 And quaffs, with savage joy, the crimson flood ;
 Then, proud the deadly trophies to display
 Of her foul crime, resistless bursts away,
 Unawed by justice, unappalled by fear,
 And runs with giant strength her mad career.

Where'er her banners float in barbarous pride,
 Where'er her conquest rolls its sanguine tide,

There, the fair fabric of established law,
There social order, and religious awe,
Sink in the general wreck ; indignant there
Honour and virtue fly the tainted air ;
Fly the mild duties of domestic life
That cheer the parent, that endear the wife
The lingering pangs of kindred grief assuage,
Or soothe the sorrows of declining age.

Nor yet can hope presage the auspicious hour,
When peace shall check the rage of lawless power ;
Nor yet the insatiate thirst of blood is o'er,
Nor yet has rapine ravaged every shore.
Exhaustless passion feeds the augmented flame
And wild ambition mocks the voice of shame :
Revenge, with haggard look and scowling eyes,
Surveys with horrid joy the expected prize ;
Broods o'er each remnant of monarchic sway,
And dooms to certain death his fancied prey.

For midst the ruins of each falling state
One favoured nation braves the general fate,
One favoured nation, whose impartial laws
Of sober freedom vindicate the cause ;
Her simple manners, midst surrounding crimes
Proclaim the genuine worth of ancient times ;
True to herself, unconquerably bold,
The rights her valour gained she dares uphold ;
Still with pure faith her promise dares fulfil,
Still bows submissive to the Almighty will.

Just Heaven ! how envy kindles at the sight !
How mad ambition plans the desperate fight !
With what new fury vengeance hastes to pour
Her tribes of rapine from yon crowded shore !
Just Heaven ! how fair a victim at the shrine
Of injured Freedom shall her life resign,

If e'er, propitious to the vows of hate,
Unsteady conquest stamp our mournful fate ;
If e'er proud France usurp our ancient reign,
And ride triumphant o'er the insulted main !
· · · · · · ·

Far hence the unmanly thought—the voice of fame
Wafts o'er the applauding deep her Duncan's name
What though the conqueror of the Italian plains
Deem nothing gained while this fair Isle remains,
Though his young breast with rash presumption glow,
He braves the vengeance of no vulgar foe :
Conqueror no more, full soon his laurelled pride
Shall perish—whelmed in ocean's angry tide ;
His broken bands shall rule the fatal day,
And scattered fleets proclaim Britannia's sway !

No. VIII.

January 1, 1798.

A CORRESPONDENT has adapted the beautiful poem of the "Battle of Sabla," in Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian Poetry," to the circumstances of the present moment. We shall always be happy to see the poetry of other times and nations so successfully engaged in the service of our country, and of the present order of society.

THE CHOICE.

FROM THE "BATTLE OF SABLA," IN CARLYLE'S "SPECIMENS OF
ARABIAN POETRY."

[*Ellis (B.). Not assigned (M.)*]

I.

HAST thou not seen the insulting foe
In fancied triumphs crowned?
And heard their frantic rulers throw
These empty threats around?
"Make now *your choice!* The terms we give,
Desponding Britons, hear!
These fetters on your hands receive,
Or in your hearts the spear."

Can we forget our old renown;
Resign the empire of the sea;
And yield at once our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient laws and liberty?

Shall thus the fierce destroyer's hand
Pass unresisted o'er our native land?
Our country sink, to barbarous force a prey,
And ransomed England bow to Gallic sway?

II.

"Is then the contest o'er?" we cried,
"And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we shall meet?
A brighter day we soon shall see,
No more the prospect lours;
And conquest, peace, and liberty,
Shall gild our future hours."

Yes! we will guard our old renown;
Assert our empire of the sea:
And keep untouched our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient laws and liberty.
Not thus the fierce destroyer's hand
Shall scatter ruin o'er this smiling land;
No barbarous force shall here divide its prey,
Nor ransomed England bow to Gallic sway.

III.

The foe advance. In firm array
We'll rush o'er Albion's sands—
Till the red sabre marks our way
Amid their yielding bands!
Then, as they lie in death's cold grasp,
We'll cry, "*Our choice is made!*"
These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
Your hearts shall feel the blade."

Thus Britons guard their ancient fame,
Assert their empire o'er the sea,
And to the envying world proclaim,
Our nation still is brave and free!—

Resolved to conquer or to die,
 True to their *King*, their *Laws*, their *Liberty* :
 No barbarous foe here finds an easy prey—
 Unransomed England spurns all foreign sway.

The following poem has been transmitted to us, without preface or introduction, by a gentleman of the name of Ireland. We apprehend, from the peculiarities of the style, that it must be the production of a remote period. We are likewise inclined to imagine, that it may contain allusions to some former event in English history. What that event may have been, we must submit to the better judgment and superior information of our readers ; from whom we impatiently expect a solution of this interesting question. The editor has been influenced solely by a sense of its poetical merit.

THE DUKE AND THE TAXING-MAN.

[*Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, entered as Bar. Macdonald (C. B.), Lord Chief Baron (M.).*]

WHILOME there lived in fair Englonde
 A Duke of peerless wealth,
 And mickle care he took of her
 Old constitution's health.

Full fifty thousand pounds and more
 To him his vassals paid,
 But ne to King, ne countree, he
 Would yield the assessment made.

The Taxing-man, with grim visâge,
 Came pricking on the way,
 The Taxing-man, with wrothful words,
 Thus to the Duke did say :

“ Lord Duke, Lord Duke, thou’st hid from me,
 As sure as I’m alive,
 Of goodly palfreys seventeen,
 Of varlets twenty-five.”

Then out he drew his gray goose quill,
 Ydipp’d in ink so black,
 And sorely to *surcharge* the Duke,
 I trowe, he was ne slack.

Then gan the Duke to looken pale,
 And staréd as astound,
 Twaie coneynge clerks,¹ eftsoons he spies
 Sitting their board around.

“ O woe is me,” then cried the Duke,
 “ Ne mortal wight but errs !
 I’ll hie to yon twaie coneynge clerks,
 Yclept commissioners.”

The Duke he hied him to the board,
 And straught gan for to say,
 “ A seely ² wight I am, God wot,
 Ne ken I the right way.

“ These varlets twenty-five were ne’er
 Liveried in white and red ;
 Withouten this, what signifie
 Wages, and board, and bed ?

“ And by Saint George, that stout horseman,
 My palfreys seventeen,
 For two years, or perchance for three,
 I had forgotten clean.”

¹ *Twaie coneynge clerks*.—*Coneynge* is the participle of the verb to *ken* or *know*. It by no means imports what we now denominate a *knowing one*: on the contrary, *twaie coneynge clerks* means *two intelligent and disinterested clergymen*.

² *Seely* is evidently the original of the modern word *silly*. A *seely wight*, however, by no means imports what is now called a *silly fellow*, but means a man of simplicity of character, devoid of all vanity, and of any strange ill-conducted ambition, which, if successful, would immediately be fatal to the man who indulged it.

“Naie,” quoth the clerk, “both horse and foot
 To hide was thine intent,
 Ne seely wight be ye, but did
 With good advisament.¹

“Surcharge, surcharge, good Taxing-man,
 Anon our seals we fix,
 Of sterling pounds, Lord Duke, you pay
 Three hundred thirty-six.”

EPIGRAM

ON THE PARIS LOAN,

CALLED

THE LOAN UPON ENGLAND.

[*Frere (B.), but not claimed by Frere. Not assigned (M.).*]

THE Paris cites, a patriotic band,
 Advance their cash on British freehold land :
 But let the speculating rogues beware,
 They've bought the skin, but who's to kill the bear?

¹ *Good advisament* means—cool consideration.

NO. IX.

ODE TO ANARCHY.

BY A JACOBIN.

BEING AN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE XXV. BOOK 1.

[*Lord Morpeth (B.).*]*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium !**January 8, 1798.*

GODDESS, whose dire terrific power
Spreads, from thy much-loved Gallia's plains,
Where'er her blood-stained ensigns lower,
Where'er fell rapine stalks, or barbarous discord reigns !

Thou, who canst lift to fortune's height
The wretch by truth and virtue scorned,
And crush, with insolent delight,
All whom true merit raised, or noble birth adorned !

Thee, oft the murderous band implores,
Swift-darting on its hapless prey :
Thee, wafted from fierce Afric's shores,
The Corsair chief invokes to speed him on his way.

Thee, the wild Indian tribes revere ;
Thy charms the roving Arab owns :
Thee, kings, thee, tranquil nations fear,
The bane of social bliss, the foe to peaceful thrones.

For, soon as thy loud trumpet calls
 To deadly rage, to fierce alarms,
 Just order's goodly fabric falls,
 Whilst the mad people cries, "To arms ! to arms !"

With thee Proscription, child of strife,
 With death's choice implements, is seen,
 Her murderer's gun, assassin's knife,
 And, "last, not least in love," her darling guillotine.

Fond hope is thine,—the hope of spoil,
 And faith,—such faith as ruffians keep :
 They prosper thy destructive toil,
 That makes the widow mourn, the helpless orphan weep.

Then false and hollow friends retire,
 Nor yield one sigh to soothe despair ;
 Whilst crowds triumphant vice admire,
 Whilst harlots shine in robes that decked the great and fair.

Guard our famed chief to Britain's strand !
 Britain, our last, our deadliest foe :
 Oh, guard his brave associate band !
 A band to slaughter trained, and "nursed in scenes of woe."

What shame, alas ! one little Isle
 Should dare its native laws maintain ?
 At Gallia's threats serenely smile,
 And, scorning her dread power, triumphant rule the main !

For this have guiltless victims died
 In crowds at thy ensanguined shrine !
 For this has recreant Gallia's pride
 O'erturned religion's fanes, and braved the wrath divine !

What throne, what altar, have we spared
 To spread thy power, thy joys impart ?
 Ah then, our faithful toils reward !
 And let each falchion pierce some loyal Briton's heart.

The following song is recommended to be sung at all convivial meetings convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the 120th part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation.

[*Canning, Ellis, and Frere (F.).*]

You have heard of Rewbell,
That demon of hell,
And of Barras, his brother director :
Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betrayed his old friend and protector.

Would you know how these friends,
For their own private ends,
Would subvert our religion and throne ?
Do you doubt of their skill
To change laws at their will ?
You shall hear how they treated their own.

'Twas their pleasure to look,
In a little blue book,
At the code of their famed legislation,
That with truth they might say,
In the space of one day,
They had broke every law of the nation.

The first law that they see,
Is "the press shall be free !"
The next is "the trial by jury :"
Then, "the people's free choice ;"
Then, "the members' free voice"—
When Rewbell exclaimed in a fury—

“ On a method we’ll fall
 For infringing them all—
 We’ll seize on each printer and member :
 No period so fit
 For a desperate hit.
 As our old bloody month of September.

We’ll annul each election
 Which wants our correction,
 And name our own creatures instead.
 When once we’ve our will,
 No blood we will spill,
 (Let Carnot be knocked on the head).

To Rochefort we’ll drive
 Our victims alive,
 And as soon as on board we have got ’em,
 Since we destine the ship
 For no more than one trip,
 We can just make a hole in the bottom.

By this excellent plan
 On the true rights of man
 When we’ve founded our fifth revolution,
 Though England’s our foe,
 An army shall go
 To improve *her* corrupt constitution.

We’ll address to the nation
 A fine proclamation,
 With offers of friendship so warm :—
 Who can give Buonaparte
 A welcome so hearty
 As the friends of a *thorough reform* ?”

No. X.

January 15, 1798.

FOR the two following poems we are indebted to unknown correspondents. They could not have reached us at a more seasonable period. The former, we trust, describes the feelings common to every inhabitant of this country. The second, we know too well, is expressive of the sentiments of our enemies.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1797.

[Author unknown.]

LOUD howls the storm along the neighbouring shore—
 Britain, indignant, hears the frantic roar :
 Her generous sons pour forth on every side,
 Firm in their country's cause—their country's pride !
 See wild invasion threatens this envied land :
 Swift to defend her springs each social band ;
 Her white rocks echoing to their cheerful cry,
 " God and our King ! " " England and victory ! "

Yes ! happy Britain, on thy tranquil coast
 No trophies mad philosophy shall boast :
 Though thy disloyal sons, a feeble band,
 Sound the loud blast of treason through the land :
 Scoff at thy dangers with unnatural mirth,
 And execrate the soil which gave them birth,
 With jaundiced eye thy splendid triumphs view,
 And give to France, the palm to Britain due :

Or,—when loud strains of gratulation ring,
And lowly bending to the eternal King,
Thy Sovereign bids a nation's praise arise
In grateful incense to the favouring skies—
Cast o'er each solemn scene a scornful glance,
And only sigh for anarchy and France.

Yes! unsupported Treason's standard falls,
Sedition vainly on her children calls;
While cities, cottages, and camps contend,
Their king, their laws, their country to defend.

Raise, Britain, raise thy sea-encircled head,
Round the wide world behold thy glory spread;
Firm as thy guardian oaks thou still shalt stand,
The dread and wonder of each hostile land!
While the dire fiends of discord idly rave,
And, mad with anguish, curse the severing wave.

Queen of the Ocean, lo! she smiles serene,
'Mid the deep horrors of the dreadful scene;
With heartfelt piety to Heaven she turns—
From Heaven the flame of British courage burns—
She dreads no power but His who rules the ball,
At whose "great bidding," empires rise and fall;
In Him, on peaceful plain, or tented field
She trusts, secure in His protecting shield—
Gallia, thy threats she scorns—Britain shall never yield!

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

TRANSLATION OF THE NEW SONG
OF THE
"ARMY OF ENGLAND."

WRITTEN BY THE CI-DEVANT BISHOP OF AUTUN.

With Notes by the Translator.

[*Author unknown.*]

Good Republicans all,
The Directory's call
Invites you to visit John Bull ;
Oppressed by the rod
Of a King, and a God,¹
The cup of his misery's full.

Old Johnny shall see
What makes a man free ;
Not parchments, nor statutes on paper ;
And stripped of his riches,
Great charter, and breeches,
Shall cut a free citizen's caper.

Then away let us over,
To Deal, or to Dover—
We laugh at his talking so big ;
He's pampered with feeding,
And wants a sound bleeding—
Par Dieu ! he shall bleed like a pig !

¹ General Danican, in his *Memoirs*, tells us, that while he was in command, a felon, who had assumed the name of Brutus, chief of a revolutionary tribunal at Rennes, said to his colleagues on Good Friday, "Brothers, we must put to death this day, at the same hour the Counter-Revolutionist Christ died, that young devotee who was lately arrested : " and this young lady was guillotined accordingly, and her corpse treated with every possible species of indecent insult, to the infinite amusement of a vast multitude of spectators.

John, tied to the stake,
 A grand baiting will make,
 When worried by mastiffs of France ;
 What Republican fun !
 To see his blood run,
 As at Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz.¹

With grape-shot discharges,
 And plugs in his barges,
 With national razors good store,
 We'll pepper and shave him,
 And in the Thames lave him—
 How sweetly he'll bellow and roar !

What the villain likes worse,
 We'll vomit his purse,
 And make it the guineas disgorge ;
 For your Raphaels and Rubens,
 We would not give twopence ;
 Stick, stick to the *pictures of George*.

No Venus of stone,
 But of good flesh and bone,
 Will do for a true Democrat ;

¹ The reader will find in the works of Peter Porcupine (a spirited and instructive writer), an ample and satisfactory commentary on this and the following stanza. The French themselves inform us, that, by the several modes of destruction here alluded to, upwards of 30,000 persons were butchered at Lyons, and this once magnificent city almost levelled to the ground, by the command of a wretched actor (Collet d'Herbois), whom they had formerly hissed from the stage. From the same authorities we learn, that at Nantz 27,000 persons, of both sexes, were murdered ; chiefly by drowning them in plugged boats. The waters of the Loire became putrid, and were forbidden to be drank, by the savages who conducted the massacre.—That at Paris 150,000, and in La Vendée 300,000 persons were destroyed.—Upon the whole, the French themselves acknowledge, that *two millions* of human beings (exclusive of the military), have been sacrificed to the principles of Equality and the Rights of Man : 250,000 of these are stated to be women, and 30,000 children. In this last number, however, they do not include the unborn ; nor those who started from the bodies of their agonising parents, and were stuck upon the bayonets of those very men who are now to compose the " Army of England," amidst the most savage acclamations.

When weary with slaughter,
With John's wife and daughter,
We'll join in a little chit-chat.

The shop-keeping hoard,
The tenant and lord,
And the merchants ¹ are excellent prey :
At our cannon's first thunder,
Rape, pillage, and plunder
The order shall be of the day.

French fortunes and lives,
French daughters and wives,
Have five honest men to defend 'em ;
And Barras and Co.,
When to England we go,
Will kindly take John's *in commendam*.

¹ At Lyons, Jabogues, the second murderer (the actor being the first), in his speech to the Democratic Society, used these words, "Down with the edifices raised for the profit or the pleasure of the rich ; down with them all. Commerce and arts are useless to a warlike people, and are the destruction of that sublime equality which France is determined to spread over the globe."

Such are the consequences of Radical Reform ! Let any merchant, farmer, or landlord ; let any husband or father consider this, and then say, "Shall we or shall we not contribute a moderate sum, in proportion to our annual expenditure, for the purpose of preserving ourselves from the fate of Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz."—STYPTIC.

No. XI.

[Canning (C. M.). Hammond (B.).]

January 22, 1798.

WE have said in another part of our paper of this day, "that though we shall never begin an attack, we shall always be prompt to repel it."

On this principle, we could not pass over in silence the "Epistle to the Editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*," which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday, and from which we have fortunately been furnished with a motto for this day's paper.

We assure the author of the Epistle, that the Answer which we have here the honour to address to him, contains our genuine and undisguised sentiments upon the merits of the poem.

Our conjectures respecting the authors and abettors of this performance may possibly be as vague and unfounded as theirs are with regard to the editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*. We are sorry that we cannot satisfy their curiosity upon this subject—but we have little anxiety for the gratification of our own.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE EPISTLE TO THE EDITORS
OF THE
"ANTI-JACOBIN."¹

Nostrorum sermonum candide judex!

BARD of the borrowed lyre! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackneyed song;

¹ It is hardly to be expected, that the character of the Epistle should be taken on trust from the editors of this volume: it is thought best, therefore, to subjoin the

Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
 And count but one good line in eighty-four !
 Whoe'er thou art, all hail ! thy bitter smile
 Gilds our dull page, and cheers our humble toil !

whole performance as it originally appeared : a mode of hostility obviously the most fair, and in respect to the combatants in the cause of Jacobinism, by much the most effectual. They are always best opposed by the arms which they themselves furnish. Jacobinism shines by its own light.

To the respectable names which the author of the following address has thought proper to connect with the *Anti-Jacobin*, no apology is made for thus preserving this otherwise perishable specimen of dulness and defamation. He who has been reviled by the enemies of the *Anti-Jacobin* must feel that principles are attributed to him of which he need not be ashamed : and when the abuse is conveyed in such a strain of feebleness and folly, he must see that those principles excite animosity only in quarters of which he need not be afraid.

It is only necessary to add, what is most conscientiously the truth, that this production, such as it is, is by far the best of all the attacks that the combined wits of the cause have been able to muster against the *Anti-Jacobin*.

EPISTLE

TO THE

EDITORS OF THE "ANTI-JACOBIN."

Hic Niger est : hunc tu, Romane, caveto !

To tell what generals did or statesmen spoke,
 To teach the world by truths, or please by joke ;
 To make mankind grow bold as they peruse,
 Judge on existing things, and—weigh the news ;
 For this a paper first displayed its page,
 Commanding tears and smiles through every age !

Hail, justly famous ! who in modern days
 With nobler flight aspire to higher praise ;
 Hail, justly famous ! whose discerning eyes
 At once detect mistakes, mis-statements, lies ;
 Hail, justly famous ! who, with fancy blest,
 Use fiend-like virulence for sportive jest ;
 Who only bark to serve your private ends—
 Patrons of Prejudice, Corruption's friends !
 Who hurl your venom'd darts at well-earned fame—
 Virtue your hate, and Calumny your aim !

Whoe'er ye are, all hail !—whether the skill
 Of youthful Canning guides the rancorous quill,

For yet—though firm and fearless in the cause
 Of pure religion, liberty, and laws,—
 Though truth approved, though favouring virtue smiled,
 Some doubts remained—we yet were unreviled.

Thanks to thy zeal ! those doubts at length are o'er !
 Thy suffrage crowns our wish !—we ask no more
 To stamp with sterling worth each honest line
 Than censure clothed in vapid verse like thine !

With powers mechanic far above his age
 Adapts the paragraph and fills the page,
 Measures the column, mends whate'er's amiss,
 Rejects that letter, and accepts of this ;
 Or Hammond, leaving his official toil,
 O'er this great work consume the midnight oil—
 Bills, passports, letters, for the Muses quit,
 And change dull business for amusing wit :—
 His life of labour at one gasp is o'er,
 His books forgot—his desk beloved no more !—
 Proceed to prop the Ministerial cause ;
 See consequential Morpeth nods applause ;
 In ev'ry fair one's ear at balls and plays
 The gentle Granville Leveson whispers praise :—
 Well-judging patrons, whom such works can please ;
 Great works, well worthy patrons such as these !
 Who heard not, raptured, the poetic sage
 Who sung of Gallia in a headlong rage,
 And blandly drew, with no uncourtly grace,
 The simple manners of our English race—
 Extolled great Duncan, and, supremely brave,
 Whelmed Buonaparte's pride beneath the wave ?
 I swear by all the youths that Malmesbury chose,
 By Ellis' sapient prominence of nose,
 By Morpeth's gait important, proud and big—
 By Leveson Gower's crop-imitating wig,
 That, could the powers which in those numbers shine,
 Could that warm spirit animate my line,
 Your glorious deeds which humbly I rehearse—
 Your deeds should live immortal as my verse ;
 And while they wondered whence I caught my flame,
 Your sons should blush to read their fathers' shame !

Proceed, great men !—your office is not done ;
 Proceed with what you have so well begun :

But say—in full-blown honours dost thou sit
 'Midst Brooks's elders on the bench of wit,
 Where Hare, chief-justice, frames the stern decree,
 While, with their learned brother, sages three,
 Fitzpatrick, Townshend, Sheridan, agree?

Or art thou one—the party's flattered fool,
 Trained in Debrett's, or Ridgeway's civic school—
 One, who with rant and nonsense daily wears,
 Well-natured Richardson, thy patient ears—

Load Fox (if you by Pitt would be preferred)
 With every guilt that Kenyon ever heard—
 Adulterer, gamester, drunkard, cheat, and knave,
 A factious demagogue, and pensioned slave!
 Loose, loose your cry—with ire satiric flash;
 Let all the Opposition feel your lash;
 And prove them to these hot and partial times
 A combination of the worst of crimes!

But softer numbers softer subjects fit :—
 In liquid phrases fill the praise of Pitt;
 Extol in eulogies of candid truth
 The virgin minister—the heaven-born youth;
 The greatest gift that Fate to England gave,
 Created to support, and born to save;
 Prompt to supply whate'er his country lacks—
 Skilful to gag, and knowing how to tax!
 With him companions meet in order stand—
 A firm, compact, and well-appointed band:
 Skilled to advance or to retreat, Dundas,
 And bear thick battle on his front of brass;
 Grenville with ponderous head, which matched we find
 By equal ponderosity behind—

But hold, my Muse; nor farther these pursue!—
 Great editors, we have digressed from you;
 From you, to whom our trivial lays belong,
 From you, the sole inspirers of our song!
 Proceed—urge on the same vindictive strain,
 To gain the applauses of great Malmesbury's train;
 With jaundiced eyes the noblest patriot scan;
 Proceed—be more opprobrious if you can;
 Proceed—be more abusive every hour—
 To be more stupid is beyond your power.

Who sees nor taste nor genius in these times,
Save Parr's buzz prose,¹ and Courtenay's kidnapped rhymes?²

¹ *Buzz prose*.—The learned reader will perceive that this is an elegant metonymy, by which the quality belonging to the outside of the head is transferred to the inside. Buzz is an epithet usually applied to a large wig. It is here used for swelling, burly, bombastic writing.

There is a picture of Hogarth's (the "Election Ball," we believe), in which, among a number of hats thrown together in one corner of the room, there is not one of which you cannot to a certainty point out the owner among the figures dancing, or otherwise distributed through the picture.

We remember to have seen an experiment of this kind tried at one of the universities with the wig and writings here alluded to. A page taken from the most happy and elaborate part of the writings was laid upon a table in a barber's shop, round which a number of wigs of different descriptions and dimensions were suspended, and among them that of the author of the writings. It was required of a young student, after reading a few sentences in the page, to point out among the wigs that which must of necessity belong to the head in which such sentences had been engendered. The experiment succeeded to a miracle. The learned reader will now see all the beauty and propriety of the metonymy.

² *Kidnapped rhymes*.—Kidnapped implies something more than stolen. It is, according to an expression of Mr. Sheridan's (in the *Critic*), "using other people's thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfiguring them, to make them pass for their own."

This is a serious charge against an author, and ought to be well supported. To the proof then!

In an ode of the late Lord Nugent's are the following spirited lines—

"Though Cato lived—though Tully spoke—
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perished fated Rome!"

The author above-mentioned saw these lines, and liked them—as well he might—and, as he had a mind to write about Rome himself, he did not scruple to enlist them into his service; but he thought it right to make a small alteration in their appearance, which he managed thus. Speaking of Rome, he says it is the place

"Where Cato lived" . . .

A sober truth, which gets rid at once of all the poetry and spirit of the original, and reduces the sentiment from an example of manners, virtue, patriotism, from the *vite exemplar dedit* of Lord Nugent's, to a mere question of inhabitancy. *Ubi habitavit Cato*—where he was an inhabitant-householder, paying seat and lot, and had a house on the right-hand side of the way as you go down Esquiline Hill, just opposite to the poulterer's. But to proceed—

"Where Cato lived; where Tully spoke,
Where Brutus dealt the godlike stroke—
By which his glory rose!!!"

The last line *not* borrowed.

We question whether the history of modern literature can produce an instance of a theft so shameless, and turned to so little advantage.

Or is it he,—the youth whose daring soul
 With half a mission sought the frozen pole ;—
 And then, returning from the unfinished work,
 Wrote half a letter,—to demolish Burke ?
 Studied Burke's manner,—aped his forms of speech ;
 Though when he strives his metaphors to reach,
 One luckless slip his meaning overstrains,
 And loads the blunderbuss with Bedford's brains.¹

Whoe'er thou art !—ne'er may thy patriot fire,
 Unfed by praise or patronage, expire !
 Forbid it, taste !—with compensation large
 Patrician hands thy labours shall o'ercharge !²

¹ *And loads the blunderbuss with Bedford's brains.*—This line is wholly unintelligible without a note, and we are afraid the note will be wholly incredible unless the reader can fortunately procure the book to which it refers.

In the "Part of a Letter," which was published by Mr. Robert Adair, in answer to Mr. Burke's "Letter to the D. of B.," nothing is so remarkable as the studious imitation of Mr. Burke's style.

His vehemence and his passion, and his irony, his wild imagery, his far-sought illustrations, his rolling and lengthened periods, and the short quick-pointed sentences in which he often condenses as much wisdom and wit as others would expand through pages, or through volumes—all these are carefully kept in view by his opponent, though not always very artificially copied or applied.

But imitators are liable to be led strangely astray, and never was there an instance of a more complete mistake of a plain meaning than that which this line is intended to illustrate—a mistake no less than of a coffin for a corpse. This is hard to believe or to comprehend ; but you shall hear.

Mr. Burke, in one of his publications, had talked of the French "unplumbing the dead in order to destroy the living,"—by which he intended, without doubt, not metaphorically, but literally, "stripping the dead of their leaden coffins, and then making them (not the *dead*, but the *coffins*) into bullets." A circumstance perfectly notorious at the time the book was written.

But this does not satisfy our author. He determines to retort Mr. Burke's own words upon him ; and unfortunately "reaching at a metaphor," where Mr. Burke only intended a fact, he falls into the little mistake above-mentioned, and by a stroke of his pen transmutes the illustrious head of the house of Russell into a metal, to which it is not for us to say how near or how remote his affinity may possibly have been. He writes thus—"If Mr. Burke had been content with 'unplumbing' a dead Russell, and hewing *him* (observe—not the coffin, but *him*—the old dead Russell himself) into grape and canister, to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants," &c. &c. &c.

The thing is scarcely credible : but it is so ! We write with the book open before us.

² Qu.—Surcharge?

Bedford and Whitbread shall vast sums advance,
The land and malt of Jacobin finance !

Whoe'er thou art ! before thy feet we lay,
With lowly suit, our number of to-day !
Spurn not our offering with averted eyes !
Let thy pure breath revive the extinguished lies !
Mistakes, mis-statements, now so oft o'erthrown,
Rebuild, and prop with nonsense of thy own !
Pervert our meaning, and misquote our text—
And furnish us a motto for the next !

ODE TO LORD MOIRA.

[*Ellis (C. B. M.).*]

If on your head¹ some vengeance fell,
Moira, for every tale you tell,
The listening Lords to cozen ;
If but one whisker lost its hue,
Changed (like Moll Coggin's tail) to blue,
I'd hear them by the dozen.

But still, howe'er you draw your bow,²
Your charms improve, your triumphs grow,
New grace adorns your figure ;

HORACE. ODE VIII. BOOK II.

IN BARINEN.

¹ *Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pæna, Barine, nocuisset unquam ;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui,*
Crederem. ²*Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.*

More stiff your boots, more black your stock,
 Your hat assumes a prouder cock,
 Like Pistol's (if 'twere bigger).

Tell then your stories strange and new,
 Your father's fame¹ shall vouch them true
 So shall the Dublin papers :
 Swear by the stars² that saw the sight,
 That infant thousands die each night,
 While troops blow out their tapers.

Shuckbrough³ shall cheer you with a smile,
 Macpherson⁴ simpering all the while,
 With Bastard⁴ and with Bruin :⁴
 And fierce Nicholl,⁵ who wields at will
 The emphatic stick, or powerful quill,
 To prove his country's ruin.

Each day new followers⁶ crowd your board,
 And lean expectants hail my Lord
 With adoration fervent :
 Old Thurlow,⁷ though he swore by G—
 No more to own a master's nod,
 Is still your humble servant.

¹ *Expedit matris cineres opertos*
Fallere, et toto² taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam,³ Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices⁴ Nympha; ferus⁵ et Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas

Cote cruentâ.
Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis
Servitus crescit nova; ⁷ nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt juvenis

Old Pulteney¹ too your influence feels,
 And asks from you the exchequer seals,
 To tax and save the nation :
 Tooke trembles * lest your potent charms
 Should lure Charles Fox² from his fond arms,
 To your administration.

*Te¹ senes parci, miseræque² nuper
 Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet*

Aura Maritos.

* The trepidation of Mr. Tooke, though natural, was not necessary ; as it appeared from the ever-memorable "Letter to Mr. Mac Mahon" (which was published about this time in the *Morning Chronicle*, and threw the whole town into paroxysms of laughter), that in the Administration which his Lordship was so gravely employed in forming, Mr. Fox was to have no place !

No. XII.

January 29, 1798.

THE following ode was dropped into the letter-box in our publisher's window. From its title—"A Bit of an Ode to Mr. Fox"—we were led to imagine there was some mistake in the business, and that it was meant to have been conveyed to Mr. Wright's neighbour, Mr. Debrett, whom we recollected to have been the publisher of the "Half of a Letter" to the same gentleman, which occasioned so much noise (of horse-laughing) in the world. Our politics certainly do not entitle us to the honourable distinction of being made the channel for communicating such a production to the public. But, for our parts, as we are "not at war with genius," on whatever side we find it, we are happy to give this poem the earliest place in our paper; and shall be equally ready to pay the same attention to any future favours of the same kind, and from the same quarter.

The poem is a free translation, or rather, perhaps, imitation, of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. We have taken the liberty to subjoin the passages of which the parallel is the most striking.

A BIT OF AN ODE TO MR. FOX.

[*Ellis (C. M.). Frere (B.), but not claimed by Frere.*]

ON ¹ grey goose quills sublime I'll soar,
To metaphors unreached before,
That scare the vulgar reader :

¹ Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates.

With style well formed from Burke's best books—
 From rules of grammar (e'en Horne Tooke's),
 A bold and free seceder.

I¹ whom, dear Fox, you condescend
 To call your honourable friend,
 Shall live for everlasting :
 That ²Stygian gallery I'll quit,
 Where printers crowd me as I sit
 Half-dead with rage and fasting.

I³ feel ! the growing down descends,
 Like goose-skin, to my fingers' ends —
 Each nail becomes a feather :
 My ⁴cropp'd head waves with sudden plumes,
 Which erst (like Bedford's, or his groom's),
 Unpowdered, braved the weather.

I mount, I mount into the sky,
 "Sweet ⁵bird," to ⁶Petersburg I'll fly :
 Or, if you bid, to Paris ;
 Fresh missions of the fox and goose
 Successful treaties may produce ;
 Though Pitt in all miscarries.

Scotch,⁷ English, Irish Whigs shall read
 The pamphlets, letters, odes, I breed,
 Charmed with each bright endeavour :

¹ Non ego, quam vocas

Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,

² Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

³ Jamjam residunt cruribus asperæ

Pelles : et album mutor in alitem

⁴ Supernè ; nascunturque læves

Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Visam gementis littora Bosphori,

Syrtesque Gætulas,

⁵ ——— canorus

Ales,⁶ Hyperboreosque campos.

⁷ Me Colchus, et qui

Alarmists¹ tremble at my strain,
 E'en² Pitt, made candid by champagne,
 Shall hail Adair "the clever."

Though criticism assail my name,
 And luckless blunders blot my³ fame,
 O!⁴ make no needless bustle;
 As vain and idle it would be
 To waste one pitying thought on me
 As to⁵ "unplumb a Russell."

¹ dissimulat metum.

. me peritus

Discet Iber, Rhodanique² potor.

Absint³ inani funere nœniæ.

⁴ Luctusque turpes, et querimoniæ.

⁵ ——— sepulchri

Mitte supervacuos honores.

No. XIII.

ACME AND SEPTIMUS;

OR,

THE HAPPY UNION,

CELEBRATED AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN.

[*Ellis (C. M.).*]*February 5, 1798.*

FOX,¹ with Tooke to grace his side,
 Thus addressed his blooming bride—
 “Sweet! should I e’er, in power or place,
 Another citizen embrace;
 Should e’er my eyes delight to look
 On aught alive, save John Horne Tooke,
 Doom me to ridicule and ruin,
 In the coarse hug² of Indian Bruin!”

He spoke;³ and to the left and right,
 Norfolk hiccuped with delight.

Tooke,⁴ his bald head gently moving,
 On the sweet patriot’s drunken eyes
 His wine-empurpled lips applies,
 And thus returns in accents loving:

¹ Acmen Septimius suos amores
 Tenens in gremio, mea, inquit, Acme,
 Ni te perdit amo, &c.

² Cæcio veniam obvius Leoni.

³ Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, ut
 Dextram, sternuit approbationem.

⁴ At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
 Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
 Illo purpureo ore suaviata,
 Sic inquit, mea vita,

“So, my dear ¹ Charley, may success
 At length my ardent wishes bless,
 And lead, through discord’s lowering storm,
 To one grand *radical reform* !
 As, from this hour I love thee more
 Than e’er I hated thee before !”

He spoke ; ² and to the left and right,
 Norfolk hiccupped with delight.

With this good omen they proceed ; ³
 Fond toasts their mutual passion feed ;
 In Fox’s breast Horne Tooke prevails
 Before ⁴ rich Ireland * and South Wales ; *
 And Fox (un-read each other book),
 Is law and gospel to Horne Tooke.

When were such kindred souls ⁵ united !
 Or wedded pair so much delighted ?

¹ Septimille, &c.

² Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, &c.

³ Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
 Mutuis animis amant, amantur.
 Unam Septimius misellus Acmen
 Mavult quam ⁴ Syrias Britanniasque.

⁵ Quis ullos homines beatiores
 Vidit, quis venerem auspiciorem ?

* *I.e.* the Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland, and Auditorship of South Wales.

No. XIV.

February 12, 1798.

IT has been our invariable custom to suppress such of our correspondents' favours as conveyed any compliments to ourselves, and we have deviated from it in the present instance, not so much out of respect to the uncommon excellence of the poem before us, as because it agrees so intimately with the general design of our paper, to expose the deformity of the French Revolution, to counteract the detestable arts of those who are seeking to introduce it here, and above all, to invigorate the exertions of our countrymen against every foe, foreign and domestic, by showing them the immense and inexhaustible resources they yet possess in British courage and British virtue !

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE "ANTI-JACOBIN."

[Mr. Bragge, afterwards Bathurst.]

FOE to thy country's foes, 'tis thine to claim
From Britain's genuine sons a British fame ;
Too long French manners our fair isle disgraced,
Too long French fashions shamed our native taste.
Still prone to change, we half resolved to try
The proffered charms of French fraternity.

Fair was her form, and Freedom's honoured name
Concealed the horrors of her secret shame :
She claimed some kindred with that guardian power,
Long worshipped here in Britain's happier hour :

Virtue and Peace, she said, were in her train,
 The long-lost blessings of Astræa's reign.
 But soon the vizor dropped—her haggard face
 Betrayed the Fury lurking in the Grace—
 The false attendants that behind her pressed,
 In vain disguised, the latent guilt confessed.
 Peace dropt her snow-white robe, and, shuddering,
 showed

Ambition's mantle reeking fresh with blood ;
 Presumptuous Folly stood in Reason's form.
 Pleased with the power to ruin—not reform ;
 Philosophy, proud phantom, undismayed,
 With cold regard the ghastly train surveyed ;
 Saw Persecution gnash her iron teeth,
 Whilst Atheists preached the eternal sleep of death !
 Saw Anarchy the social chain unbind,
 And Discord sour the blood of human kind ;
 Then talked of Nature's rights, and equal sway,
 And saw her system safe—and stalked away !

Foiled by our arms, where'er in arms we met,
 With arts like these the foe assails us yet.
 Hopeless the fort to storm or to surprise,
 More secret wiles his envious malice tries :
 Diseased himself, spreads wide his own despair,
 Pollutes the fount, and taints the wholesome air.

While many a chief, to glory not unknown,
 Alarms each hostile shore and guards our own,
 'Tis *thine*, the latent treachery to proclaim ;
 An humbler warfare, but the cause the same.
 In vain had Pompey crushed the Pontic host,
 And chased the pirate swarm from every coast :
 Had not the Civic Consul's watchful eye
 Tracked through the windings of conspiracy,

The crew that leagued their country to o'erthrow ;
 The base confederates of a Gallic¹ foe ;
 Exposed, confounded, shamed, and forced away,
 The "Jacobin Reformer² of his day."

'Tis *thine* a subtler mischief to pursue,
 And drag a deeper, darker, plot to view ;
 Whate'er its form, still ready to engage,
 Detect its malice, or resist its rage :
 Whether it whispers low, or raves aloud,
 In sneers profane, or blasphemies avowed ;
 Insults its king, reviles its country's cause,
 And, 'scaped from justice, braves the lenient laws :—
 Whate'er the hand, in desperate faction bold,
 By native hate inspired or foreign gold ;
 Traitors absolved and libellers released,
 The recreant peer or renegade priest ;
 The sovereign-people's cringing, crafty slave,
 The dashing fool, and instigating knave,
 Each claims thy care ; nor think the labour vain ;
 Vermin have sunk the ship that ruled the main.

'Tis *thine*, with truth's fair shield to ward the blow,
 And turn the weapon back upon the foe :
 To trace the skulking fraud, the candid cheat,
 That can retract the falsehood, yet repeat :
 To wake the listless, slumbering as they lie,
 Lapt in the embrace of soft security ;
 To rouse the cold, re-animate the brave,
 And show the cautious all they have to save.

¹ Conjuravere Cives nobilissimi Patriam incendere—*Gallorum gentem infestissimam nomini Romano in bellum arcessunt*—Dux Hostium cum exercitu supra caput est.—ORAT. CATON. ap. SALLUST.

² Tum Catilina polliceri tabulas novas, proscriptionem locupletium, Magistratus, Sacerdotia, rapinas, alia omnia quæ bellum atque lubido Victorum fert.—SALLUST.

Erect that standard Alfred first unfurled,
 Britain's just pride, the wonder of the world ;
 Whose staff is Freedom's spear, whose blazoned field,
 Beams with the Christian Cross, the Regal Shield ;
 That standard which the patriot barons bore,
 Restored, from Runimede's resounding shore ;
 Which since, consigned to William's guardian hand,
 Waved in new splendour o'er a grateful land ;
 Which oft in vain by force or fraud assailed
 Has stood the shock of ages—and prevailed.

Yes ! the bright sun of Britain yet shall shine,
 The clouds are earthborn, but his fire divine !
 That temperate splendour, and that genial heat,
 Shall still illume, and cherish empire's seat ;
 While the red meteor, whose portentous glare
 Shot plagues infectious through the troubled air,
 Admired, or feared no more, shall melt away,
 Lost in the radiance of his brighter day !

L I N E S

*Written under the Bust of Charles Fox, at the Crown and
 Anchor.*

I'll not sell Uncle Noll, Charles Surface cries ;—
 I'll not sell Charley Fox, John Bull replies ;
 Sell him, indeed ! who'll find me such another ?—
 Fox is above all price ; so hold your bother.

—*Morning Post*, February 6.

To make our readers some amends for this miserable doggrel,
 we will present them, in our turn, with some lines written under
 a bust, *not* at the Crown and Anchor, by an English traveller.
 We believe they are more just ; we are certain they are more
 poetical.

LINES

Written by a Traveller at Czarco-Zelo, under the Bust of a certain Orator, once placed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero.*

[*Frere (B.), not claimed by Frere. Bolton Corney had a copy of the "Anti-Jacobin" in which James Boswell had written in the margin of these lines that they "were written by William Pitt, as I learned from his nephew on the 28th of May 1808, at a dinner held in honour of his memory."*]

THE Grecian orator of old,
With scorn rejected Philip's laws,
Indignant spurned at foreign gold,
And triumphed in his country's cause.

A foe to every wild extreme,
'Mid civil storms, the Roman sage
Repressed ambition's frantic scheme,
And checked the madding people's rage.

Their country's peace, and wealth, and fame,
With patriot zeal their labours sought,
And Rome's or Athens' honoured name
Inspired and governed every thought.

Who now, in this presumptuous hour,
Aspires to share the Athenian's praise?
—The advocate of foreign power,
The Æschines of later days.

What chosen name to Tully's joined,
Is thus announced to distant climes?
—Behold, to lasting shame consigned,
The Catiline of modern times!

[* A bust of Fox was so placed by the Empress Catherine.]

No. XV.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

IN FORTY CANTOS; WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY;
CHIEFLY OF A PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCY.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.¹

[*Canning* (C. F. M.). *Gifford*, W. *Frere* (E.), but assigned by *Frere*
to *Canning*.]

CANTO FIRST.

CONTENTS,

The Subject proposed.—Doubts and Waverings.—Queries not to be answered.—Formation of the stupendous Whole.—Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World:—the Devil—Man—various Classes of Being:—Animated Beings—Birds—Fish—Beasts—the Influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oysters.—Various Stations assigned to different Animals:—Birds—Bears—Mackarel.—Bears remarkable for their fur—Mackarel cried on a Sunday—Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the Water.—Plants equally contented with their lot:—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers.—Man only discontented—born a Savage; not choosing to continue so, becomes polished—re-signs his Liberty—Priestcraft—Kingcraft—Tyranny of Laws and Institutions.—Savage Life—description thereof:—The Savage free—roaming Woods—feeds on Hips and Haws—Animal Food—first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his Prey—wonders if it is good—resolves to try—makes a Bow and Arrow—kills a Pig—resolves to roast a part of it—lights a Fire—Apostrophe to Fires—Spits and Jacks not yet invented.—Digression.—Corinth.—Sheffield.—Love the most natural desire after Food.—Savage Courtship.—Concubinage recommended.—Satirical Reflections on Parents and Children—Husbands and Wives—against collateral Consanguinity.—Freedom the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.

[* Payne Knight had published in 1796 "The Progress of Civil Society," a didactic poem in six books.]

February 19, 1798.

WHETHER some great, supreme o'er-ruling Power,
 Stretched forth its arm at Nature's natal hour,
 Composed this mighty whole with plastic skill,
 Wielding the jarring elements at will?
 Or, whether sprung from Chaos' mingling storm, 5
 The mass of matter started into form?
 Or chance o'er earth's green lap spontaneous fling
 The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring?
 Whether material substance, unrefined,
 Owns the strong impulse of instinctive mind, 10
 Which to one centre points diverging lines,
 Confounds, refracts, invigorates, and combines?
 Whether the joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
 By man to God, or God to man, were given?
 If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe? 15
 Who rules above? or who reside below?
 Vain questions all.—Shall man presume to know?
 On all these points, and points obscure as these,
 Think they who will—and think whate'er they please!

 Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue— 20
 Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe;
 Mark the dark rook, on pendent branches hung,
 With anxious fondness feed her cawing young.

Ver. 3. A modern author of great penetration and judgment observes very shrewdly, that "the cosmogony of the world has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiaton, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end." See Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" see also Mr. Knight's poem on the "Progress of Civil Society."

Ver. 12. The influence of mind upon matter, comprehending the whole question of the existence of mind as independent of matter, or as co-existent with it, and of matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent essence, will make the subject of a larger poem in one hundred and twenty-seven books, now preparing under the same auspices.

Ver. 14. See Godwin's "Enquirer," Darwin's "Zoonomia," Paine, Priestley, &c. &c.; also all the French Encyclopedists.

Ver. 16. *Quæstio spinosa et contortula.*

Mark the fell leopard, through the desert prowl,
 Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl ; 25
 How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,
 And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales ;
 Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
 Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts ;
 Then say, how all these things together tend 30
 To one great truth, prime object, and good end ?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
 Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.
 The feathered race, with pinions skim the air—
 Not so the mackarel, and still less the bear : 35
 This, roams the wood, carnivorous, for his prey ;
 That, with soft roe, pursues his watery way :
 This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide ;
 That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.—

But each contented with his humble sphere, 40
 Moves unambitious through the circling year ;
 Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,
 Nor pines to quit, or strives to change his place.
 Ah ! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
 Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies ? 45

Ver. 26. "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."—*Macbeth*.

Ver. 26, 27. "In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,
 And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore."

—*Progress of Civil Society*, Book I. verse 98.

Ver. 29. "An oyster may be crossed in love."—*Mr. Sheridan's "Critic."*

Ver. 34. Birds fly.

Ver. 35. But neither fish nor beasts—particularly as here exemplified.

Ver. 36. The bear.

Ver. 37. The mackarel—there are also hard-roed mackarel. *Sed de his alio loco.*

Ver. 38. Bears' grease, or fat, is also in great request ; being supposed to have a *criniparous*, or hair-producing quality.

Ver. 39. There is a special Act of Parliament which permits mackarel to be cried on Sundays.

Ver. 45-49. Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man, who is always discontented.

When did the owl, descending from her bower,
 Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flower ;
 Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
 In the salt wave, and fish-like strive to swim ?

The same with plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed— 50
 Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed ;
 Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed ;
 Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume
 To flower like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
 —Man only,—rash, refined, presumptuous man, 55
 Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan !
 Born the free heir of nature's wide domain,
 To art's strict limits boun is his narrowed reign ;
 Resigns his native rights for meaner things,
 For Faith and Fetters—Laws, and Priests, and Kings.

(*To be continued.*)

We are sorry to be obliged to break off here. The remainder of this admirable and instructive poem is in the press, and will be continued the first opportunity.

THE EDITOR.

Ver. 49. Salt wave—wave of the sea—"briny wave."—*Poeta passim.*

Ver. 50. A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants—they are contented—he restless and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placidè contenti quiescit.*

Ver. 50. Potatoes 'tatoes breed.—Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply that the root degenerates. Not so with man—

Mox daturus
 Progeniem vitiosiore.

No. XVI.

[Canning (C. F. M.). Hammond (B.).]

February 26, 1798.

THE specimen of the poem on the "Progress of Man," with which we favoured our readers in our last number, has occasioned a variety of letters which, we confess, have not a little surprised us, from the unfounded and even contradictory charges they contain. In one we are accused of malevolence, in bringing back to notice a work that had been quietly consigned to oblivion; in another, of plagiarism, in copying its most beautiful passages; in a third, of vanity, in striving to imitate what was in itself inimitable, &c. &c. But why this alarm? has the author of the "Progress of Civil Society" an exclusive patent for fabricating didactic poems? or can we not write against order and government, without incurring the guilt of imitation? We trust we were not so ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (so called from *didaskhein*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; because it teaches nothing, and is not poetical) even before the "Progress of Civil Society" appeared but that we were capable of such an undertaking.

We shall only say farther, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but having the remaining thirty-nine cantos by us, shall content ourselves with giving, from time to time, such extracts as may happen to suit our purpose.

The following passage, which, as the reader will see by turning to the Contents prefixed to the head of the poem, is part of the first canto, contains so happy a deduction of man's present state of depravity from the first slips and failings of his original state, and inculcates so forcibly the mischievous consequences of

social or civilised as opposed to natural society, that no dread of imputed imitation can prevent us from giving it to our readers.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

Lo! the rude savage, free from civil strife,
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life;
Restrained by none, save Nature's lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws. 65
Light to his daily sports behold him rise;
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.
Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray
Through the lone wood—and close beside the way
Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey;
Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds, 70
Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.

Struck with the sight, the wondering savage stands,
Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands;
Then restless roams—and loathes his wonted food;
Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood. 75

By thought matured, and quickened by desire,
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares;
The unfashioned bow with labouring efforts bends 80
In circling form, and joins the unwilling ends.
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edged stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whitened bone.

Ver. 61-66. Simple state of savage life—previous to the pastoral, or even the hunter-state.

Ver. 66. First savages disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 67, &c. Desire of animal food natural only to beasts, or to man in a state of civilised society. First suggested by the circumstance here related.

Ver. 71. Pigs of the Chinese breed most in request.

Ver. 76. First formation of a bow. Introduction to the science of archery.

Ver. 79. Grass twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

Ver. 83. Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, sharks' teeth, &c. &c.

Then forth he fares. Around in careless play,
 Kids, pigs, and lambkins, unsuspecting stray. 85
 With grim delight he views the sportive band,
 Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand :
 'Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart,
 Swift-winged, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah ! hapless porker ! what can now avail 90
 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail ?
 Ah ! what avail those eyes so small and round,
 Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground ?

Not unrevenged thou diest !—In after times
 From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumbered crimes. 95
 Soon shall the slaughterous arms that wrought thy woe,
 Improved by malice, deal a deadlier blow ;
 When social man shall pant for nobler game,
 And 'gainst his fellow-man the vengeful weapon aim.

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires, 100
 As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,
 Urged by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
 Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
 Vast seas of blood the ravaged field shall stain,
 And millions perish—that a King may reign ! 105

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise :
 Each rising want invention quick supplies.
 To roast his victuals is man's next desire,
 So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire,
 Hail fire ! &c. &c.

Ver. 90. Ah ! what avails, &c.—See Pope's "Description of the Death of a Pheasant."

Ver. 93. "With leaden eye that loves the ground."

Ver. 94. The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind.

Ver. 97. Social man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

Ver. 100 and 101. Different causes of war among men.

Ver. 106. Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.

No. XVII.

March 5, 1798.

WE are obliged to a learned correspondent for the following ingenious imitation of Bion. We will not shock the eyes of our fair readers with the original Greek, but the following argument will give them some idea of the nature of the poem here imitated.

ARGUMENT.

Venus is represented as bringing to the poet, while sleeping, her son Cupid, with a request that he would teach him pastoral poetry—Bion complies, and endeavours to teach him the rise and progress of that art :—Cupid laughs at his instructions, and in his turn teaches his master the loves of men and gods, the wiles of his mother, &c.—Pleased with his lessons, says Bion, I forgot what I lately taught Cupid, and recollect in its stead only what Cupid taught me.

IMITATION, &c.

WRITTEN AT SAINT ANN'S HILL.

[*Ellis (B.). Gifford (W.). No doubt Gifford.*]

SCARCE had sleep my eyes o'erspread,
 Ere Alecto sought my bed ;
 In her left hand a torch she shook,
 And in her right led John Horne Tooke.

O thou ! who well deserv'st the bays.
 Teach him, she cried. Sedition's lays—
 She said, and left us : I, poor fool,
 Began the wily priest to school ;
 Taught him how Moira sung of lights
 Blown out by troops o' stormy nights ;

How Erskine, borne on rapture's wings.
 At clubs and taverns sweetly sings
 Of self—while yawning Whigs attend—
 Self first, last, midst, and without end !
 How Bedford piped, ill-fated bard !
 Half drowned, in empty Palace-yard :
 How Lansdowne, nature's simple child,
 At Bowood trills his wood-notes wild—
 How these and more (a frenzied choir)
 Sweep with bold hand Confusion's lyre,
 Till madding crowds around them storm
 "For one grand radical reform?"

Tooke stood silent for a while,
 Listening with sarcastic smile ;
 Then in verse of calmest flow,
 Sung of treasons, deep and low ;
 Of rapine, prisons, scaffolds, blood,
 Of war against the great and good ;
 Of Venice, and of Genoa's doom,
 And fall of unoffending Rome ;
 Of monarchs from their station hurled,
 And one waste desolated world.

Charmed by the magic of his tongue.
 I lost the strains I lately sung,
 While those he taught remain impressed
 For ever on my faithful breast.

DORUS.

Something like the same idea seems to have dictated the following stanzas, which appear to be a loose imitation of the beautiful Dialogue of Horace and Lydia, and for which, though confessedly in a lower style of poetry, and conceived rather in the slang, or Brentford dialect, than in the classical Doric of the foregoing poem, we have many thanks to return to an ingenious academical correspondent.

THE NEW COALITION.

[*Author unknown. Gifford?*]

I.

F. WHEN erst I coalesced with North,
 And brought my Indian bantling forth,
 In place—I smiled at faction’s storm,
 Nor dreamt of radical reform.

II.

T. While yet no patriot project pushing,
 Content I thumped old Brentford’s cushion ;
 I pass’d my life so free and gaily,
 Not dreaming of that d——d Old Bailey.

III.

F. Well ! now my favourite preacher’s Nickle,
 He keeps for Pitt a rod in pickle ;
 His gestures fright the astonished gazers,
 His sarcasms cut like Packwood’s razors.

IV.

T. Thelwall’s my man for state alarm ;
 I love the rebels of Chalk Farm ;—
 Rogues that no statutes can subdue,
 Who’d bring the French, and head them too.

V.

F. A whisper in your ear, John Horne,
 For one great end we both were born ;
 Alike we roar, and rant, and bellow—
 Give us your hand, my honest fellow !

VI.

T. Charles, for a shuffler long I’ve known thee :
 But come, for once I’ll not disown thee ;
 And since with patriot zeal thou burnest,
 With thee I’ll live—or hang in earnest.

No. XVIII.

[*Canning (C.). Ellis (M.).*]*March 12, 1798.*

WE are indebted for the following exquisite imitation of one of the most beautiful odes of Horace to an unknown hand. All that we can say is that it came to us in a blank cover, sealed with a ducal coronet, and that it appears evidently to be the production of a mind not more classical than convivial.*

O D E.

WHITHER, O Bacchus, in thy train,¹
 Dost thou transport thy votary's brain
 With sudden inspiration?
 Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine,
 And toast new measures to combine
 The Great and Little Nation?

Say, in what tavern I shall raise²
 My nightly voice in Charley's praise,
 And dream of future glories,

¹ HOR. LIB. III. CARM. 25.

DITHYRAMBUS.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
 Plenum? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus,
 Velox mente novâ?

² Quibus
 Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar
 Eternum meditans decus
 Stellis inserere, et consilio Jovis?

[* At a banquet given on Fox's birthday at the Crown and Anchor, Jan. 24, 1798, the Duke of Norfolk proposed as a toast, "Our Sovereign's health. The Majesty of the People."]]

When Fox, with salutary sway,
 (Terror the order of the day)
 Shall reign o'er King and Tories?

My mighty feelings must have way!¹
 A toast I'll give—a thing I'll say,
 As yet unsaid by any,—
 “*Our Sovereign Lord!*” let those who doubt
 My honest meaning, hear me out—
 “*His Majesty—the Many!*”

Plain folks may be surprised, and stare²
 As much surprised as Bob Adair
 At Russia's wooden houses;
 And Russian snows, that lie so thick;³
 And Russian boors* that daily kick
 With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight's hour,⁴
 To stroll through Covent-Garden's bower,
 Its various charms exploring;
 And, midst its shrubs and vacant stalls,
 And proud Piazza's crumbling walls,
 Hear trulls and watchmen snoring!

¹ Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio,

² Non secus in jugis
 Exsomnis stupet Evias,
 Hebrum prospiciens, ³ et nive candidam
 Thracen, ac *pede barbaro*
Lustratam Rhodopen.

⁴ Ut mihi devio
 Ripas, et vacuum nemus
 Mirari libet!

* There appears to have been some little mistake in the translator here. Rhodope is not, as he seems to imagine, the name of a woman, but of a mountain, and not in Russia. Possibly, however, the translator may have been misled by the inaccuracy of the traveller here alluded to.

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer,¹
The nymph of Billingsgate you cheer ;
 Naiads robust and hearty ;
As Brooks's chairmen fit to wield
Their stout oak bludgeons in the field,
 To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals ! no common voice you hear !²
Militia colonel, premier peer,
 Lieutenant of a county !
I speak high things ! yet, god of wine,
For thee, I fear not to resign
 These gifts of royal bounty.

¹ O Naiadum potens
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos.
² Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est
O Linæe sequi deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

No. XIX.

March 19, 1798.

FOR the authenticity of the inclosed ballad, we refer our readers to a volume of MS. poems discovered upon the removal of some papers, during the late alterations which have taken place at the Tax Office, in consequence of the reports of the Finance Committee.

It has been communicated to our printer by an ingenious friend of his, who occasionally acts for the deputy collector of the parish of St. Martin in the Fields; but without date, or any other mark, by which we are enabled to guess at the particular subject of the composition.

CHEVY CHASE.

[*Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord Chief Baron, (C.B. M.).*]

God prosper long our noble king,

Our lives and safeties all :

A woful story late there did

In Britain's Isle befall.

Duke Smithson,¹ of Northumberland,

A vow to God did make ;

The choicest gifts in fair England,

For him and his to take.

“Stand fast, my merry men all,” he cried,

“By Moira's Earl and me,

And we will gain place, wealth, and power,

As armed neutrality.

[¹ The only child of Percy, Duke of Northumberland, who died in 1750, was a daughter who had married Sir Hugh Smithson. Sir Hugh took the name of Percy, and was created Duke of Northumberland in 1767. This ballad is of his eldest son, Duke Smithson the Second.]

“Excise and customs, church and law,
I’ve begged from Master Rose ;
The garter too—but still the blues
I’ll have, or I’ll oppose.”

“Now God be with him,” quoth the king,
“Sith ’twill no better be ;
I trust we have within our realm
Five hundred good as he.”

The Duke then joined with Charley Fox,
A leader ware and tried,
And Erskine, Sheridan, and Grey
Fought stoutly by his side.

Throughout our English parliament,
They dealt full many a wound ;
But in his king’s and country’s cause,
Pitt firmly stood his ground.

And soon a law, like arrow keen,
Or spear, or curtal-axe,
Struck poor Duke Smithson to the heart,
In shape of powder tax.

Sore leaning on his crutch, he cried,
“Crop, crop, my merry men all ;
No guinea for your heads I’ll pay,
Though Church and State should fall.”

Again the taxing-man appeared—
No deadlier foe could be ;
A schedule of a cloth-yard long,
Within his hand bore he.

“Yield thee, Duke Smithson, and behold
The assessment thou must pay ;
Dogs, horses, houses, coaches, clocks,
And servants in array.”

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

"Nay," quoth the Duke, "in thy black scroll
Deductions I espy—
For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
With children burthened lie.

"And though full sixty thousand pounds
My vassals pay to me,
From Cornwall to Northumberland,
Through many a fair countée ;

"Yet England's Church, its king, its laws,
Its cause I value not,
Compared with this, my constant text,
A penny saved is got.

"No drop of princely Percy's blood
Through these cold veins doth run ;
With Hotspur's castles, blazon, name,
I still am poor Smithson.

"Let England's youth unite in arms,
And every liberal hand
With honest zeal subscribe their mite,
To save their native land :

"I at St. Martin's Vestry Board,
To swear shall be content,
That I have children eight, and claim
Deductions ten per cent."

God bless us all from factious foes,
And French fraternal kiss ;
And grant the king may never make
Another duke like this.

No. XX.

ODE TO JACOBINISM.

[*Author unknown. Ellis?*]*March 26, 1798.*

I.

DAUGHTER of Hell, insatiate power !
 Destroyer of the human race,
 Whose iron scourge and maddening hour
 Exalt the bad, the good debase ;
 Thy mystic force, despotic sway,
 Courage and innocence dismay,
 And patriot monarchs vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone !

II.

When first to scourge the sons of earth,
 Thy sire his darling child designed,
 Gallia received the monstrous birth—
 Voltaire informed thy infant mind :
 Well-chosen nurse ! his sophist lore
 He bade thee many a year explore !
 He marked thy progress, firm though slow,
 And statesmen, princes, leagued with their inveterate foe.

III.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 The morals (antiquated brood)
 Domestic virtue, social joy,
 And faith that has for ages stood ;

Swift they disperse, and with them go
 The friend sincere, the generous foe—
 Traitors to God and man avowed,
 By thee now raised aloft now crushed beneath the crowd.

IV.

Revenge, in blood-stained robe arrayed,
 Immersed in gloomy joy profound ;
 Ingratitude, by guilt dismayed,
 With anxious eye wild glancing round,
 Still on thy frantic steps attend :
 With Death, thy victim's only friend,
 Injustice, to the truth severe,
 And anguish, dropping still the life-consuming tear.

V.

Oh ! swiftly on my country's head,
 Destroyer, lay thy ruthless hand ;
 Not yet in Gallic terrors clad,
 Nor circled by the Marseilles band,
 (As by the initiate thou art seen)
 With thundering cannon, guillotine,
 With screaming horror's funeral cry,
 Fire, rapine, sword, and chains, and ghastly poverty.

IV.

Thy sophist veil, dread goddess, wear,
 Falsehood insidiously impart ;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To taint the mind, corrupt the heart ;
 The generous virtues of our isle
 Teach us to hate and to revile ;
 Our glorious charter's faults to scan,
 Time-sanctioned truths despise, and preach the Rights of Man.

AN ENGLISH JACOBIN.

No. XXI.

[*Canning and Frere (C.). Ellis (B.). Argument and Poem, Canning.
Frere's notes. Ellis (M.).*]

April 2, 1798.

WE premised in our sixteenth number that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the didactic poem, the "Progress of Man"—a work which, indeed, both from its bulk and the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a weekly paper—we should, nevertheless, give from time to time such extracts from it as we thought were likely to be useful to our readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following extract is from the twenty-third canto of this admirable and instructive poem, in which the author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space nor indeed the liberty to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. Higgins, of St. Mary-Axe) describes the vicious refinement of what is called Civilised Society in respect to marriage; contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of that institution, and paints in glowing colours the happiness and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the author alludes to a popular production of the German drama, the title of which is the "Reformed Housekeeper," which he expresses a hope of seeing transfused into the language of this country.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

ON MARRIAGE.

CONTENTS.

Marriage being indissoluble, the cause of its being so often unhappy.—Nature's Laws not consulted in this point.—Civilised Nations mistaken.—Otaheite—Happiness of the Natives thereof—Visited by Captain Cook, in his Majesty's ship *Endeavour*—Character of Captain Cook.—Address to Circumnavigation.—Description of his Majesty's ship *Endeavour*—Mast, Rigging, Sea-sickness, Prow, Poop, Mess-room, Surgeon's Mate—History of one.—Episode concerning Naval Surgery.—Catching a Thunny Fish.—Arrival at Otaheite—Cast Anchor—Land—Natives astonished.—Love—Liberty—Moral—Natural—Religious—Contrasted with European Manners—Strictness—Licence—Doctors' Commons—Dissolubility of Marriage recommended—Illustrated by a Game at Cards—Whist—Cribbage—Partners changed—Why not the same in Marriage?—Illustrated by a River.—Love free.—Priests, Kings.—German Drama—Kotzebue's "Housekeeper Reformed."—Moral Employments of Housekeeping described.—Hottentots sit and stare at each other—Query, why?—Address to the Hottentots.—History of the Cape of Good Hope.—*Résumé* of the Arguments against Marriage.—Conclusion.

EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands,¹ that crown the Southern Seas;
 Dear happy seats of liberty and ease!
 Hail! whose green coasts the peaceful ocean laves,
 Incessant washing with his watery waves!
 Delicious islands! to whose envied shore
 Thee, gallant Cook! the ship *Endeavour*² bore.

There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
 And light-winged loves, and blameless pleasures reign:
 There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
 No hireling Bonzes chant the mystic rite:

¹ The ceremony of invocation (in didactic poems especially) is in some measure analogous to the custom of drinking toasts: the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

² His Majesty's ship *Endeavour*.

Free every thought, each action unconfined,
And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
And flowers and shrubs, and odorous herbs among,
Each shepherd ¹ clasped, with undisguised delight.
His yielding fair one—in the captain's sight ;
Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
Preferred new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
Europe's cold laws,² and colder customs ³ bind—
O ! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What Otaheite ⁴ is, let Britain be !

Of whist or cribbage mark the amusing game—
The partners changing, but the sport the same ;
Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
—Yet must one ⁵ man, with one unceasing wife,
Play the long rubber of connubial life.

¹ In justice to our author we must observe that there is a delicacy in this picture which the words in their common acceptance do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our author's principles), or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of shepherd is a perfect sinecure (there being no sheep on the island), the mind of the reader is not offended by any disagreeable allusion.

² Laws made by parliaments or kings.

³ Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to.

⁴ M. Bailly and other astronomers have observed, that in consequence of the varying obliquity of the celtic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse ; the similarity here proposed relates to manners, not to local situation.

⁵ The word *one* here means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal.

Yes ! human laws, and laws esteemed divine,
 The generous passion straiten and confine ;
 And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
 Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
 So Passion,¹ narrowed to one channel small,
 Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
 —For Love then only flaps his purple wings,
 When uncontrolled by priestcraft, or by kings.

Such the strict rules, that in these barbarous climes,
 Choke youth's fair flowers, and feelings turn to crimes ;
 And people every walk of polished life ²
 With that two-headed monster, Man and Wife !

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe,
 Which from the general practice seem to swerve ;
 Such as, presented to Germania's ³ view,
 A Kotzebue's bold emphatic pencil drew ;
 Such as, translated in some future age,
 Shall add new glories to the British stage ;
 —While the moved audience sit in dumb despair,
 "Like Hottentots,⁴ and at each other stare."

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
 In matron weeds, a housekeeper appears.
 The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
 Her kerchief coloured, and her apron check.
 Can that be Adelaide, that "soul of whim,"
 Reformed in practice, and in manner prim ?

¹ As a stream—simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

² Walks of polished life ; see "Kensington Gardens," a poem.

³ Germania—Germany ; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani ; alluded to in "Cæsar's Commentaries," page 1, vol. 2, edit. prin.—See also several didactic poems.

⁴ A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why.

—On household cares intent,¹ with many a sigh
She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie ;
Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham ;
From the crushed berry strains the lucid jam ;
Bids brandied cherries,² by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe !
While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

.

¹ This delightful and instructive picture of domestic life is recommended to all keepers of boarding schools, and other seminaries of the same nature.

² It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed.—See Knight's "Progress of Civil Society."

My eye a noble fierceness boasts,
My voice as hollow as a ghost's,
My throat oft washed by factious toasts
In bumpers.

Whatever is in France, is right ;
Terror and blood are my delight ;
Parties with us do not excite
Enough rage.

Our boasted laws I hate and curse,
Bad from the first, by age grown worse,
I pant and sigh for univers-¹
al suffrage.

Wakefield I love—adore Horne Tooke,
With pride on Jones and Thelwall look,
And hope that they by hook or crook
Will prosper.

But they deserve the worst of ills,
And all the abuse of all our quills,
Who formed of strong and gagging bills
A cross pair.

Extinct since then each speaker's fire,
And silent every daring lyre,²
Dumfounded they whom I would hire
To lecture.

Tied up, alas ! is every tongue
On which conviction nightly hung,³
And Thelwall looks, though yet but young,
A spectre.

B. O. B.

¹ This division of the word is in the true spirit of the English as well as the ancient Sapphic.—See the "Counter-suffle," "Counter-rat," and other poems in this style.

² There is a doubt whether this word should not have been written *liar*.

³ These words, of *conviction* and *hanging*, have so ominous a sound, it is rather odd they were chosen.

[Erasmus Darwin was a physician at Lichfield, who corresponded with Rousseau, was in high professional repute, eccentric, and benevolent. If there was no more wisdom in him than Miss Seward saw and put on record in her life of him, he was not over-wise. He wrote verse when visiting his patients, in a carriage of his own invention which must greatly have surprised his horse. He turned eight acres of ground near Lichfield into a botanical garden in 1778, and wrote a poem, the "Botanic Garden," of which the second section, "The Loves of the Plants," was first published in 1789, the first section, "The Economy of Vegetation," in 1792. The poem was very much believed in until it was burlesqued in the *Anti-Jacobin*. It proposed to show—

"What Beaux and Beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves."

To "vegetable loves" Darwin appended the note that "Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both; and on their marriages has constructed his invaluable system of botany." This was the kind of stuff Erasmus Darwin produced as a poet:—

"Sweet blooms *Genista* in the myrtle shade,
And ten fond brothers woo the haughty maid.
Two knights before thy fragrant altar bend,
Adored *Melissa*! and two squires attend.
Meadia's soft chains five suppliant beaux confess,
And hand in hand the laughing belle address;
Alike to all she bows with wanton air,
Rolls her dark eye, and waves her golden hair."

Woo'd with long care, *Circuma*, cold and shy,
 Meets her fond husband with averted eye :
 Four beardless youths the obdurate beauty move
 With soft attention of Platonic love.
 With vain desires the pensive *Alva* burns,
 And, like sad *Eloisa*, loves and mourns.
 The freckled *Iris* owns a fiercer flame,
 And three unjealous husbands wed the dame.
Cupressus dark disdains his dusky bride,
 One dome contains them, but two beds divide.
 The proud *Osyris* flies his angry fair,
 Two houses hold the fashionable pair.
 With strange deformity *Plantago* treads,
 A monster birth ! and lifts his hundred heads ;
 Yet with soft love a gentle belle he charms,
 And clasps the beauty in his hundred arms.
 So hapless *Desdemona*, fair and young,
 Won by *Othello's* captivating tongue,
 Sighed o'er each strange and piteous tale, distressed,
 And sank enamoured on his sooty breast."

These eight-and-twenty lines of text Erasmus Darwin accompanied with more than one hundred and sixty prose lines of annotation ; and he perpetrated this absurdity at the mature age of fifty-eight.

Southey was a youth of two-and-twenty when he expressed his sense of the desolation that war brought into the homes of wives and children, whose husbands and fathers had been taken from them to be food for powder, in those verses which suggested, happily for us, the "Needy Knifegrinder." Ridicule hurts nothing that is true. Southey's theme was serious, his feeling real, and it will be seen that there is no attack upon the rich in the passing carriage and horseman ; only the suggestion that help was near, but the loud wind drowned the dying woman's voice, as in the tumult of political storm the weak voices of such sufferers are often swept unheard upon the winds :—

THE WIDOW.

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
 Weary and way-sore.

Dreary were the downs, more dreary her reflections ;
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom :
She had no home, the world was all before her,
 She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
"Pity me !" feebly cried the lonely wanderer.
"Pity me, strangers ! lest with cold and hunger
 Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends, but they have all forsook me !
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven !
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
 Pity me, strangers !

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow poor and broken-hearted !"
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
 On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her ;
She heard a horseman—"Pity me !" she groaned out ;
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
 On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold and hunger,
Down sunk the wanderer, sleep had seized her senses,
There did the traveller find her in the morning ;
 God had released her.

And these were the "Dactyls," written by Southey at two-and-twenty, ridiculed more roughly by Gifford with the lines ending, "God help thee, silly one!"

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

WEARY way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged wanderer! ah, for thy heavy chance!

Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre and livid and screaming its wretchedness.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Thy husband will never return from the war again,
Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as Charity!—
Cold are thy famished babes! God help thee, widowed one!

As to the measure of those lines, it is also to be remembered that if the principles of Latin quantity be applied to an English use of Latin measures, not only Southey's, but all such pieces, are metrically ridiculous. The shaping of the movement of the verse is by a conventional use of accent in the place of quantity. The mature Darwin as a poet was himself absurd; the young Southey was not.]

No. XXIII.

[*Frere (C.). Canning (B.). Introduction, Canning: Poem, Frere (M.).*]

April 16, 1798.

WE cannot better explain to our readers the design of the poem from which the following extracts are taken than by borrowing the expressions of the author, Mr. Higgins, of St. Mary Axe, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other didactic poem, the "Progress of Man;" and had, in the course of our remonstrance, hinted something to the disadvantage of the new principles which are now afloat in the world; and which are, in our opinion, working to much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

"What you call the new principles are, in fact, nothing less than new. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated man.

"If you mean by my addiction to new principles that the object which I have in view in my larger work (meaning the "Progress of Man"), and in the several other concomitant and subsidiary didactic poems which are necessary to complete my plan, is to restore this first and pure simplicity; to rescue and recover the interesting nakedness of human nature, by ridding her of the cumbrous establishments which the folly, and pride, and self-interest of the worst part of our species have heaped upon her—you are right. Such is my object. I do not disavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are abundance of abler hands at work upon it. Encyclopedias, treatises, novels, magazines, reviews, and new annual

registers, have, as you are well aware, done their part with activity, and with effect. It remained to bring the heavy artillery of a didactic poem to bear upon the same object.

"If I have selected your paper as the channel for conveying my labours to the public, it was not because I was unaware of the hostility of your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your attachment to 'things as they are;' but because, I will fairly own, I found some sort of cover and disguise necessary for securing the favourable reception of my sentiments; the usual pretexts of humanity and philanthropy and fine feeling, by which we have for some time obtained a passport to the hearts and understandings of men, being now worn out or exploded. I could not choose but smile at my success in the first instance in inducing you to adopt my poem as your own.

"But you have called for an explanation of these principles of ours, and you have a right to obtain it. Our first principle is, then—the reverse of the trite and dull maxim of Pope—'Whatever is, is right.' We contend, that 'Whatever is, is wrong;' that institutions, civil and religious, that social order (as it is called in your cant) and regular government and law, and I know not what other fantastic inventions, are but so many cramps and fetters on the free agency of man's natural intellect and moral sensibility; so many badges of his degradation from the primal purity and excellence of his nature.

"Our second principle is the 'eternal and absolute perfectibility of man.' We contend that if, as is demonstrable, we have risen from a level with the cabbages of the field to our present comparatively intelligent and dignified state of existence by the mere exertion of our own energies, we should if these energies were not repressed and subdued by the operation of prejudice and folly, by kingcraft and priestcraft, and the other evils incident to what is called Civilised Society, continue to exert and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely greater than anything of which we yet have any notion—in a ratio hardly capable of being calculated by any science of which we are now masters; but which would in time raise man from his present biped state

to a rank more worthy of his endowments and aspirations ; to a rank in which he would be, as it were, all mind ; would enjoy unclouded perspicacity, and perpetual vitality ; feed on oxygen, and never die but by his own consent.

“ But though the poem of the “ Progress of Man ” alone would be sufficient to teach this system and enforce these doctrines, the whole practical effect of them cannot be expected to be produced but by the gradual perfecting of each of the sublimer sciences—at the husk and shell of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel whereof, in our present state, we cannot hope to arrive. These several sciences will be the subjects of the several auxiliary didactic poems which I have now in hand (one of which, entitled the “ Loves of the Triangles,” I herewith transmit to you), and for the better arrangement and execution of which I beseech you to direct your bookseller to furnish me with a handsome Chambers’s Dictionary ; in order that I may be enabled to go through the several articles alphabetically, beginning with Abracadabra, under the first letter, and going down to Zodiac, which is to be found under the last.

“ I am persuaded that there is no science, however abstruse, nay, no trade nor manufacture, which may not be taught by a didactic poem. In that before you, an attempt is made (not unsuccessfully I hope) to enlist the imagination under the banners of geometry : botany I found done to my hands. And though the more rigid and unbending stiffness of a mathematical subject does not admit of the same appeals to the warmer passions, which naturally arise out of the sexual (or, as I have heard several worthy gentlewomen of my acquaintance, who delight much in the poem to which I allude, term it, by a slight misnomer no way difficult to be accounted for—the sensual) system of Linnæus ;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of Euclid and algebra, will be found to have smoothed the road of demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of elementary propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the Asses’ Bridge with flowers.”

Such is the account which Mr. Higgins gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the absolute perfectibility of our species, and are in truth liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with things as they are than Mr. Higgins and his associates, yet as we are in at least the same proportion less convinced of the practical influence of didactic poems, we apprehend little danger to our readers' morals from laying before them Mr. Higgins's doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking kind—various and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing impersonifications; and similitudes and illustrations brought from the most ordinary and the most extraordinary occurrences of nature—from history and fable—appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the poem professes to treat rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprised to hear that it has assisted any young student, at either university, in his mathematical studies.

We need hardly add that the plates illustrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expensive for our publication) are to be found in Euclid's Elements, and other books of a similar tendency.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Warning to the Profane not to approach—Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology—Cyclois of a pensive turn—Pendulums, on the contrary, playful—and why?—Sentimental union of the Naiads and Hydrostatics—Marriage of Euclid and Algebra.—Pulley the emblem of Mechanics—Optics of a licentious disposition—distinguished by her Telescope and Green Spectacles.—Hyde Park Gate on a Sunday morning—Cockneys—Coaches.—Didactic poetry—Nonsensia—Love delights in Angles or Corners—Theory of Fluxions explained—Trochais, the Nymph of the Wheel—Smoke-Jack described—Personification

of elementary or culinary Fire.—Little Jack Horner—Story of Cinderella—Reetangle, a Magician, educated by Plato and Menecmus—in love with Three Curves at the same time—served by Gins, or Genii—transforms himself into a Cone—The Three Curves requite his passion—Description of them—Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis—Asymptotes—Conjugated Axes—Illustrations—Rewbell, Barras, and Lepaux, the Three Virtuous Directors—Macbeth and the Three Witches—The Three Fates—The Three Graces—King Lear and his Three Daughters—Derby Diligence—Catherine Wheel.—Catastrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and Three Daughters overturned in a One-Horse Chaise—Dislocation and Contusion two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to drivers to be careful—Genius of the Post Office—Invention of Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—remarkable Direction of one—Hippona, the Goddess of Hack-horses—Parameter and Abscissa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himself in a Square—Isosees, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Proposition, or Asses' Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Raft and Windmills—Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom—Conclusion.

CANTO I.

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade
 The Muses' haunts, ye sons of war and trade !
 Nor you, ye legion fiends of Church and law,
 Pollute these pages with unhallowed paw !
 Debased, corrupted, grovelling, and confined, 5
 No Definitions touch your senseless mind ;
 To you no Postulates prefer their claim,
 No ardent Axioms your dull souls inflame ;
 For you no Tangents touch, no Angles meet
 No Circles join in osculation sweet ! 10

Ver. 1-4. Imitated from the introductory couplet to the "Economy of Vegetation":—

"Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts enfold
 The legion fiends of glory and of gold."

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

Ver. 6. Definition.—A distinct notion explaining the genesis of a thing.—*Wolffius.*

Ver. 7. Postulate.—A self-evident proposition.

Ver. 8. Axiom.—An indemonstrable truth.

Ver. 9. Tangents.—So called from touching, because they touch circles and never cut them.

Ver. 10. Circles.—See Chambers's Dictionary, Art. "Circle."

Ditto, Osculation.—For the osculation, or kissing of circles and other curves, see Huygens, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

For me, ye Cissoids, round my temples bend
 Your wandering curves ; ye Conchoids extend ;
 Let playful Pendules quick vibration feel,
 While silent Cyclois rests upon her wheel ;
 Let Hydrostatics, simpering as they go, 15
 Lead the light naiads on fantastic toe ;
 Let shrill Acoustics tune the tiny lyre ;
 With Euclid sage fair Algebra conspire ;
 The obedient pulley strong Mechanics ply,
 And wanton Optics roll the melting eye ! 20

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
 The flaunting drapery and the languid leer ;
 Fair sylphish forms—who, tall, erect, and slim,
 Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of limb ;
 To viewless harpings weave the meaningless dance, 25
 Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confusion charms the ravished sight,
 When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite.

Ver. 11. Cissois.—A curve supposed to resemble the sprig of ivy from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to poetry.

Ver. 12. Conchois, or Conchylis.—A most beautiful and picturesque curve ; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a conch shell. The conchois is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the animal and mathematical creation. Every individual of this species containing within itself a series of young conchoids for several generations, in the same manner as the aphides and other insect tribes are observed to do.

Ver. 15. Hydrostatics.—Water has been supposed by several of our philosophers to be capable of the passion of love. Some later experiments appear to favour this idea. Water, when pressed by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to simmer, or simmer, as it is more usually called. The same does not hold true of any other element.

Ver. 17. Acoustics.—The doctrine or theory of sound.

Ver. 18. Euclid and Algebra.—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages, forming a considerable episode in the third canto, are purposely omitted here.

Ver. 19. Pulley.—So called from our Saxon word to pull, signifying to pull or draw.

Ver. 23. Fair sylphish forms.—I'ide modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

Ver. 27. Such rich confusion.—Imitated from the following genteel and sprightly lines in the first canto of the "Loves of the Plants"—

So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,
 Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
 Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,
 And soft airs fan them as they glide along.

Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crowd along,
 Presses round Grosvenor Gate the impatient throng ; 30
 White-muslined misses and mammas are seen,
 Linked with gay cockneys, glittering o'er the green :
 The rising breeze unnumbered charms displays,
 And the tight ankle strikes the astonished gaze.

But chief, thou nurse of the didactic Muse, 35
 Divine Nonsensia, all thy sense infuse ;
 The charms of secants and of tangents tell,
 How loves and graces in an angle dwell ;
 How slow progressive points protract the line,
 As pendant spiders spin the filmy twine ; 40

Ver. 38. Angle.—Gratus puellæ risus ab Angulo.—*Hor.*

Ver. 39. How slow progressive points.—The author has reserved the picturesque imagery which the "Theory of Fluxions" naturally suggested for his Algebraic Garden ; where the fluents are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of curves of the higher order, over a pebbly channel, inlaid with differential calculi.

In the following six lines he has confined himself to a strict explanation of the theory, according to which lines are supposed to be generated by the motion of points ; planes by the lateral motion of lines ; and solids from planes, by a similar process.

Quare.—Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the Genesis, or original formation of space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organised creation to his six filaments—*vide* Zoonomia. We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single point. We may conceive this primeval point, or *punctum saliens* of the universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired ; after which, the right line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an area of infinite extent. This area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing universe.

Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated ; after which, the Filament of Fire being produced in the Chaotic Mass, by an Idiosyncrasy, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, Explosion would take place ; suns would be shot from the central chaos ; planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things, the Filament of Organisation would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which, in proportion to their

How lengthened lines, impetuous sweeping round,
 Spread the wide plane, and mark its circling bound ;
 How planes, their substance with their motion grown,
 Form the huge cube, the cylinder, the cone.

Lo ! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends, 45
 The fair Trochais from the corner bends !
 Her coal-black eyes upturned incessant mark
 The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark ;
 Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between,
 'Her much loved smoke-jack glimmers through the scene ; 50
 'Mark, how his various parts together tend,
 Point to one purpose,—in one object end :
 The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
 Drags the long chain, the polished axles glow,
 While slowly circumsolves the piece of beef below : 55
 The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
 Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.

bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of light and heat. This Filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to ramify, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things, it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of Vegetables, and that these being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them, in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence. Others by an inherent disposition to society and civilisation, and by a stronger effort of volition, would become Men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet ; their tails would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state ; they would invent language, and the use of fire, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of society. In the meanwhile, the fuci and algæ, with the corallines and madrepores, would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

Ver. 46. *Trochais*.—The nymph of the wheel, 'supposed to be in love' with smoke-jack.

Ver. 56. *The conscious fire*.—The sylphs and genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them ; those of fire are supposed to divert themselves with writing Kunkel in phosphorus.—See "Economy of Vegetation.

"Or mark, with shining letters, Kunkel's name
 In the slow phosphor's self-consuming flame."

So youthful Horner rolled the roguish eye,
 Culled the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
 And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy am I." 60

So she, sad victim of domestic spite,
 Fair Cinderella, past the wintry night
 In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
 Her form disfigured, and her charms obscured.
 Sudden her godmother appears in sight, 65
 Lifts the charmed rod, and chants the mystic rite.
 The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
 And feels new earrings deck her listening ears;
 While midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
 Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart aigrette; 70
 Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
 And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet.
 Six cock-tailed mice transport her to the ball,
 And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

Ver. 68. Listening ears.—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond ear-rings. See the description of Nebuchadnezzar, in his transformed state,

"Nor flattery's self can pierce his pendent ears."

In poetical diction, a person is said to "breathe the *blue* air," and to "drink the *hoarse* wave!" not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a double relation, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

Ver. 73. Cock-tailed mice—*coctilibus muris*.—*Ovid*.—There is reason to believe, that the *murine*, or *mouse* species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

*"Dicitur altam
 Coctilibus Muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem."*

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the

Alas! that partial Science should approve
The sly Rectangle's too licentious love!
For three bright nymphs, &c. &c.

75

(To be continued.)

early history of every country. The ancient laws of Wales estimate a cat at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her if she were suspended by the tail with her forefeet touching the ground.—See *Howell Dda*. In Germany it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, were employed as the ministers of divine vengeance against a feudal tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

No. XXIV.

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

(Continued.)

Ellis (C. W.). Canning (B.). Ellis. From v. 144, Canning (M.).]

CANTO I.

April 23, 1798.

A LAS! that partial Science should approve 75
 The sly Rectangle's too licentious love!
 For three bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
 Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.
 Strange force of magic skill! combined of yore
 With Plato's science and Menecmus' lore. 80
 In Afric's schools, amid those sultry sands,
 High on its base where Pompey's pillar stands.
 This learnt the seer; and learnt, alas! too well,
 Each scribbled talisman, and smoky spell:
 What muttered charms, what soul-subduing arts 85
 Fell Zatanai to his sons imparts.

Ver. 76. Rectangle.—"A figure which has one angle, or more, of ninety degrees." *Johnson's Dictionary.* It here means a right-angled triangle, which is therefore incapable of having more than one angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our author's *Protopopæia*, be supposed to be in love with three, or any greater number of nymphs.

Ver. 80. Plato's and Menecmus' lore.—Proclus attributes the discovery of the conic sections to Plato, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to Menecmus. "*Neque Menecmeos necesse erit in Cono secare ternarios.*"—*Vide Montucla.* From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our author's beautiful fiction) Rectangle either did or might learn magic.

Ver. 86. Zatanai.—Supposed to be the same with Satan.—*Vide* the "New Arabian Nights," translated by Cazotte, author of "Le Diable Amoureux."

Gins—black and huge ! who in Dom-Daniel's cave
 Writhe your scorched limbs on sulphur's azure wave,
 Or, shivering, yell amidst eternal snows,
 Where cloud-capped Caf protrudes his granite toes : 90
 (Bound by his will, Judæa's fabled king,
 Lord of Aladdin's Lamp and mystic Ring).
 Gins ! ye remember ! for your toil conveyed
 Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid ;
 Air, earth, and sea ye searched, and where below 95
 Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes glow,—
 Gins ! ye beheld appalled the enchanter's hand
 Wave in dark air the hypthenusal wand ;
 Saw him the mystic circle trace, and wheel
 With head erect, and far extended heel ; 100

Ver. 87. Gins.—The Eastern name for Genii.—*Vide* "Tales" of ditto.

Ver. 87. Dom-Daniel.—A submarine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai usually held his court.—*Vide* "New Arabian Nights."

Ver. 88. Sulphur.—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it attracts oxygen (a process usually called burning), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expense, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone matches, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an azure or blue light.

Ver. 90. Caf.—The Indian Caucasus.—*Vide* Bailly's "Lettres sur l'Atlantide," in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog (now resident in Guildhall!), as well as of the Peris, or fairies, of the Asiatic romances.

Ver. 91. Judæa's fabled king.—Mr. Higgins does not mean to deny that Solomon was really King of Judæa. The epithet fabled applies to that empire over the Genii which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

Ver. 96. Young volcanoes.—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted are certainly not viviparous ; it is therefore probable that there exists in the centre of the earth a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

Ver. 100. Far extended heel.—The personification of Rectangle, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. Higgins's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a cone was generated by the revolution of a triangle ; but this, as our author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the triangle that expansive nîsus, discovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organisation. Our enchanter sits on

Saw him, with speed that mocked the dazzled eye,
 Self-whirled, in quick gyrations eddying fly :
 Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
 Fair Venus' emblem—the Phœnician cone.

Triumphs the Seer, and now secure observes 105
 The kindling passions of the rival curves.

And first, the fair Parabola behold
 Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold !
 Though, on one focus fixed, her eyes betray
 A heart that glows with love's resistless sway ; 110
 Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
 Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
 Still ere she reach it, from his polished side
 Her trembling hands in devious tangents glide.

Not thus Hyperbola :—with subtlest art 115
 The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part ;
 Quick as her conjugated axes move
 Through every posture of luxurious love,

the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or hypotheruse) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work), and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the azote of the air, which he decomposes by expiration from his lungs—an immense quantity, and which, in our present unimproved and uneconomical mode of breathing, is quite thrown away. By this simple process, the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

Ver. 104. Phœnician Cone.—It was under this shape that Venus was worshipped in Phœnicia. Mr. Higgins thinks it was the Venus Urania, or Celestial Venus ; in allusion to which, the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper—he also believes that the conical form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus.

Ver. 107. Parabola.—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttlecocks, &c.

Ver. 115. Hyperbola.—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically ; and therefore blue-eyed.

Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand ;
 Her charms unveiled provoke the lover's hand :— 120
 Unveiled, except in many a filmy ray
 Where light Asymptotes o'er her bosom play,
 Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

Yet why, Ellipsis, at thy fate repine ?
 More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine. 125
 Though to each fair his treacherous wish may stray,
 Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
 'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
 Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with endless
 chain.

Thus, happy France ! in thy regenerate land, 130
 Where Taste with Rapine saunters hand in hand :
 Where, nursed in seats of innocence and bliss,
 Reform greets Terror with fraternal kiss ;
 Where mild Philosophy first taught to scan
 The wrongs of Providence, and rights of man ; 135
 Where Memory broods o'er Freedom's earlier scene,
 The lantern bright, and brighter guillotine ;—
 Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
 And woo the young Republic's virgin charms :
 And though proud Barras with the fair succeed, 140
 Though not in vain the attorney Rewbell plead,
 Oft doth the impartial nymph their love forego,
 To clasp thy crookèd shoulders, blessed Lepaux !

So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
 Three sister witches hailed the appalled Macbeth. 145

Ver. 122. Asymptotes.—"Lines, which though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet being still produced infinitely, will never meet."—*Johnson's Dictionary.*

Ver. 124. Ellipsis.—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an ellipsoid, or solid, resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. Ellipsis is the only curve that embraces the cone.

So, the three Fates, beneath grim Pluto's roof,
 Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof;
 'Till deadly Atropos, with fatal shears,
 Slits the thin promise of the expected years,
 While 'midst the dungeon's gloom, or battle's din, 150
 Ambition's victims perish, as they spin.

Thus, the three Graces on the Idalian green,
 Bow with deft homage to Cythera's queen;
 Her polished arms with pearly bracelets deck,
 Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck; 155
 Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
 And teach the unconscious zephyrs where to blow;
 Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
 The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

So, with his daughters three, the unsceptered Lear 160
 Heaved the loud sigh, and poured the glistening tear;
 His daughters three, save one alone, conspire
 (Rich in his gifts) to spurn their generous sire;
 Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
 Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retrench; 165
 Mock his mad sorrow, and, with altered mien,
 Renounce the daughter, and assert the queen.
 A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse,
 Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulse;
 Till kind Cordelia soothes his soul to rest, 170
 And folds the parent-monarch to her breast.

Thus, some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,
 Vexed with dull megrim, or vertigo light;
 Pleased round the fair three dawdling doctors stand,
 Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand, 175
 State the grave doubt,—the nauseous draught decree,
 And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashburn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying three insides.
One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease, 180
With folded arms, propt back, and outstretched knees :
While the pressed bodkin, punched and squeezed to death,
Sweats in the midmost place, and scolds, and pants for breath.

(To be continued.)

No. XXV.

BRISSOT'S GHOST.*

[*Frere (B.). But not claimed by Frere. Author unknown.*]

April 30, 1798.

AS at the Shakspeare Tavern dining,
 O'er the well-replenished board
 Patriotic chiefs reclining,
 Quick and large libations poured ;
 While, in fancy, great and glorious,
 'Midst the democratic storm,
 Fox's crew, with shout victorious,
 Drank to radical reform.

Sudden up the staircase sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
 Then, each guest with fear confounding,
 A grim train of ghosts appeared :
 Each a head with anguish gasping
 (Himself a trunk deformed with gore),
 In his hand, terrific, clasping,
 Stalked across the wine-stained floor.

On them gleamed the lamp's blue lustre,
 When stern Brissot's grisly shade
 His sad bands was seen to muster,
 And his bleeding troops arrayed.

* [Parody on Richard Glover's ballad of "Hosier's Ghost."]

Through the drunken crowd he hied him,
 Where the chieftain sate enthroned,
 There, his shadowy trunks beside him,
 Thus in threatening accents groaned.

“Heed, oh heed, our fatal story
 (I am Brissot’s injured ghost),
 You who hope to purchase glory
 In that field where I was lost !
 Though dread Pitt’s expected ruin
 Now your soul with triumph cheers,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your hopes with fears.

“See these helpless headless spectres
 Wandering through the midnight gloom ;
 Mark their Jacobinic lectures
 Echoing from the silent tomb.
 These thy soul with terror filling,
 Once were patriots fierce and bold !”
 (Each his head with gore distilling
 Shakes, the whilst his tale is told.)

“Some, from that dread engine’s carving,
 In vain contrived their heads to save—
 See Barbaroux and Petion¹ starving
 In the Languedocian Cave !
 See in a higgler’s² hamper buckled
 How Louvet’s soaring spirit lay !
 How virtuous Roland,³ hapless cuckold,
 Blew what brains he had away.

¹ Such was the end of these worthies. They were found starved to death in a cave in Languedoc.—*Vide* Barrere’s Report.

² See Louvet’s “*Recit de mes Perils*.”

³ The virtuous Roland. This philosophic coxcomb is the idol of those who admire the French Revolution up to a certain point.

"How beneath the power of Marat
 Condorcet, blaspheming, fell,
 Begged some laudanum of Garat,¹
 Drank—and slept—to wake in hell!
 Oh, that, with worthier souls uniting,
 I in my country's cause had shone!
 Had died my sovereign's battle fighting,
 Or nobly propt his sinking throne!—

"But hold!—I scent the gales of morning—
 Covent-Garden's clock strikes one!
 Heed, oh heed my earnest warning,
 Ere England is, like France, undone!
 To Saint Stephen's quick repairing,
 Your dissembled Mania end;
 And your errors past, forswearing,
 Stand at length your Country's Friend!"

¹ This little anecdote is not generally known. It is strikingly pathetic. Garat has recorded this circumstance in a very eloquent sentence—"O toi, qui arrêtas la main avec laquelle tu traçais le progrès de l'esprit humain, pour porter sur tes lèvres le breuvage mortel, d'autres pensées et d'autres sentimens ont incliné ta volonté vers le tombeau, dans ta dernière délibération." (Garat, it seems, did not choose to poison *himself*.) "Tu as rendu à la liberté éternelle ton âme Républicaine par ce poison qui avait été partagé entre nous comme le pain entre des frères."

"Oh you, who with that hand which was tracing the progress of the human mind, approached the mortal mixture to your lips, it was by other thoughts and other sentiments that your judgment was at length determined in that last deliberated act. You restored your Republican spirit to an eternal freedom by that poison which we had shared together, like a morsel of bread between two brothers."

No. XXVI.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

[*Canning, Gifford, and Frere (C.). Canning, Ellis, and Frere (F. M.).
Canning (W. B.).*]

May 7, 1798.

THE frequent solicitations which we have received for a continuation of the "Loves of the Triangles," have induced us to lay before the public (with Mr. Higgins's permission) the concluding lines of the canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the episode of Hipponia, contained, in our apprehension, several reflections of too free a nature. The conspiracy of Parometer and Abscissa against the Ordinate is written in a strain of poetry so very splendid and dazzling as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction which our readers admire in Mr. Higgins. We have therefore begun our extract with the loves of the Giant Isosceles, and the picture of the Asses' Bridge, and its several illustrations.

CANTO I.

EXTRACT.

'Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
Isosceles!¹ that rebel heart to tame!
In vain coy Mathesis² thy presence flies:
Still turn her fond hallucinating³ eyes;

¹ *Isosceles*.—An equi-crural triangle. It is represented as a giant, because Mr. Higgins says he has observed that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

² *Mathesis*.—The doctrine of Mathematics. P'ope calls her *mad Mathesis*—*Vide* Johnson's Dictionary.

³ *Hallucinating*.—The disorder with which Mathesis is affected is a disease of

Thrills with galvanic fires¹ each tortuous nerve,
 Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.
 —Yet strives the fair, till in the giant's breast
 She sees the mutual passion-flame confessed :
 Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace
 Internal angles² equal at the base ;
 Again she doubts him : but, produced at will,
 She sees the external angles equal still.

Say, blessed Isosceles ! what favouring power,
 Or love, or chance, at night's auspicious hour,
 While to the Asses' Bridge³ entranced you strayed,
 Led to the Asses' Bridge the enamoured maid ?
 —The Asses' Bridge, for ages doomed to hear
 The deafening surge assault his wooden ear,
 With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
 The soft susurrant sigh, and gently murmuring kiss.

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
 Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide ;

increased volition, called erotomania, or sentimental love. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class ; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Kay in the lobby of the playhouse.—*I'ide* "Zoonomia," vol. ii. pp. 363, 365.

¹ *Galvanic fires*.—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility ; and Mr. Higgins is of opinion that by means of this discovery the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be in future considerably enlarged. "Since dead frogs (says he) are awakened by this fluid to such a degree of posthumous sensibility as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes so much more sensible when alive ? And if so, why not employ this new stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of various old-fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of modern philosophy, and the example of Count Cagliostro ?"

² *Internal angles*, &c.—This is an exact versification of Euclid's 5th theorem.—*I'ide* Euclid *in loco*.

³ *Asses' Bridge*.—*Pons asinorum*.—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem, though, as Mr. Higgins thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion. But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (*vide* Townsend's "Travels through Spain"), the case may possibly be different.

Where oft—returning from those green retreats,
 Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats ;—
 Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
 Sips the frothed syllabub, or fragrant tea ;
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,
 Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;
 —There oft, in well-trimmed wherry, glide along
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng ;
 Smells the tarred rope—with undulation fine
 Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine ;
 “Shoot we the bridge !”—the venturous boatmen cry—
 “Shoot we the bridge !”—the exulting fare¹ reply.
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
 Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
 —The veering helm the dexterous steersman stops,
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops ;
 Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and quick-drawn breath,
 Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
 —Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock,
 The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock ;
 The shifted oar, dropped sail, and steadied helm,
 With angry surge the closing waters overwhelm—
 Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.
 —Drenched each smart garb, and clogged each struggling limb,
 Far o'er the stream the cockneys sink or swim :
 While each badged boatman² clinging to his oar,
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

So, towering Alp ! from thy majestic ridge³
 Young freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-stained bridge ;

¹ *Fare*.—A person or a number of persons conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

² *Badged boatman*.—Boatmen sometimes wear a badge, to distinguish them, especially those who belong to the Watermen's Company.

³ *Alp or Alps*.—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal

—Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
 Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons crush ;
 —Burst in bright radiance through the battle's storm,
 Waved her broad hands, displayed her awful form ;
 Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
 And twined the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.
 —Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and altered zeal,
 The slaves of despots drop the blunted steel :
 Exulting victory owned her favourite child,
 And freed Liguria clapped her hands and smiled.

Nor long the time ere Britain's shores shall greet
 The warrior-sage with gratulation sweet :
 Eager to grasp the wreath of naval fame,
 The great republic plans the floating frame !
 —O'er the huge plane gigantic terror stalks,
 And counts, with joy, the close-compacted balks ;
 Of young-eyed Massacres the cherub crew,
 Round their grim chief the mimic task pursue ;
 Turn the stiff screw,¹ apply the strengthening clamp,
 Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,
 Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
 Join the firm dove-tail with adjustment nice,
 Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
 —Or, grouped in fairy bands, with playful care,
 The unconscious bullet to the furnace bear ;

and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic chronology.

¹ *Turn the stiff screw*, &c.—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the "Economy of Vegetation":—

Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
 The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine ;
 Grind with strong arm, the circling chertz betwixt,
 Your pure ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt,—*Canto 2, l. 297.*

Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire ;
 Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
 The windmill¹ waves his woven wings in air ;
 Swells the proud sail, the exulting streamers fly,
 Their nimble fins unnumbered paddles ply :
 Ye soft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
 And, fraught with freedom, bear the expected raft !
 Perched on her back, behold the patriot train,
 Muir, Ashley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine ;
 While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled rein.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
 Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering storm ;
 Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
 And guide the sweet Enthusiast² as she swims !

—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
 And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand :
 —The Communes spread, the gay Departments smile,
 Fair Freedom's Plant o'ershades the laughing isle :
 —Fired with new hopes, the exulting peasant sees
 The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze ;
 While, pleased to watch its undulating charms,
 The smiling infant³ spreads his little arms.

¹ *The windmill*, &c.—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense. I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.—EDITOR.

² *Sweet enthusiast*, &c.—A term usually applied in allegoric or technical poetry, to any person or object to which no other qualifications can be assigned.—*Chambers's Dictionary*.

³ *The smiling infant*.—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles. See the "Bloody Buoy;" see also the following description and prediction :—

"Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
 And dash proud Superstition from her base ;

Ye sylphs of death, on demon pinions flit,
 Where the tall guillotine is raised for Pitt :
 To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,¹
 Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack ;
 Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
 Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din ;
 The liberated head rolls off below;²
 And simpering Freedom hails the happy blow !

Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
 &c. &c. &c. &c.

While each light moment as it passes by,
 With feathery foot and pleasure twinkling eye,
 Feeds from its baby-hand, with many a kiss,
 The callow nestlings of domestic bliss."—*Botanic Garden*.

¹ *The monster's back*.—Le Monstre Pitt, l'ennemi du genre humain.—See
 "Debates of the Legislators of the Grand Nation," *passim*.

² Atque illud pronò præceptis agitur decursus.—*Catullus*.

No. XXVII.

May 14, 1798.

THE gallant defence of the Isles of St. Marcou would justify a more serious celebration than is attempted in the following poem ; and the modest and unassuming manner in which Lieutenant Price gives the account of services so highly meritorious, adds to the hope which we entertain that he will meet a more solid reward than any verse of ours or of our correspondent's could bestow.

Citizen Muskein, if he understands Horace, and can read English, will be amply rewarded for the victory of which he has, no doubt, by this time made a pompous report to the Directory, by the perusal of the 14th ode of the first book, for which we have to return our thanks to a classical correspondent.

A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO HIS GUNBOATS.

BY CITIZEN MUSKEIN.

[*Lord Morpeth (B.).*]*O Navis, referent in mare te novi fluctus.*

O GENTLE gunboats, whom the Seine
Discharged from Havre to the main ;
Now leaky, creaking, blood-bespattered,
With rudders broken, canvas shattered—
O tempt the treacherous sea no more,
But gallantly regain the shore.

Scarce could our guardian goddess, Reason,
Ensure your timbers through the season :

Though built of wood from famed Marseilles,
 Well manned from galleys, and from jails ;
 Though with Lepaux's, and Rewbell's aid,
 By Pleville's skill your keel was laid ;
 Though lovely Stael, and lovelier Stone,¹
 Have worked their fingers to the bone,
 And cut their petticoats to rags
 To make your bright three-coloured flags ;
 Yet sacrilegious grape and ball
 Deform the works of Stone and Stael,
 And trembling, without food or breeches.
 Our sailors curse the painted ——.²

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus. O quid agis?—fortiter occupa
 Portum. Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum remigio latus,
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
 Antennæque gemant? Ac sine funibus
 Vix durare carinæ
 Possint imperiosius
 Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea ;
 Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo ;
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis,
 Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.
 Nil *pictis* timidus navita *puppibus*
 Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave,
 Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas.

¹ Stone—better known by the name of Williams.

² We decline printing this rhyme at length, from obvious reasons of delicacy ; at the same time that it is so accurate a translation of *pictis puppibus*, that we know not how to suppress it, without doing the utmost injustice to the general spirit of the poem.

Children of Muskein's anxious care,
 Source of my hope and my despair,
 Gunboats—unless you mean hereafter
 To furnish food for British laughter—
 Sweet gunboats, with your gallant crew,
 Tempt not the rocks of Saint Marcou;
 Beware the Badger's bloody pennant,
 And that d——d invalid Lieutenant!*

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

JEAN BON SAINT ANDRÉ.

[*Canning, Gifford, Frere (C.). Canning, Ellis, Frere (R.). Canning, Introduction: Poem, Canning, Ellis, Frere (M.).*]

THE following exquisite tribute to the memory of an unfortunate republican is written with such touching sensibility, that those who can command salt tears must prepare to shed them. The narrative is simple and unaffected; the event in itself interesting; the moral obvious and awful. We have only to observe, that as this account of the transaction is taken from the French papers, it may possibly be somewhat partial. The Dey's own statement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of humanity will join with us in expressing a candid and benevolent hope, that this business may not tend to kindle the flames of war between these two unchristian powers; but that by mutual concession and accommodation, they may come to some point (short of the restoration of Jean Bon's head on his shoulders, which, in this stage of the discussion, is hardly practicable), by which the peace of the pagan world may be preserved. For our part, we pretend not to decide from which quarter the concessions ought

[* Lieutenant Charles Papps Price, who, on the night of the 6th May 1798, with a handful of men, defeated an attempt to take by storm the Island of Marcouf with a French force, under Muskein, from La Hogue. Price was promoted for that service.]

principally to be made. It is but candid to allow, that there are probably faults on both sides, in this, as in most other cases. For the character of the Dey, we profess a sincere respect on the one hand; and on the other, we naturally wish that the head of Jean Bon Saint André should be reserved for his own guillotine.

ELEGY, OR DIRGE.

I.

ALL in the town of Tunis,
In Africa the torrid,
On a Frenchman of rank
Was played such a prank,
As Lepaux must think quite horrid.

II.

No story half so shocking,
By kitchen fire, or laundry,
Was ever heard tell,—
As that which befell
The great Jean Bon Saint André.

III.

Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the first of June—
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

IV.

To Paris then returning,
And recovered from his panic,
He translated the plan,
Of Paine's "Rights of Man,"
Into language Mauritanic.

V.

He went to teach at Tunis—
Where as Consul he was settled—
 Amongst other things,
 “ That the people are kings ! ”
Whereat the Dey was nettled.

VI.

The Moors being rather stupid,
And in temper somewhat mulish,
 Understood not a word
 Of the doctrine they heard,
And thought the Consul foolish.

VII.

He formed a Club of Brothers,
And moved some resolutions—
 “ Ho ! Ho ! (says the Dey),
 So this is the way
That the French make Revolutions.”

VIII.

The Dey then gave his orders
In Arabic and Persian—
 “ Let no more be said—
 But bring me his head !—
These Clubs are my aversion.”

IX.

The Consul quoted Wicquefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius ;
 And proved from Vattel,
 Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

X.

'Twould have moved a Christian's bowels,
 To hear the doubts he stated ;—
 But the Moors they did
 As they were bid,
 And strangled him while he prated.

XI.

His head, with a sharp-edged sabre,
 They severed from his shoulders,
 And stuck it on high,
 Where it caught the eye.
 To the wonder of all beholders.

XII.

This sure is a doleful story
 As e'er you heard or read of ;—
 If at Tunis you prate
 Of matters of state,
 Anon they cut your head off !

XIII.

But we hear the French Directors
 Have thought the point so knotty ;
 That the Dey having shown
 He dislikes Jean Bon,
 They have sent him Bernadotte.

On recurring to the French papers, to verify our correspondent's statement of this singular adventure of Jean Bon Saint André, we discovered, to our great mortification, that it happened at Algiers, and not at Tunis. We should have corrected this mistake, but for two reasons—first, that Algiers would not stand in the verse ; and, secondly, that we are informed by the young man who conducts the geographical department of the *Morning Chronicle*, that both the towns are in Africa, or Asia (he is not quite certain which), and, what is more to the purpose, that both are peopled by Moors. Tunis, therefore, may stand.

No. XXVIII.

May 21, 1798.

WE have received the following letter, with the poem that accompanies it, from a gentleman whose political opinions have, hitherto, differed from our own; but who appears to feel, as every man who loves his country must, that there can be but one sentiment entertained by Englishmen at the present moment.

Were we at liberty, we should be happy to do justice to the author, and credit to ourselves, by mentioning his name.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ANTI-JACOBIN."

[*Frere, B. B. (C.). Hammond (B.). Sir Brooke Boothby¹ (M.). It was not claimed by Frere, and was probably by Sir Brooke Boothby—Canning's B. B.—revised by Frere for publication.*]

SIR,—However men may have differed on the political or constitutional questions which have of late been brought into discussion—whatever opinions they may have held on the system or conduct of administration—there can surely be now but one sentiment, as to the instant necessity of firm and strenuous union for the preservation of our very existence as a people; and if degrees of obligation could be admitted, where the utmost is required from all, it should seem, that in this cause the opposers of administration stand doubly pledged; for, with what face of consistency can men pretend to stickle for points of constitutional liberty at home, who will not be found amongst the fore-

[¹ Sir Brooke Boothby had lived in France for a time and was intimate with Rousseau, whom he defended against Burke. He was in accord with the better aims of the French Revolution.]

most at their posts, to defend their country from the yoke of foreign slavery.

That there should be any set of men so infatuated, as not to be convinced that the object of the enemy must be the utter destruction of these countries, after making the largest allowance for the effects of prejudice and passion it is not easy to conceive. Such, however, we are told there are. They believe then, that after a long series of outrage, insult, and injury, in the height of their animosity and presumption, these moderate, mild, disinterested conquerors will invade us in arms, out of pure love and kindness, merely for our good, only to make us wiser, and better, and happier, and more prosperous than before !

Future events lie hid in the volume of fate, but the intentions of men may be known, by almost infallible indications. Passion and interest, the two mighty motives of human action, determine the government of France to attempt the abolition of the British empire ! and if, abandoned by God and our right arm, we should flinch in the conflict, that destruction will be operative to the full of their gigantic and monstrous imaginations ! Harbours filled up with the ruins of their towns and arsenals—the Thames rendered a vast morass, by burying the imperial city in her bosom—but I will not proceed in this horrible picture.

Are we then, it may be asked, to wage eternal war ? No ; a glorious resistance leads to an honourable peace. The French people have been long weary of the war ; their spirit has been forced by a system which must end in the failure of the engagement to give them the plunder of this country. They will awake from their dream, and raise a cry for peace, which their Government will not dare to resist. The monarchs of Europe must now begin clearly to perceive, that their fate hangs on the destiny of England ; they will unite to compel a satisfactory peace on a broad foundation ; and peace, when war has been tried to the utmost, will probably be permanent. A few years of wise economy and redoubled industry will place us again on the rising scale ; and if the pressure of the times may have rendered it necessary sometimes to have cast a temporary veil over the

statue of Liberty, she may again safely be shown in an unimpaired lustre.

Of the following verses I have nothing to say ; if it should be decided that the greatness of the object cannot bear out the mediocrity of the execution, I will not appeal from the decision.

ODE TO MY COUNTRY.

MDCXCVIII.

S. 1.

BRITONS ! hands and hearts prepare ;
 The angry tempest threatens nigh,
 Deep-toned thunders roll in air,
 Lightnings thwart the livid sky ;
 Throned upon the wingéd storm,
 Fell desolation rears her ghastly form,
 Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
 And lures them thus with promised blood :—

A. 1.

“ Drive, my sons, the storm amain !
 Lo, the hated, envied land,
 Where piety and order reign,
 And freedom dares maintain her stand !
 Have ye not sworn, by night and hell,
 These from the earth for ever to expel ?
 Rush on, resistless, to your destined prey,
 Death and rapine point the way.”

E. 1.

Britons ! stand firm ! with stout and dauntless heart
 Meet, unappalled, the threatening boaster's rage ?
 Yours is the great, the unconquerable part
 For your loved hearths and altars to engage,

And sacred liberty, more dear than life :—
 Yours be the triumph in the glorious strife.
 Shall theft and murder braver deeds excite
 Than honest scorn of shame and heavenly love of right ?

S. 2.

Turn the bright historic page !
 Still in glory's tented field
 Albion's arms for many an age
 Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.
 Are not we the sons of those
 Whose steel-clad sires pursued the insulting foes
 E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
 And bowed them to a Briton's reign ? ¹

A. 2.

Kings in modest triumph led,
 Graced the sable victor's arms : ²
 His conquering lance, the battle's dread ;
 His courtesy the conquered charms.
 The lion-heart soft pity knows
 To raise, with soothing cares, his prostrate foes ;
 The vanquished head true valour ne'er oppressed,
 Nor shunned to succour the distressed.

E. 2.

Spirit of great Elizabeth ! inspire
 High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame ;
 Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire,
 Kindled at Freedom's ever hallowed flame !
 Baffled and scorned, the Iberian tyrant found,
 Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
 The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
 Armed with her people's love, the " invincible " array. ³

¹ Henry VI. crowned at Paris.² The Black Prince;³ The Spanish Armada.

S. 3.

The bold usurper ¹ firmly held
 The sword, by splendid treasons gained ;
 And Gallia's fiery genius quelled,
 And Spain's presumptuous claims restrained :
 When lust of sway, by flattery fed,²
 To venturous deeds the youthful monarch led,
 In the full flow of victory's swelling tide,
 Britain checked his power and pride.

A. 3.

To the great Batavian's name ³
 Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise !
 Scourge of tyrants, let his fame
 Live in songs of grateful praise.
 Thy turrets, Blenheim, glittering to the sun,
 Tell of bright fields ⁴ from warlike Gallia won ;
 Tell how the mighty monarch mourned in vain
 His impious wish the world to chain.

E. 3.

And ye famed heroes, late retired to heaven,
 Whose setting glories still the skies illumine,
 Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
 Avert your long-defended country's doom.
 Earth, from her utmost bounds, shall wondering tell
 How victory's meed ye gained, or conquering fell ;
 Britain's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
 Wherever man is found, or reflux oceans roll.

S. 4.

Names embalmed in honour's shrine,
 Sacred to immortal praise,
 Patterns of glory, born to shine,
 In breathing arts, or pictured lays :

¹ Oliver Cromwell.² Louis XIV.³ William III.⁴ Blenheim, Ramillies, &c. &c.

See Wolfe, by yielding numbers pressed,
 Expiring smile, and sink on victory's breast !
 See Minden's plains, and Biscay's billowy bay,
 Deeds of deathless fame display.

A. 4.

O, tread with awe the sacred gloom,
 Patriot virtue's last retreat ;
 Where glory, on the trophied tomb,
 Joys their merit to repeat :
 There Chatham lies, whose master-hand
 Guided through seven bright years the mighty band,
 That round his urn, where grateful memory weeps,
 Each in his hallowed marble sleeps.

E. 4.

Her brand accursed when civil discord hurled,¹
 Britain alone the united world withstood,
 Rodney his fortune-favoured sails unfurled,
 And led three nations' chiefs to Thames's flood.
 Firm on his rock the veteran hero ² stands ;
 Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar ;
 Smiling in scorn, he sees the glittering bands
 Fly, with repulse and shame, old Calpe's hopeless shore.

S. 5.

Heirs, or partners of their toils,
 Matchless heroes still we own ;
 Crowned with honourable spoils
 From the leaguéd nations won.
 On their high prows they proudly stand
 The god-like guardians of their native land ;
 Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
 Wealth and victory at their side.

¹ American War.² Lord Heathfield.

A. 5.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,
Strenuous in their country's cause,
Guard their cultivated lands,
Their altars, liberties, and laws !
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great Brunswick sits, a name to fear unknown,
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unawed, and prodigal of life.

E. 5.

Sons of fair freedom's long-descended line,
To Gallia's yoke shall Britons bend the neck ?—
No ; in her cause though fate and hell combine
To bury all in universal wreck,
Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,
Her greatness in her ruins only traced,—
Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—
The man who dares to die, will never live a slave !

No. XXIX.

May 28, 1798.

IN a former number we were enabled, by the communication of a classical correspondent, to compliment Citizen Muskein with an Address to his Gunboats, imitated from a favourite Ode of Horace. Another (or perhaps the same) hand has obligingly furnished us with a composition which we have no doubt will be equally acceptable to the citizen to whom it is addressed.

ODE TO THE DIRECTOR MERLIN.*

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 5.

[*Lord Morfeth (B.).*]

Who now from Naples, Rome, or Berlin,
 Creeps to thy blood-stained den, O Merlin,
 With diplomatic gold? to whom
 Dost thou give audience *en costume*?

AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam,

[* Merlin of Douay, who began life as a servant in an abbey, was taught by the monks, put by them to the study of law, admitted as a counsellor in the Parliament of Douay, and greatly helped in life by his old friends the monks. He became a deputy in the Legislative Assembly, distinguished in the Jacobin Club for audacity and violence. In the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Fructidor (September 4, 1797), when Angereau invested the Assembly with troops, the moderate Constitutionalists were condemned to transportation, and Carnot and Barthélemy were driven from the Directory, that Revolution was completed by electing Merlin and François de

King Citizen !—How sure each state,
That bribes thy love, shall feel thy hate ;
Shall see the Democratic storm
Her commerce, laws, and arts deform.

How credulous, to hope the bribe
Could purchase peace from Merlin's tribe !
Whom faithless as the waves or wind,
No oaths restrain, no treaties bind.

For us—beneath yon sacred roof,
The naval flags and arms of proof
By British valour nobly bought,
Show how true safety must be sought !

Simplex Munditiis ? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ :
Qui semper vacuum, semper anabilem
Sperat : nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat, uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Neufchâteau as Directors in their places. Merlin of Douay is often confused with another Merlin (of Thionville), who was a soldier of gentle manners, opposed to the violence of Robespierre.]

No. XXX.

[*Canning (B.). Frere, Gifford, Ellis, Canning (C.). Special note of the authorship of parts (F. and M.) is given before the sections to which they refer. Introduction, Canning (M.).*]

June 4, 1798.

OUR ingenious correspondent, Mr. Higgins, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the extracts which we have been enabled to give from his two didactic poems, the "Progress of Man" and the "Loves of the 'Triangles,'" has obtained for us the communication of several other works which he has in hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the new system of philosophy forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to us, the main object of all his writings; a system comprehending not politics only, and religion, but morals and manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of human society. In all of which a total change and revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called man, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of this system, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of didactic poetry, or ratiocination in rhyme, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of essences and their attributes, as may lay hold of the imagination, while they perplex the judgment; the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing; of a style which speaks to the eye, as well as to the ear; in short, of dramatic poetry and scenic representation.

“With this view,” says Mr. Higgins (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer), “with this view,” says he, in a letter dated from his study in St. Mary-Axe, the window of which looks upon the parish pump—“with this view, I have turned my thoughts more particularly to the German stage, and have composed, in imitation of the most popular pieces of that country, which have already met with so general reception and admiration in this, a play, which if it has a proper run, will, I think, do much to unhinge the present notions of men with regard to the obligations of civil society; and to substitute, in lieu of a sober contentment, and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man’s particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance, an aspiration after shapeless somethings, that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust at all that is, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to be; to operate, in short, a general discharge of every man (in his own estimation) from every tie which laws divine or human, which local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied examples impose upon him; and to set them about doing what they like, where they like, when they like, and how they like, without reference to any law but their own will, or to any consideration of how others may be affected by their conduct.

“When this is done, my dear sir,” continues Mr. H. (for he writes very confidentially), “you see that a great step is gained towards the dissolution of the frame of every existing community. I say nothing of governments, as their fall is of course implicated in that of the social system; and you have long known that I hold every government (that acts by coercion and restriction—by laws made by the few to bind the many) as a *malum in se*—an evil to be eradicated, a nuisance to be abated, by force, if force be practicable; if not, by the artillery of reason, by pamphlets, speeches, toasts at club dinners, and though last, not least, by didactic poems.

“But where would be the advantage of the destruction of this or that government, if the form of society itself were to be

suffered to continue such, as that another must necessarily arise out of it, and over it? Society, my dear sir, in its present state, is a hydra. Cut off one head—another presently sprouts out, and your labour is to begin again. At best, you can only hope to find it a polypus, where, by cutting off the *head*, you are sometimes fortunate enough to find a *tail* (which answers all the same purposes) spring up in its place. This, we know, has been the case in France, the only country in which the great experiment of regeneration has been tried with anything like a fair chance of success.

“Destroy the frame of society, decompose its parts and set the elements fighting one against another—insulated and individual—every man for himself (stripped of prejudice, of bigotry, and of feeling for others) against the remainder of his species; and there is then some hope of a totally new order of things, of a radical reform in the present corrupt system of the world.

“The German theatre appears to proceed on this judicious plan, and I have endeavoured to contribute my mite towards extending its effect and its popularity. There is one obvious advantage attending this mode of teaching, that it can proportion the infractions of law, religion, or morality, which it recommends, to the capacity of a reader or spectator. If you tell a student, or an apprentice, or a merchant’s clerk of the virtue of a Brutus, or of the splendour of a La Fayette, you may excite his desire to be equally conspicuous; but how is he to set about it? Where is he to find the tyrant to murder? How is he to provide the monarch to be imprisoned, and the national guards to be reviewed on a white horse? But paint the beauties of forgery to him in glowing colours; show him that the presumption of virtue is in favour of rapine, and occasional murder on the highway, and he presently understands you. The highway is at hand, the till or the counter is within reach. These haberdashers’ heroics come home to the business and the bosoms of men. And you may readily make ten footpads where you would not have materials nor opportunity for a single tyrannicide.

“The subject of the piece, which I herewith transmit to you,

is taken from common, or middling life, and its merit is that of teaching the most lofty truths in the most humble style, and deducing them from the most ordinary occurrences. Its moral is obvious and easy; and is one frequently inculcated by the German dramas which I have had the good fortune to see, being no other than 'the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives, and to the children who may happen to arise out of this complicated and endearing connection.' The plot, indeed, is formed by the combination of the plots of two of the most popular of these plays* (in the same way as Terence was wont to combine two stories of Menander's). The characters are such as the admirers of these plays will recognise for their familiar acquaintances. There are the usual ingredients of imprisonments, post-houses, and horns, and appeals to angels and devils. I have omitted only the swearing, to which English ears are not yet sufficiently accustomed.

"I transmit at the same time a prologue, which in some degree breaks the matter to the audience. About the song of Rogero, at the end of the first act, I am less anxious than about any other part of the performance, as it is, in fact, literally translated from the composition of a young German friend of mine, an *illuminé*, of whom I bought the original for three-and-sixpence. It will be a satisfaction to those of your readers, who may not at first sight hit upon the tune, to learn that it is setting by a hand of the first eminence. I send also a rough sketch of the plot, and a few occasional notes. The geography is by the young gentleman of the *Morning Chronicle*."

[* Schiller's "Robbers" (the Rovers) and Goethe's "Stella" (the Double Arrangement). Schiller's "Robbers" had been twice translated before 1798. Of Goethe's "Stella," the translation that suggested this caricature was published in 1798. Many plays, in which such unwholesome problems were treated with false sentiment, were being translated from the German at that time. I give the old translation of "Stella" as appendix to this volume. It is very funny, and I wish I could spare room to pair it with the translation published in 1799 of Kotzebue's "La Perouse," another of the "Double Arrangement" plays.]

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

[*Frere (M.).*]*PRIOR of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH, very corpulent and cruel.**ROGERO, a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN.**CASIMERE, a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion, married to CECILIA, but having several children by MATILDA.**PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, English Noblemen, exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.**RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR, a bloody tyrant, with red hair, and an amorous complexion.**GASPAR, the Minister of the Count; Author of ROGERO'S Confinement.**Young POTTINGEN, Brother to MATILDA.**MATILDA POTTINGEN, in love with ROGERO, and Mother to CASIMERE'S Children.**CECILIA MÜCKENFELD, Wife to CASIMERE.**Landlady, Waiter, Grenadiers, Troubadours, &c. &c.**PANTALOWSKY, and BRITCHINDA, Children of MATILDA, by CASIMERE.**JOACHIM, JABEL, and AMARANTHA, Children of MATILDA, by ROGERO.**Children of CASIMERE and CECILIA, with their respective Nurses.**Several Children; Fathers and Mothers unknown.**The Scene lies in the Town of WEIMAR, and the neighbourhood of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH.**Time, from the 12th to the present century.*

PROLOGUE,

IN CHARACTER.

[*Canning, Ellis (M.).*]

Too long the triumphs of our early times,
 With civil discord and with regal crimes
 Have stained these boards : while Shakspeare's pen has shown
 Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
 Too long have Rome and Athens been the rage ; [*Applause.*]
 And classic buskins soiled a British stage.

To-night our bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
 His plot has borrowed from the German schools ;
 —The German schools—where no dull maxims bind
 The bold expansion of the electric mind.
 Fixed to no period, circled by no space,
 He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place :
 Round the dark confines of the forest raves,
 With gentle robbers¹ stocks his gloomy caves ;
 Tells how prime ministers² are shocking things,
 And reigning dukes as bad as tyrant kings ;
 How to two swains³ one nymph her vows may give,
 And how two damsels³ with one lover live !
 Delicious scenes !—such scenes our bard displays,
 Which, crowned with German, sue for British praise.

Slow are the steeds, that through Germania's roads
 With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads ;
 Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
 Through deep sands floundering, on those tardy steeds ;
 More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
 Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confessed—oh ! yet ye travelled few,
 Germania's plays with eyes unjaundiced view !

¹ See the "Robbers," a German tragedy, in which robbery is put in so fascinating a light that the whole of a German university went upon the highway in consequence of it.

² See "Cabal and Love," a German tragedy, very severe against prime ministers and reigning dukes of Brunswick. This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German troops for the American War in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no American War at that particular time.

³ See "The Stranger ; or, Reformed Housekeeper," in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated, and "Stella," a genteel German comedy, which ends with placing a man bodkin between two wives, like Thames between his two banks in the "Critic." Nothing can be more edifying than these two dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

View and approve !—though in each passage fine
 The faint translation ¹ mock the genuine line ;
 Though the nice ear the erring sight belie,
 For U twice dotted is pronounced like I ; ¹ [Applause.
 Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart,
 Warm from the breast and glowing to the heart !

Ye travelled few, attend !—On you our bard
 Builds his fond hope ! Do you his genius guard ! [Applause.
 Nor let succeeding generations say—
 A British audience damned a German play !

[*Loud and continued applauses.*

[*Flash of lightning.—The ghost of PROLOGUE's grandmother by the father's side, appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood. PROLOGUE kneels to receive her blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the audience clapping and crying all the while. Flash of lightning. PROLOGUE and his grandmother sink through the trap-door.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Frere (M.).*]

Scene represents a room at an inn, at Weimar.—On one side of the stage the bar room, with jellies, lemons in nets, syllabubs, and part of a cold roast fowl, &c. —On the opposite side a window looking into the street, through which persons (inhabitants of Weimar) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation.—Matilda appears in a great-coat and riding-habit, seated at the corner of the dinner table, which is covered with a clean huckaback cloth.—Plates and napkins, with buck's-horn-handled knives and forks, are laid as if for four persons,

MATILDA.

Is it impossible for me to have dinner sooner ?

Land. Madam, the Brunswick post-waggon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

¹ These are the warnings very properly given to readers to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if the translation runs "lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell," we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress ; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original Mulychause Archangelichen, which means rather "emanation of the archangelical nature," or to Smellmynkern Vankelfer, which, if literally rendered, would signify "made of stuff of the same odour whereof the devil makes flambeaux." See Schüttenbrüch on the German idiom.

Mat. [*with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately re-composing herself*]. Well, then, I must have patience. [*Exit LANDLADY.*] O Casimere! how often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! What a difference, alas! Dinner! it is taken away as soon 'as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish! Love only, dear, delusive, delightful love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification! . . .

Post-horn blows. Re-enter LANDLADY.

Land. Madam, the post-waggon is come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Mat. Then show her up and let us have dinner instantly—[*LANDLADY going*—and remember [*after a moment's recollection, and with great eagerness*—remember the toasted cheese.

[*Exit LANDLADY.*

CECILIA enters in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the post-waggon.

Mat. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. [*aside*]. Thank heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own. [*To CECILIA.*] Yes, I understand you; the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp. . . .

Cec. The dawn of life, when this blossom [*putting her hand upon her heart*] first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love!

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum! . . .

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Mat. And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit. My heart was withered; but the beams of yours have rekindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship!

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. Willingly. *[With rapidity and earnestness.*

Cec. Let us embrace. *[They embrace.*

Mat. Yes; I, too, have loved! You, too, like me, have been forsaken? *[Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*

Cec. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! these men!

LANDLADY enters, and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour kraut and pruin sauce, then a small dish of black puddings.

CECILIA and MATILDA appear to take no notice of her.

Mat. O Casimere!

Cec. *[aside]*. Casimere! that name! Oh my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety.

Mat. Heavens! madam, you turn pale.

Cec. Nothing—a slight megrim. With your leave I will retire.

Mat. I will attend you.

[Exeunt MATILDA and CECILIA. Manent LANDLADY and WAITER, with the dinner on the table.]

Land. Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the abbey?

Waiter. Yes. Pease-soup, as usual, with the scrag end of a neck of mutton. The emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Land. Which you refused? *[With hesitation and anxiety.]*

Waiter. Can you doubt it? *[With indignation.]*

Land. [*recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity*]. The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a prince.

Waiter. It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Land. Thou say'st truly, Job.

Waiter [*with enthusiasm*]. He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a prince.

Post-horn blows. Enter CASIMERE (*in a travelling dress—a light blue great-coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand*).

Cas. Here, waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. [*Exit WAITER.*] And heark'ye, my lad, a bason of water [*rubbing his hands*] and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter [*answering from behind the door*]. Yes, sir.

Cas. Well, landlady, what company are we to have?

Land. Only two gentlewomen, sir. They are just stepped into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Cas. Where do they come from?

[*All this while the WAITER re-enters with the bason and water, CASIMERE pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.*]

Land. There is one of them, I think, comes from Nuremburgh.

Cas. [*aside*]. From Nuremburgh; [*with eagerness*] her name?

Land. Matilda.

Cas. [*aside*]. How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else?

Land. I can't recollect.

Cas. Oh agony!

[*In a paroxysm of agitation.*]

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—Matilda Pottingen.

Cas. Ecstasy! ecstasy!

[*Embracing the WAITER.*]

Land. You seem to be acquainted with the lady—shall I call her?

Cas. Instantly—instantly—tell her, her loved, her long lost—
tell her—

Land. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Cas. Do so—and in the meanwhile I will look after my port-
manteau. *[Exeunt severally.]*

*[Frere (M.).]**

Scene changes to a subterraneous vault in the abbey of Quedlinburgh; with coffins, 'scutchcons, death's heads and cross-bones,—Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Rogero appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Rog. Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a minister—the perfidy of a monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men.—Soft!—what have we here? *[stumbles over a bundle of sticks]*. This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my captivity. Let me see how stands the account? *[takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments as if absorbed in calculation]*. Eleven years and fifteen days! Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I pressed it to my bosom. Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever. The tears were petrified under my eyelids—my heart was crystallised with agony. Anon, I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant. I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched

[* In the edition of Frere's Works by his nephews, Frere's name is signed after the whole of the earlier part of the "Rovers," from the *Dramatis Personæ*. This would be right according to (M.) for all but the Prologue.]

the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation of divinity, luminous with love and beauty, like the splendour of the setting sun, but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair, in vain, sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities. Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me. Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads, while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again [*listens attentively for some minutes*—only the wind. It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*

[*Air, “Lanterna Magica.”*]

SONG,

BY ROGERO.

[*Canning, Ellis (F. M.).*]

I.

WHENE’ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I’m rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

II.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,

Which once my love sat knotting in !—

Alas ! Matilda *then* was true !—

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

*At the repetition of this line, ROGERO clanks his chains
in cadence.*

III.

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew,

Her neat post-waggon trotting in !

Ye bore Matilda from my view ;

Forlorn I languished at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !

This blood my veins is clotting in !

My years are many—they were few

When first I enter'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet ! sweet Matilda Pottingen !

Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—

—tor, Law Professor at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,

That kings and priests are plotting in :

Here doom'd to starve on water gru—

—el¹ never shall I see the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throtes himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.*

¹ A manifest error, since it appears from the Waiter's conversation (p. 290), that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup, which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were, which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.—*Printer's Devil.*

No. XXXI.

[*Frere, Gifford, Ellis, Canning (C.). Frere (B.).*]

June 11, 1798.

WE have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and, to say the truth, dull letters from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on Mr. Higgins, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the production of the German theatre, a performance no way resembling any of those pieces which have of late excited and which bid fair to engross the admiration of the British public.

As we cannot but consider ourselves as the guardians of Mr. Higgins's literary reputation, in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of our paper (though, what we think of the danger of his principles, we have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, we trust, succeeded in putting our readers upon their guard against them) we hold ourselves bound not only to justify the fidelity of the imitation, but (contrary to our original intention) to give a further specimen of it in our present number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our author and his calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe that Mr. Higgins professes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the translations which have appeared in our language. If *they* are totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satis-

factorily, and might have done so in our last number, by sub-joining to each particular passage of his play the scene in some one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character, and if they were suppressed by us (as in truth they were) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H., as, in fact, our principal reason for it was the apprehension that from the extreme closeness of the imitation, in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the first act of the "*Rovers*," and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken almost word for word from "*Stella*," a German (or professedly a German) piece now much in vogue, from which, also, the catastrophe of Mr. Higgins's play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the ladies come, as the reader will see by and by, to share Casimere between them.

The dinner scene is copied partly from the published translation of the "*Stranger*," and partly from the first scene of "*Stella*." The song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste, and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste or discernment. In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place, to admit that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands. These names stood originally Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With

regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our author proceeded in all probability on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words Runnymede and beef, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles Lord Runnybeef.

To dwell no longer on particular passages, the best way perhaps of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot, which that gentleman transmitted to us, together with his drama; and which it is perhaps the more necessary to give at length, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several extracts which we lay before them.

PLOT.

Rogero, son of the late minister of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at college, fallen desperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelbertus Pottingen, Professor of Civil Law; and Matilda evidently returning his passion, the doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her aunt in Wetteravia, where she becomes acquainted with Casimere, a Polish officer who happens to be quartered near her aunt's, and has several children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a prince of tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his prime minister and favourite, Gaspar, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father. Gaspar, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with Matilda (of which he is apprised officially by Doctor Pottingen) to procure from his master an order for the recall of Rogero from college, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, a priest rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to Gaspar's interests, sending at the same time private orders to the prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the landlady of the Golden Eagle at Weimar, with whom Gaspar contracts, in the prince's name, for his support; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the meantime Casimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia,

by whom he has a family ; and whom he likewise deserts after a few years' co-habitation, on pretence of business which calls him to Kamtschatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young Pottingen in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her ; and to bring with her either her present lover Casimere, or, should that not be possible, Rogero himself, if he can find him ; the doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. Matilda, about the same period, quits her aunt's in search of Casimere ; and Cecilia having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his Kamtschatka journey, sets out in the post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the play opens, with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda at the inn at Weimar. Casimere arrives there soon after, and falls in first with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Successive *développemens* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two ladies are to live jointly with Casimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks' search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at Weimar, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, two English noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country ; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at Weimar.

The news of the signature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Puddincrantz and Beefinstern to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search. This they refuse ; but coming to the inn where they are to set off for Hamburg, they meet Casimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Casimere, by this time tired of his "double arrangement," and having learned from the waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring abbey for love, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to Puddingfield and Beefington, who agree to assist him ; as also does young Pottingen. The waiter of the inn proving to be a Knight Templar in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of troubadours, who happen to be returning from the Crusades, and a company of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the abbey is made with success. The Count of Weimar and Gaspar, who are feasting with the prior, are seized and beheaded in the Refectory. The prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is rescued. Matilda and Cecilia rush in. The former recognises Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The children are produced on all sides, and young Pottingen is commissioned to write to his father, the doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar, to partake of the general felicity.

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT II.

[*Canning (M. F.)*.]

Scene—A room in an ordinary lodging-house at Weimar.—Puddingfield and Beefington discovered, sitting at a small deal table, and playing at All-Fours.—Young Pottingen, at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head and casting his eyes towards the firmament, at the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.—The pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.

Beef. I beg.

Pudd. [*deals three cards to Beefington*]. Are you satisfied?

Beef. Enough. What have you?

Pudd. High—Low—and the game.

Beef. Damnation! 'tis my deal [*deals—turns up a knave*].

One for his heels! [*Triumphantly*.]

Pudd. Is king highest?

Beef. No. [*sternly*]. The game is mine. The knave gives it me.

Pudd. Are knaves so prosperous?

Ay, marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies*¹ to them.

Pudd. Ha! ha! ha! Still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

¹ This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-rendered in a translation. A noddý, the reader will observe, has two significations—the one a knave at all-fours; the other a fool or booby. See the translation by Mr. Render of "Count Renyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka," a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the play opens with a scene of a game at chess (from which the whole of this scene is copied), and a joke of the same point and merriment about pawns, *i.e.*, boors, being a match for kings.

Beef. England ! my native land !—when shall I revisit thee ?

[*During this time Puddingfield deals, and begins to arrange his hand.*

Beef. [*continues*]. Phoo—Hang all-fours ; what are they to a mind ill at ease ? Can they cure the heart-ache ? Can they soothe banishment ? Can they lighten ignominy ? Can all-fours do this ? O ! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well-bent bow ; but mine—O ! mine—

[*Falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair.* YOUNG POTTINGEN *awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards BEEFINGTON and PUDDINGFIELD.* *The former begins to recover.*

Y. Pot. What is the matter, comrades ?¹ you seem agitated. Have you lost or won ?

Beef. Lost. I have lost my country.

Y. Pot. And I my sister. I came hither in search of her.

Beef. O England !

Y. Pot. O Matilda !

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppressed by the tyranny of an abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof, and from my studies in chirurgery, to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen ! What am I to do ? In yonder abbey—in these dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart !

¹ This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—"Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week." There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except, perhaps, the cant term of *chum*, formerly in use at our universities.

SCENE II.

[*Frere (M. F.).*]*Enter WAITER.*

Waiter. Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef. [*goes to the door, and returns with a letter, which he opens—on perusing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously*]. Hah, my friends, what joy!

[*Turning to Puddingfield.*]

Pudd. What? tell me—let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef. See here—

[*Produces a printed paper.*]

Pudd. What?—

[*With impatience.*]

Beef. [*in a significant tone*]. A newspaper!

Pudd. Hah, what say'st thou!—A newspaper!

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and see here [*shows it partially*], from England.

Pudd. [*with extreme earnestness*]. Its name?

Beef. The *Daily Advertiser*—

Pudd. Oh ecstasy!

Beef. [*with a dignified severity*]. Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. [*after a pause, with suppressed emotion*]. Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable, immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July Old Style.

Pudd. I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—show me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd. [*reads*]. “The great demand for Packwood’s razor strops”—

Beef. Pshaw ! what, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. [*reads*]. “A hireling print, devoted to the Court,
Has dared to question our veracity
Respecting the events of yesterday ;
But by to-day’s accounts, our information
Appears to have been perfectly correct.
The charter of our liberties received
The Royal signature at five o’clock,
When messengers were instantly dispatched
To Cardinal Pandulfo ; and their Majesties,
After partaking of a cold collation,
Returned to Windsor.”—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars [*turns to another part of the paper*]. “Extract of a letter from Egham—My dear friend, we are all here in high spirits—the interesting event which took place this morning at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this town”—

Pudd. Hah ! Runnymede—enough—no more—my doubts are vanished. Then are we free indeed !

Beef. I have besides a letter in my pocket from our friend, the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor. Our outlawry is reversed ! What says my friend—shall we return by the next packet ?

Pudd. Instantly, instantly !

Both. Liberty !—Adelaide !—revenge !

[*Exeunt, YOUNG POTTINGEN following, and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.*]

Scene changes to the outside of the Abbey. A summer evening—moonlight. Companies of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers march across the stage confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War. Shouts and martial music. The Abbey gates are opened. The monks are seen passing in procession, with the prior at their head. The choir is heard chanting vespers. After which a pause. Then a bell is heard as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

[*Canning (M. F.)*.]

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the porter, a troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a lady under his arm. Troubadour seems much in liquor, but caresses the female minstrel.

Fem. Min. Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Trou. Pshaw, women will be inquiring. Melancholy! not I. I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"What have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret. I learnt it of an almanac-maker at Gotha; if thou guessest it after the first stanza thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'y'e mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Min. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.

[*Plays on the balalaika.*¹ *Troubadour sings.*

I bear a secret comfort here,

[*Putting his hand on the bundle, but without showing it*].

A joy I'll ne'er impart:

It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Min. [*interrupting him*]. I'll be hanged if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the abbey cellar.

¹ The balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar. See the play of "Count Benyowsky," rendered into English.

Trou. I mean? Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings. [FEMALE MINSTREL *attempts to lay hold of the bottle.* TROUBADOUR *pushes her aside, and continues singing without interruption.*

This cherry-bounce, this loved noyau,
My drink for ever be;
But, sweet my love, thy wish forego,
I'll give no drop to thee!

[*Both together.*]

Trou. { This } cherry-bounce, { this } lov'd noyau,
Fem. Min. { That } { that }

Trou. { My } drink for ever be;
Fem. Min. { Thy }

Trou. { But, sweet my love, { Thy wish forego,
Fem. Min. { One drop bestow,

Trou. { I } keep it all for { me!
Fem. Min. { Nor } { thee!

[*Exeunt struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the FEMALE MINSTREL appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Contains the *éclaircissements* and final arrangement between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia, which so nearly resemble the concluding act of "Stella" that we forbear to lay it before our readers.

ACT IV.

[*Frere (M. F.).*]

Scene—The inn door—diligence drawn up. Casimere appears superintending the package of his portmanteaus, and giving directions to the porters.

Enter BEEFINGTON and PUDDINGFIELD.

Pudd. Well, coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coach. Yes, your honour.

Pudd. [*seems to be struck with CASIMERE's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the coachman, then doubtingly pronounces*] Casimere !

Cas. [*turning round rapidly, recognises PUDDINGFIELD, and embraces him*]. My Puddingfield !

Pudd. My Casimere !

Cas. What, Beefington too ! [*discovering him*]. Then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it seems.

Cas. Yes, Beefington. But wherefore to Hamburgh ?

Beef. Oh, Casimere¹—to fly—to fly—to return—England—our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new era—House of Commons—Crown and Anchor—Opposition—

Cas. What a contrast ! you are flying to liberty and your home—I, driven from my home by tyranny—am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beef. How domestic slavery ?

Cas. Too true—two wives [*slowly and with a dejected air—then after a pause*]*—you knew my Cecilia ?*

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

Cas. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia. My Matilda was under her protection. Alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding-habit. The simplicity of her appearance, the fineness of the weather, all conspired to interest me. My heart moved to hers as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to *him* !

¹ See "Count Benyowsky ; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka," where Crustiew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense :—

"Crustiew [*with youthful energy, and an air of secrecy and confidence*]. To fly, to fly, to the Isles of Marian—the Island of Tinian—a terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new created sun—wholesome fruits—narciss inhabitants—and liberty—tranquillity."

Beef. Let us rescue him.

Cas. Will without power¹ is like children playing at soldiers.

Beef. Courage without power² is like a consumptive running footman.

Cas. Courage without power is a contradiction.³ Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas. I will tell you—marked you the waiter?

Beef. The waiter. [*Doubtfully.*

Cas. [*in a confidential tone*]. No waiter, but a knight templar. Returning from the Crusade, he found his order dissolved, and his person proscribed. He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a waiter. I have made sure of him already. There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with young Pottingen, the waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. Now then for the execution. [*With enthusiasm.*

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution.

[*Clapping them on the back.*

Waiter. But hist! we are observed.

Trou. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.⁴

[*Ellis (M.). The Act is by Frere, and there is no note in Frere's works that ascribes this song to Ellis.*]

Cas. Hist! hist! nor let the airs that blow

From night's cold lungs our purpose know!

¹ See "Count Benyowsky," as before.

² See "Count Benyowsky."

³ See "Count Benyowsky" again; from which play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

⁴ We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka," where the conspirators join in a chorus for fear of being overheard.

Pudd. Let silence, mother of the dumb,
Beef. Press on each lip her palsied thumb !
Wait. Let privacy, allied to sin,
 That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—
Gren. } And conscience start when she shall view,
Trou. } The mighty deed we mean to do !

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

Then friendship swear, ye faithful bands,
 Swear to save a shackled hero !
 See where yon abbey frowning stands !
 Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero !
Cas. Thralled in a monkish tyrant's fetters,
 Shall great Rogero hopeless lie ?
Pot. In my pocket I have letters,
 Saying, " Help me, or I die ! "

Allegro Allegretto.

Cas. Beef. Pudd. Gren. Trou. } Let us fly, let us fly,
Waiter, and Pot. with enthusiasm, } Let us help ere he die !
 [*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

[*Frere (M.).*]

Scene—the Abbey gate, with ditches, drawbridges, and spikes. Time—about an hour before sunrise. The conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering and consulting together in expectation of the signal for attack. The Waiter is habited as a Knight Templar in the dress of his order, with the cross on his breast and the scallop on his shoulder ; Puddingfield and Beefington armed with blunderbusses and pocket pistols ; the Grenadiers in their proper uniforms. The Troubadour with his attendant minstrels bring up the rear—martial music—the conspirators come forward and present themselves before the gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—firing of pistols—the Convent appear in arms upon the walls—the drawbridge is let down—a body of choristers and lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the verger killed. The besieged attempt to raise the drawbridge—Puddingfield and Beefington press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the drawbridge, and by the exertion of their weight preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect. Puddingfield makes the signal for the battering ram. Enter Quintus Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, in their proper military habits, preceded by the

Roman Eagle—the rest of their legion are employed in bringing forward a battering ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time till the entrance is forced. After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey. The inhabitants of the convent are seen flying in all directions.

The Count of Weimar and Prior, who had been feasting in the Refectory, are brought in manacled. The Count appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The Prior remains insensible, as if stupefied with grief. Beefington takes the keys of the dungeon, which are hanging at the Prior's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement.—Exeunt Prior and Count properly guarded. The rest of the conspirators disperse in search of the dungeon where Rogero is confined.

END OF ACT IV.

No. XXXII.

June 18, 1798.

WE are indebted for the following Imitation of Catullus to a literary correspondent. Whether it will remove the doubts we formerly expressed of Citizen Muskein's acquaintance with the classics from the minds of our readers we cannot pretend to say. It is given to us as a faithful translation from the French. As such we present it to our readers, premising only that though the Citizen Imitator seems to have *sans-cullottised* the original in two or three places, yet he everywhere expresses himself with a naïveté and truth in his verse that we seek for in vain in many of his countrymen, who have recorded their victories and defeats in very vulgar prose.

AN

AFFECTIONATE EFFUSION OF CITIZEN MUSKEIN
TO HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

[*Lori Morfeth (B.).*]

FAIREST of cities,¹ which the Seine
Surveys 'twixt Paris and the main,
Sweet Havre ! sweetest Havre, hail !
How gladly, with my tattered sail,²
Yet trembling from this wild adventure,
Do I thy friendly harbour enter !

¹ AD SIRMIONEM PENINSULAM.

Peninsularum, Sirmio, Insularumque,
Ocelle ! quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus ;

² Quam te libenter, quamque lætus in viso !
Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam atque Bithynos
Liquisse campos,

Well—now I've leisure, let me see
 What boats are left me ; one, two, three—
 Bravo ! the better half remain ;
 And all my heroes are not slain.
 And, if my senses don't deceive,
 I too am safe,¹—yes, I believe,
 Without a wound I reach thy shore ;
 (For I have felt myself all o'er)
 I've all my limbs, and be it spoken
 With honest triumph, no bone broken—

How pleasing is the sweet transition²
 From this vile gunboat expedition :
 From winds and waves, and wounds and scars,
 From British soldiers, British tars,
 To his own house, where, free from danger,
 Muskein may live at rack and manger ;
 May stretch his limbs in his own cot,³
 Thankful he has not gone to pot ;
 Nor for the bubble glory strive,
 But bless himself that he's alive !

Havre,⁴ sweet Havre ! hail again,
 O ! bid thy sons (a frolic train,⁵
 Who under Chenier welcomed in
 With dance and song, the guillotine),
 In long procession seek the strand ;
 For Muskein now prepares to land,
 'Scaped, heaven knows how, from that cursed crew
 That haunt the rocks of Saint Marcou.

¹ et videre te in tuto.

² O quid solutis est beatius curis,
 Quom mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,

³ Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

⁴ Salve ! O venusta Sirmio ! atque hero gaude ;
 Gaudete, vosque Lydiæ lacus undæ !

Ridete⁵ quicquid est domi cæchinorum !

No. XXXIII.

[*Gifford, Ellis, Canning, Frere (C.). Canning (B.). Introduction, Canning (M.).*]

June 25, 1798.

AFTER the splendid account of Buonaparte's successes in the East, which our readers will find in another part of this paper, and which they will peruse with equal wonder and apprehension, it is some consolation to us to have to state, not only from authority, but in verse, that our government has not been behindhand with that of France; but that, aware of the wise and enterprising spirit of the enemy, and of the danger which might arise to our distant possessions from the export of learning and learned men being entirely in their hands, ministers have long ago determined on an expedition of a similar nature, and have actually embarked at Portsmouth, on board one of the East India Company's ships, taken up for the purpose (the ship *Capricorn*, Mr. Thomas Truman, commander), several tons of savans, the growth of this country. The whole was conducted with the utmost secrecy and despatch, and it was not till we were favoured with the following copy of a letter (obligingly communicated us by the Tunisian gentleman to whom it is addressed) that we had any suspicion of the extent and nature of the design, or, indeed, of any such design being in contemplation.

The several great names which are combined to render this expedition the most surprising and splendid ever undertaken, could not indeed have been spared from the country to which they are an ornament, for any other purpose than one the most obviously connected with the interests of the empire, and the most widely beneficial to mankind.

The secrecy with which they have been withdrawn from the

British public, without being so much as missed or inquired after, reflects the highest honour on the planners of the enterprise. Even the celebrity of Doctor Parr has not led to any discovery, or investigation: the silent admirers of that great man have never once thought of asking what was become of him;—till it is now all at once come to light, that he has been for weeks past on shipboard, the brightest star in the bright constellation of talents which stud the quarter-deck of the *Capricorn*, Mr. T. Truman (as before mentioned), commander.

The resignation of the late worthy president of a certain Agricultural Board, might indeed have taught mankind to look for some extraordinary event in the world of science and adventure; and those who had the good fortune to see the deportation from his house, of the several wonderful anomalies which had for years formed its most distinguished inmates,—the stuffed ram, the dried boar, the cow with three horns, and other fanciful productions of a like nature, could not but speculate, with some degree of seriousness, on the purposé of their removal, and on the place of their destination.

It now appears, that there was in truth no light object in view. They were destined, with the rest of the savans on whom this country prides itself (and long may it have reason to indulge the honest exultation), to undertake a voyage of no less grandeur than peril; to counteract the designs of the Directory, and to frustrate or forestall the conquests of Buonaparte.

The young gentleman who writes the following letter to his friend in London, is, as may be seen, interpreter to the expedition. We have understood further, that he is nearly connected with the young man who writes for the *Morning Chronicle*, and conducts the critical, argumentative, and geographical departments. Some say it is the young man himself, who has assumed a feigned name, and, under the disguise of a Turkish dress and circumcision, is gone, at the express instigation of his employers, to improve himself in geographical knowledge. We have our doubts upon this subject, as we think we recognise the style of this deplorable young man, in an article of last week's *Morning*

Chronicle which we have had occasion to answer in a preceding column of our present paper. Be that as it may, the information contained in the following letter may be depended upon.

We cannot take leave of the subject without remarking what a fine contrast and companion the vessel and cargo, described in the following poem, affords to the "*Navis Stultifera*," the "*Shippe of Fooles*" of the celebrated Barclay; and we cannot forbear hoping, that the *Argenis* of an author of the same name may furnish a hint for an account of this stupendous expedition in a learned language, from the only pen which in modern days is capable of writing Latin with a purity and elegance worthy of so exalted a theme; and that the author of a classical preface may become the writer of a no less celebrated voyage.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER,

IN ORIENTAL CHARACTERS,

FROM *BA WBA-DARA-ADUL-PHOOLA*,

DRAGOMAN TO THE EXPEDITION,

TO NEEK-AWL-ARETCHID-KOOEZ,

SECRETARY TO THE TUNISIAN EMBASSY.

[*Canning, Ellis, and Frere (F.).*]

DEAR NEEK-AWL,

You'll rejoice, that at length I am able
To date these few lines from the captain's own table.
Mr. Truman himself, of his proper suggestion,
Has, in favour of science, decided the question;
So we walk the main-deck, and are messed with the captain;
I leave you to judge of the joy we are wrapt in.

At Spithead they embarked us; how precious a cargo!
And we sailed before day, to escape the embargo.
There was Shuckborough, the wonderful mathematician;
And Darwin, the poet, the sage, and physician;

There was Beddoes, and Bruin, and Godwin, whose trust is,
He may part with his work on Political Justice
To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin ;
So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.
There was great Doctor Parr, whom we style Bellendenus ;
The doctor and I have a hammock between us.
'Tis a little unpleasant thus crowding together,
On account of the motion, and heat of the weather ;
Two souls in one berth they oblige us to cram,
And Sir John will insist on a place for his ram.
Though the doctor, I find, is determined to think
'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink,
In spite of the experienced opinion of Truman,
Who contends that the scent is exclusively human.
But Beddoes and Darwin engage to repair
This slight inconvenience with oxygene air.

Whither bound ? (you will ask) 'tis a question, my friend,
On which I long doubted ; my doubt's at an end.
To Arabia the stony, Sabæa the gummy,
To the land where each man that you meet is a mummy ;
To the mouths of the Nile, to the banks of Araxes,
To the Red, and the Yellow, the White, and the Black seas,
With telescopes, globes, and a quadrant, and sextant.
And the works of all authors, whose writings are extant ;
With surveys and plans, topographical maps,
Theodolites, watches, spring-guns, and steel-traps,
Phials, crucibles, air-pumps, electric machinery,
And pencils for painting the natives and scenery.
In short, we are sent to oppose all we know,
To the knowledge and mischievous arts of the foe ;
Who, though placing in arms a well-grounded reliance,
Go to war with a flying artillery of science.

The French savans, it seems, recommended this measure.
With a view to replenish the national treasure.

First, the true "Rights of Man" they will preach in all places,
 But chief (when 'tis found) in the Egyptian oasis :
 And this doctrine, 'tis hoped, in a very few weeks
 Will persuade the wild Arabs to murder their cheiks ;
 And, to aid the great nation's beneficent plans,
 Plunder pyramids, catacombs, towns, caravans,
 Then enlist under Arcole's gallant commander,
 Who will conquer the world like his model Iskander.
 His army each day growing bolder and finer,
 With the Turcoman tribes he subdues Asia Minor
 Beats Paul and his Scythians, his journey pursues
 Cross the Indus with tribes of Armenians and Jews,
 And Bucharians, and Affghans, and Persians, and Tartars,—
 Chokes the wretched Mogul in his grandmother's garters,
 And will hang him to dry in the Luxemburg hall,
 'Midst the plunder of Carthage and spoils of Bengal.

Such, we hear, was the plan: but I trust, if we meet 'em,
 That, savant to savant, our cargo will beat 'em.
 Our plan of proceeding I'll presently tell—
 But soft—I am called—I must bid you farewell.
 To attend on our savans my pen I resign—
 For it seems that they duck them on crossing the Line.

We deeply regret this interruption of our Oriental poet, and the more so, as the prose letters which we have received from a less learned correspondent do not enable us to explain the tactics of our belligerent philosophers so distinctly as we could have wished. It appears, in general, that the learned doctor who has the honour of sharing the hammock of the amiable Oriental, trusted principally to his superior knowledge in the Greek language, by means of which he hoped to entangle his antagonists in inextricable confusion. Dr. Darwin proposed (as might be expected) his celebrated experiment of the ice-island, which, being towed on the coast of Africa, could not fail of spoiling the climate, and immediately terrifying and embarrassing the sailors of Buona-

parte's fleet, accustomed to the mild temperature and gentle gales of the Mediterranean, and therefore ill qualified to struggle with this new importation of tempests. Dr. Beddoes was satisfied with the project of communicating to Buonaparte a consumption of the same nature with that which he formerly tried on himself, but superior in virulence, and therefore calculated to make the most rapid and fatal ravages in the hectic constitution of the Gallic hero. The rest of the plan is quite unintelligible, excepting a hint about Sir J. S.'s intention of proceeding with his ram to the celebrated oasis, and of bringing away, for the convenience of the Bank, the treasures contained in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

No. XXXIV.

ODE TO A JACOBIN.

FROM SUCKLING'S ODE TO A LOVER.

[*Author unknown.*]*July 2. 1798.*

UNCHRISTIAN Jacobin whoever,
 If of thy God thou cherish ever
 One wavering thought ; if e'er His Word
 Has from one crime thy soul deterred :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
 Thou must renounce Him all, and think anew.

If startled at the guillotine
 Trembling thou touch the dread machine ;
 If, leading sainted Louis to it,
 Thy steps drew back, thy heart did rue it :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
 Must rise 'bove weak remorse, and think anew.

If, callous, thou dost not mistake,
 And murder for mild mercy's sake ;
 And think thou followest pity's call
 When slaughtered thousands round thee fall :

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss ;
And to think true,
Must conquer prejudice, and think anew.

If when good men are to be slain,
Thou hear'st them plead, nor plead in vain,
Or, when thou answerest, if it be
With one jot of humanity :

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss ;
And to think true,
Must pardon leave to fools, and think anew.

If when all kings, priests, nobles hated,
Lie headless, thy revenge is sated,
Nor thirsts to load the reeking block
With heads from thine own murderous flock :

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss ;
And to think true,
Thou must go on in blood, and think anew.

If, thus, by love of executions,
Thou prov'st thee fit for revolutions ;
Yet one achieved, to that art true,
Nor would'st begin to change anew :

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss ;
Deem, to think true,
All constitutions bad but those bran new.

No. XXXV.

July 9, 1798.

THE following popular song is said to be in great vogue among the loyal troops in the North of Ireland. The air and the turn of the composition are highly original. It is attributed (as our correspondent informs us) to a fifer in the Drumballyrone Volunteers.

BALLYNAHINCH.

A NEW SONG.

[*Canning* (C. M.).]

I.

A CERTAIN great statesman, whom all of us know,
In a certain assembly, no long while ago,
Declared from this maxim he never would finch,
“That no town was so loyal as Ballynahinch.”

II.

The great statesman, it seems, had perused all their faces,
And being mightily struck with their loyal grimaces;
While each townsman had sung, like a throstle or finch,
“We are all of us loyal at Ballynahinch.”

III.

The great statesman returned to his speeches and readings;
And the Ballynahinchers resumed their proceedings;
They had most of them sworn “We’ll be true to the Frinch,”¹
So loyal a town was this Ballynahinch!

¹ *Hibernicè pro* French.

IV.

Determined their landlord's fine words to make good,
 They hid pikes in his haggard, cut staves in his wood ;
 And attacked the king's troops—the assertion to clinch,
 That no town is so loyal as Ballynahinch.

V.

Oh, had we but trusted the rebels' professions,
 Met their cannon with smiles, and their pikes with concessions:
 Though they still took an ell, when we gave them an inch,
 They would all have been loyal—like Ballynahinch.

DE NAVALI LAUDE BRITANNIÆ.

[*Canning (B.).*]

SUCCESSU si freta brevi, fatisque secundis,
 Europæ sub pace vetet requiescere gentes,
 Inque dies ruat ulteriùs furialibus armis
 Gallia, tota instans à sedibus eruere imis
 Fundamenta, quibus cultæ commercia vitæ
 Firmant se subnixa ;—tuisne, Britannia, regnis
 Ecquid ab hoste times ; dum te alba, unde Albion audis,
 Saxa tuentur adhuc, magnoque Tridente potiris,
 Dum pelagus circumfusus te fluctibus ambit ?

Tu medio stabilita mari, atque ingentibus undis
 Cincta sedes ; nec tu angusto, Vulcania tanquam
 Trinacris, interclusa sinu ; nec faucibus arctis
 Septa freti brevis, impositisque coercita claustris.
 Liberiora tibi spatia, et porrecta sine ullo
 Limite regna patent (quanto neque maxima quondam
 Carthago, aut Phœnissa Tyros, ditissima tellus
 Foruit imperio) confiniaque ultima mundi.

Ergone formidabis adhuc, ne se inferat olim,
 Et campis impunè tuis superingruat hostis ?
 Usque adeòne parùm est, quod latè litora cernas

Præruptis turrita jugis, protentaque longo
 Circuito, et tutos passim præbentia portus?
 Præsertim australes ad aquas, Damnoniaque arva,
 Aut ubi Vecta viret, secessusque insula fidos
 Efficit objectu laterum; saxosave Dubris
 Velivolum latè pelagus, camposque liquentes
 Aeria, adversasque aspectat desuper oras.

Nec levibus sanè auguriis, aut omine nullo
 Auguror hinc fore perpetuum per secula nomen:
 Dum nautis tam firma tuis, tam prodiga vitæ
 Pectora, inexplētâ succensa cupidine famæ,
 Nec turpi flectenda metu; dum maxima quercus,
 Majestate excelsa suâ, atque ingentibus umbris,
 Erigitur, vasto nodosa atque aspera trunco;
 Silvarum regina. Hæc formidabilis olim
 Noctem inter mediam nimborum, hyemesque sonantes,
 Ardua se attolit super æquora; quam neque fluctûs
 Spumosi attenuat furor, aut violentia venti
 Frangere, et in medio potis est dirumpere ponto.

Viribus his innixa, saloque accincta frementi,
 'Tu media inter bella sedes; ignara malorum,
 Quæ tolerant obsessæ urbes, cùm jam hostica clausas
 Fulminat ad portas acies, vallataque circùm
 Castra locat, sævisque aditus circumsidet armis.

Talia sunt tibi perpetuæ fundamina famæ,
 Ante alias diis cara, Britannia! Prælia cerno
 Inclyta, perpetuos testes quid maxima victrix,
 Quid possis præclara tuo, maris arbitra, ponto.

Hæc inter, sanctas æternâ laude calendas
 Servandas recolo, quibus illa, immane minata
 Gentibus excidium, et totum grassata per orbem,
 Illa odiis lymphata, et libertate recenti
 Gallia, disjectam ferali funere classem
 Indoluit devicta, et non reparabile vulnus.

Tempore quo instructas vidit longo ordine puppes
 Rostratâ certare acie, et concurrere ad arma,
 Ætheraque impulsu tremere, Uxantisque per undas
 Lugubre lumen agi, atque rubentem fulgure fumum.

Cerno triumphatas acies, quo tempore Iberum
 Disjectos fastus, lacerisque aplustria velis
 Horrui Oceanus :—quali formidine Gades
 Intremere, ut fractâ classem se mole moventem
 Hospitium petere, et portus videre relictos !

Quid referam, nobis quæ nuper adorea risit,
 Te rursus superante, die quo decolor ibat
 Sanguine Belgarum Rhenus, fluctusque minores
 Volvebat, frustra indignans polluta cruore
 Ostia, et Angliaco tremefactas fulmine rupes.

Cerno pias ædes prociû, et regalia quondam
 Atria, cæruleis quæ preterlabitur undis
 Velivolus Thamesis ; materno ubi denique nautas
 Excipis amplexu, virtus quoscumque virilis
 Per pelagi impulerit discrimina, quælibet ausos
 Pro Patriâ. Hic rude donantur, dulcique senescunt
 Hospitio emeriti, placidâque quiete potiti
 Vulnere præteritos jactant testantia casus.

Macte ideò decus Oceani ! macte omne per ævum
 Victrix, æquoreo stabilita Britannia regno !
 Litoribusque tuis ne propugnacula tantum
 Præsidio fore, nec saxi munimina credas,
 Nec tantum quæ mille acies in utrumque parantur,
 Aut patriam tutari, aut non superesse cadenti ;
 Invictæ quantum metuenda tonitrua Classis,
 Angliacæ Classis ;—quæ majestate verendâ
 Ultrix, inconcussa, diù dominabitur orbi,
 Hostibus invidiosa tuis, et sæpe triumphis
 Nobilitata novis, pelagi Regina subacti.

No. XXXVI.

NEW MORALITY.

[*Canning, Frere, Gifford, Ellis (C.). Canning (B.). Special note of the authorship of parts is given before the sections to which they refer.*]

[*Canning, Frere (M.). Canning's part not marked by (F.).*]

July 9, 1798.

FROM mental mists to purge a nation's eyes ;

To animate the weak, unite the wise ;
 To trace the deep infection that pervades
 The crowded town and taints the rural shades ;
 To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
 O'er the fair realms of science, learning, taste ;
 To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
 And chase the varying falsehood as it flies ;
 The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
 To drag reluctant dulness back to day ;
 Much yet remains. To you these themes belong,
 Ye favoured sons of virtue and of song !

10

Say, is the field too narrow ? are the times
 Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes ?

[*Frere (M. F.).*]

Yet venial vices, in a milder age,
 Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage :
 The doating miser and the lavish heir,
 The follies and the foibles of the fair,
 Sir Job, Sir Baalam, and old Euclio's thrift,
 And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift,

20

Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fired
 The keen-eyed poet ; while the Muse inspired
 Her ardent child,—entwining, as he sate,
 His laurelled chaplet with the thorns of hate.

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire,
 Her shrine deserted and extinct its fire ?
 No pious hand to feed the sacred flame,
 No raptured soul a poet's charge to claim ?

Bethink thee, Gifford ; when some future age
 Shall trace the promise of thy playful page ;— 30
¹ “The hand which brushed a swarm of fools away,
 Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey !”—
 Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
 The tame secession of thy languid muse ?

Ah ! where is now that promise ? why so long
 Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song ?
 Oh ! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
 With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride ;
 With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
 And empty all thy quiver on the foe : 40
 No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
 The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound.

Thou too !—the nameless bard ²—whose honest zeal
 For law, for morals, for the public weal,
 Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
 The stream of verse, and many-linguaged prose ;
 Thou too !—though oft thy ill-advised dislike
 The guiltless head with random censure strike—

¹ See the motto prefixed to “The Baviad,” a satirical poem, by W. Gifford, Esq., unquestionably the best of its kind since the days of Pope.

“Nunc in ovilia,
 Mox in reluctantes dracones.”

² The author of the “Pursuits of Literature” [Thomas James Mathias].

Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined,
 Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind ;— 50
 Through the mixed mass yet truth and learning shine,
 And manly vigour stamps the nervous line ;
 And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
 And wakes and points the desultory fires !

Yet more remain unknown :—for who can tell
 What bashful genius, in some rural cell,
 As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
 In joyless leisure wastes his life away ?
 In him the flame of early fancy shone ;
 His genuine worth his old companions own ; 60
 In childhood and in youth their chief confessed,
 His master's pride, his pattern to the rest.
 Now, far aloof retiring from the strife
 Of busy talents, and of active life,
 As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views
 Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news,
 He loathes the world—or, with reflection sad,
 Concludes it irrecoverably mad ;
 Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft,
 No hope, no prospect to redeem it left. 70

[*Canning, Frere (M.). Canning (F.).*]

Awake ! for shame ! or e'er thy nobler sense
 Sink in the oblivious pool of indolence !
 Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
 Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied ?
 Arise ! nor scorn thy country's just alarms ;
 Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms :
 Of lofty satire pour the indignant strain,
 Leagued with her friend, and ardent to maintain
 'Gainst learning's, virtue's, truth's, religion's foes,
 A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose. 80

[*Canning (M. F.).*]

If Vice appal thee,—if thou view with awe
 Insults that brave and crimes that 'scape the law :—
 Yet may the spacious bastard brood, which claim
 A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
 Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,
 The new philosophy of modern times,—
 Yet, these may rouse thee !—With unsparing hand,
 Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land !

First, stern Philanthropy :—not she, who dries
 The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes : 90
 Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
 Of British bounty pours the annual tide :—
 But French philanthropy ;—whose boundless mind
 Glows with the general love of all mankind ;—
 Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
 Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
 Condorcet, filtered through the dregs of Paine,
 Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
 And plucks the name of England from his heart. 100

What ! shall a name, a word, a sound control
 The aspiring thought, and cramp the expansive soul ?
 Shall one half-peopled island's rocky round
 A love that glows for all creation bound ?
 And social charities contract the plan
 Framed for thy freedom, universal man ?
 —No—through the extended globe his feelings run
 As broad and general as the unbounded sun !
 No narrow bigot he ;—his reasoned view
 Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru ! 110

France at our doors, he sees no danger nigh,
 But heaves for 'Turkey's woes the impartial sigh ;
 A steady patriot of the world alone,
 The friend of every country but his own.

Next comes a gentler virtue.—Ah, beware
 Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.
 Visit her not too roughly ; the warm sigh
 Breathes on her lips ;—the tear-drop gems her eye.
 Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrined
 In the fine foldings of the feeling mind ;— 120
 With delicate Mimosa's sense endued,
 Who shrinks, instinctive, from a hand too rude ;
 Or, like the anagallis, prescient flower,
 Shuts her soft petals at the approaching shower.

Sweet child of sickly fancy !—her of yore
 From her loved France Rousseau to exile bore ;
 And, while 'midst lakes and mountains wild he ran.
 Full of himself, and shunned the haunts of man,
 Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
 To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep ; 130
 Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
 Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
 And pour them in the brooks that babbled by ;
 —Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
 False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong ;
 —For the crushed beetle first,—the widowed dove,
 And all the warbled sorrows of the grove ;—
 Next for poor suffering guilt ;—and last of all,
 For parents, friends, a king, and country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief, 140
 With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
 Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower ;
 O'er a dead jackass pour the pearly shower ;

But hear, unmoved, of Loire's ensanguined flood
 Choked up with slain ;—of Lyons drenched in blood ;
 Of crimes that blot the age, the world with shame,
 Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name ;
 Altars and thrones subverted, social life
 Trampled to earth,—the husband from the wife,
 Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn,— 150
 Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn,
 In friendless exile,—of the wise and good,
 Staining the daily scaffold with their blood,—
 Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
 The rage of madness with hell's lusts combined—
 Of hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,—
 They hear—and hope, that all is for the best.

[*Frere (M.). In Frere's works these lines are not discriminated as Frere's insertion of ten lines in Canning's part of the poem.*]

Fond hope !—but justice sanctifies the prayer—
 Justice !—here, Satire, strike ! 'twere sin to spare !
 Not she in British courts that takes her stand, 160
 'The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
 Adjusting punishments to frauds and vice,
 With scrupulous quirks, and disquisition nice :—
 But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
 'The avenging angel of regenerate France,
 Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
 And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes.¹

¹ The Manes of Vercengetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy and the plunder of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland. But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberties against a tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in alliance with France at the time. No matter, Burgundy is since become a province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present, or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

[*Canning.*]

Such is the liberal Justice which presides
 In these our days, and modern patriots guides ;—
 Justice, whose blood-stained book one sole decree, 170
 One statute fills—"the People shall be free."
 Free by what means ?—by folly, madness, guilt,
 By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt ;
 By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
 The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
 Mixed in one common mass, are swept away
 To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day ;—
 By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown :—
 Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your own :—
 The license that enthral, the truth that blinds, 180
 The wealth that starves you, and the power that grinds.
 —So Justice bids.—'Twas her enlightened doom,
 Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb !
 'Twas Justice claimed, in that accursed hour,
 The fatal forfeit of too lenient power.
 —Mourn for the man we may ;—but for the King,—
 Freedom, oh ! freedom's such a charming thing !

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark ! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
 The voice of Candour.—Hail ! most solemn sage, 190
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
 Candour, which softens party's headlong rage.
 Candour,—which spares its foes ; nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 Candour,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
 Of acting foolishly, but meaning well ;
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinced that all men's motives are the same ;—
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 Black's not so black ;—nor white so very white. 200

“Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong :—
 But then Pitt’s words, you’ll own, were rather strong.
 Both must be blamed, both pardoned ;—’twas just so
 With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago ;
 So Walpole, Pulteney ;—factions in all times,
 Have had their follies, ministers their crimes.”

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the candid friend ! 210

“Barras loves plunder,—Merlin takes a bribe,—
 What then ?—shall Candour these good men proscribe ?
 No ! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
 Prove,—not the facts,—but, that they thought them wrong.

“Why hang O’Quigley ?—he, misguided man,
 In sober thought his country’s weal might plan.
 And, while his deep-wrought treason sapped the throne,
 Might act from taste in morals, all his own.”

Peace to such reasoners !—let them have their way ;
 Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day.— 220
 Priestley’s a saint, and Stone a patriot still ;
 And La Fayette a hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
 Whose principles are fixed, whose views defined :
 Who scouts and scorns, in canting Candour’s spite,
 All taste in morals, innate sense of right,
 And Nature’s impulse all unchecked by art,
 And feelings fine that float about the heart :
 Content for good men’s guidance, bad men’s awe,
 On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law. 230
 Who owns, when traitors feel the avenging rod,
 Just retribution, and the hand of God ;

Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,
Of him who mocked, misled, betrayed his king—
Hears unappalled :—though Faction's zealots preach—
Unmoved, unsoftened by Fitzpatrick's speech.

—¹ That speech on which the melting Commons hung,
“While truths divine came mended from his tongue”—
How loving husband clings to duteous wife,—
How pure religion soothes the ills of life,— 240
How Popish ladies trust their pious fears
And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears.—
Half novel and half sermon on it flowed ;
With pious zeal the Opposition glowed ;
And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
Sighed as he whined, and as he whimpered wept ;—
E'en Cuwen dropped a sentimental tear,
And stout St. Andrew yelped a softer “Hear!”

[Canning, Frere, Ellis (M.). In Frere's works to line 301 there is no marking from the rest of the passage—which is Canning's—of lines or phrases occasionally contributed by Frere and Ellis. These notes are found only in (M.).]

Oh, nurse of crimes and fashions which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain, 250
How do we ape thee, France ! but blundering still
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.

¹ The speech of General Fitzpatrick, on his motion for an address of the House of Commons to the Emperor of Germany, to demand the deliverance of M. La Fayette from the prison of Olmutz, was one of the most dainty pieces of oratory that ever drew tears from a crowded gallery, and the clerks at the table. It was really quite moving to hear the General talk of religion, conjugal fidelity, and “such branches of learning.” There were a few who laughed indeed, but that was thought hard-hearted, and immoral, and irreligious, and God knows what. Crying was the order of the day. Why will not the Opposition try these topics again? La Fayette indeed (the more's the pity) is out. But why not a motion for a general gaol-delivery of all State prisoners throughout Europe?

The borrowed step our awkward gait reveals
 (As clumsy Courtenay¹ mars the verse he steals) :
 How do we ape thee, France !—nor claim alone
 Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
 But to thy worthies render homage due,
 Their² “hair-breadth ’scapes” with anxious interest view ;
 Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
 Though plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

[*Canning* (*M.*), (*F.*).]

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage, 261
 Tempering, with amorous fire, his virtuous rage.
 Formed for all tasks, his various talents see—
 The luscious novel, the severe decree.
 Then mark him weltering in his nasty sty,
 Bare his lewd transports to the public eye.
 Not his the love in silent groves that strays,
 Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze ;
 In Lodoiska’s full possession blessed,
 One craving void still aches within his breast : 270
 Plunged in the filth and fondness of her arms,
 Not to himself alone he stints her charms ;
 Clasped in each other’s foul embrace they lie,
 But know no joy unless the world stand by.
 The fool of vanity, for her alone
 He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.

His widowed mourner flies to poison’s aid.
 Eager to join her Louvet’s parted shade

¹ See p. 198, in the note, for a theft more shameless, and an application of the thing stolen more stupid, than any of those recorded of Irish story-tellers by Joe Miller.

² See “*Récit de mes Perils*,” by Louvet ; “*Mémoires d’un Detenu*,” by Riouffe, &c. The avidity with which these productions were read might, we should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity (as we read the *Newgate Calendar* and the history of the *Buccaneers*), not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches infinitely more detestable than all the robbers and pirates that ever existed.

In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray—
 But harsh emetics tear that hope away.¹ 280
 —Yet hapless Louvet! where thy bones are laid,
 The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade.²
 There, in the laughing morn of genial spring,
 Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing;
 Eringoes o'er the hallowed spot shall bloom,
 And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb.³

[*Canning, Frere (M.).*]

But hold, severer virtue claims the Muse—
 Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes⁴—
 And Roland's spouse who paints with chaste delight
 The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;— 290
 Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assailed,
 And how the rigid minister⁵ prevailed.

[*Canning, Frere, Ellis (M.).*]

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
 Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
 Neckar's fair daughter,—Stael the Epicene!
 Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple⁶ nose,
 The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!
 Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
 A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore,⁷

¹ Every lover of modern French literature and admirer of modern French characters must remember the rout which was made about Louvet's death and Lodoiska's poison. The attempt at self-slaughter, and the process of the recovery, the arsenic, and the castor oil, were served up in daily messes from the French papers till the public absolutely sickened.

² *Faciles Napææ.*

³ See *Anthologia, passim.*

⁴ Such was the strictness of this minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to court in shoe-buckles.—See "Dumourier's Memoirs."

⁵ See "Madame Roland's Memoirs."—"Rigide Ministre," Brissot à ses Com-metans.

⁶ The "pumple" nosed attorney of Furnival's Inn.—Congreve's "Way of the World."

⁷ These lines contain the secret history of Quatremere's deportation. He pre-

—Sad Quatremér—the bold presumption checks, 300
 Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

[*Frère (M. F.).*]

To thee, proud Barras bows ;—thy charms control
 Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul ;
 Raised by thy hands, and fashioned to thy will,
 Thy power, thy guiding influence, governs still.
 Where at the blood-stained board expert he plies,
 The lame artificer of fraud and lies ;

[*Canning, Frère, Ellis (M.).*]

He with the mitred head and cloven heel,—
 Doomed the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel :¹
 To stand the playful buffet, and to hear 310
 The frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear ;
 While all the five Directors laugh to see
 "The limping priest so deft at his new ministry."²

Last of the anointed five behold, and least,
 The directorial lama, sovereign priest,—
 Lepaux :—whom atheists worship ;—at whose nod
 Bow their meek heads the men without a God.³

sumed in the Council of Five Hundred to arraign Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to Guyana. The transaction naturally brings to one's mind the dialogue between Falstaff and Hostess Quickly in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*

Fal. Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

Quick. Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me.

¹ For instance, in the course of a political discussion, Rewbell observed to the ex-bishop—"that his understanding was as crooked as his legs"—"*V'il Emigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que les pieds*"—and therewithal threw an inkstand at him. It whizzed along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes :—but the wily apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon passed over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

² See Homer's description of Vulcan, first Iliad.

Inextinguibilis verò exoriebatur risus beatissimis
 Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos ministrantem.

³ The men without a God—one of the new sects. Their religion is intended to

Ellis (M.), not marked as other than Frere's in Frere's works until line 345.]

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonished isle,
 Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
 Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect 320
 The genuine Theo-Philanthropic sect,—
 The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,—
 Led by their Pontiff, good La Reveillere,
 —Rejoiced our clubs shall greet him, and install
 The holy hunchback in thy dome, St. Paul!
 While countless votaries thronging in his train
 Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain :

[Canning, Frere (M.).]

“*Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's evening host,
 Thou *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*,
 Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, 330
 Your country libel, and your God blaspheme,
 Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
 Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.

“And ye five other wandering bards, that move
 In sweet accord of harmony and love,
 Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb and Co.
 Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux !

“Priestley and Whitfield, humble, holy men,
 Give praises to his name with tongue and pen !

“Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go, 340
 And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux !

“Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave,
 And your cropped heads in sign of worship wave !

consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous actions of the society are to be entered and registered. “In times of civil commotion they are to come forward to exhort the citizens to unanimity, and to read them a chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed, they are to retire to a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great-coats, and wait the approach of death,” &c.

"All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux !

"—— and ——, with —— joined,¹
And every other beast after his kind.

[*Canning (F.).*]

"And thou ² Leviathan ! on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim ;
Thou in whose nose, by Burke's gigantic hand, 350
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land,
With Erskine, Grey, and Courtenay in thy train,
And Whitbread wallowing in the yeasty main—³
Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux !"

[*Canning (M. F.).*]

Britain, beware ; nor let the insidious foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow.
Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art powerful !—through thine Isle 360
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile ;
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails ;
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails !
True, thou art brave ;—o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand ;
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze !

¹ The reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks according to his own opinion, and after the chances and changes of the times. It would be highly unfair to hand down to posterity as followers of Leviathan, the names of men who may, and probably will soon, grow ashamed of their leader.

² Duke of Bedford.

³ "Though the yeasty sea
Consume and swallow navigation up."

—*Macbeth*.

But what avails to guard each outward part,
 If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
 Spite of thy courage, of thy power, and wealth, 370
 Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health ?

So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side
 Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
 Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
 Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies :
 Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
 To its cool shade the panting herds repair.—
 The treacherous current works its noiseless way,—
 The fibres loosen, and the roots decay ;
 Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies ; and all 380
 That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou,—lamented sage,—whose prescient scan
 Pierced through foul anarchy's gigantic plan,
 Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
 The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes ;
 Thou on whose name each distant age shall gaze,
 The mighty sea-mark of these troubled days !
 O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
 Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind !—
 Burke ! in whose breast a Roman ardour glowed ; 390
 Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flowed ;
 Well hast thou found—if such thy country's doom—
 A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb !

As, far in realms, where Eastern kings are laid,
 In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,
 The perfumed lamp, with unextinguished light
 Flames through the vault, and cheers the gloom of night—
 So, mighty Burke, in thy sepulchral urn,
 To fancy's view the lamp of truth shall burn.
 Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes, 400
 Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There are to whom—their taste such pleasures cloy—
 No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.
 Peace to their heavy heads and callous hearts,
 Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts !
 Pleased may they live to plan their country's good,
 And crop, with calm content, their flowery food !

What though thy venturous spirit loved to urge
 The labouring theme to reason's utmost verge,
 Kindling and mounting from the enraptured sight ;— 410
 Still anxious wonder watched thy daring flight !
 While vulgar minds, with mean, malignant stare,
 Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share !
 Poor triumph ! price of that extorted praise,
 Which still to daring genius envy pays.

Oh, for thy playful smile—thy potent frown—
 To abash bold vice, and laugh pert folly down !
 So should the Muse in humour's happiest vein,
 With verse that flowed in metaphoric strain,
 And apt allusions to the rural trade, 420
 Tell of what wood young Jacobins are made ;
 How the skilled gardener grafts with nicest rule
 The slip of coxcomb on the stock of fool ;—
 Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
 A thing to wonder at,¹ perhaps a Whig.
 Should tell, how wise each half-fledged pedant prates
 Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states—
 —That rules of policy and public good,
 In Saxon times were rightly understood ;
 —That kings are proper, may be useful things, 430
 But then some gentlemen object to kings ;

¹ *I.e.*, perhaps a member of the Whig Club—a society that has presumed to monopolise to itself a title to which it never had any claim but from the character of those who have now withdrawn themselves from it. “ Perhaps ” signifies that even the Whig Club sometimes rejects a candidate whose principles (*risum teneatis*) it affects to disapprove.

—That in all times the minister's to blame ;
 —That British liberty's an empty name,
 Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
 Shall choose its members by the Rule of Three.

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder clothed,
 Proclaim the crimes by God and nature loathed.
 Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—
 That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains
 From the crude fruit of freedom's blasted tree— 440
 Blots the fair records of humanity.

To feebler nations let proud France afford
 Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sword,—
 'To drink or die ; oh fraud ! oh specious lie !
 Delusive choice ! for if they drink, they die.

The sword we dread not :—of ourselves secure,
 Firm were our strength, our peace and freedom sure.
 Let all the world confederate all its powers,
 "Be they not backed by those that should be ours,"
 High on his rock shall Britain's Genius stand. 450
 Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts ; with constant view
 To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
 True to the manlier virtues, such as nerved
 Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Isle preserved
 For many a rugged age :—and scorn the while
 Each philosophic atheist's specious guile.—
 The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
 Of gay morality, and easy vice :—
 So shall we brave the storm ;—our stablished power
 Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour. 461
 But, French in heart—though victory crown our brow,
 Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow,
 Wealth gild our cities. commerce crowd our shore,—
 London may shine, but England is no more.

PARODIES AND BURLESQUES.

CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE.

GEORGE ELLIS.

GEORGE ELLIS, while the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" was being read in the handsome quarto into which it was collected, married, in the year 1800, a daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Parker. In the same year there was a second edition of a selection of *Fabliaux* from the collection of Legrand d'Aussy, translated by Gregory Lewis Way, which had first appeared in 1796. with preface, notes, and appendix by George Ellis. Ellis's friendship with Walter Scott dated from the year 1801. His work to extend the knowledge and enjoyment of old poetry, begun in 1790 with his "Specimens of the Early English Poets"—a work which he enlarged in 1801—was closed in 1805 with three volumes of "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," to which he prefixed an historical introduction. This is a very delightful book. The stories of many of the most famous of the old romances are told again in prose with grace and good humour, and the specimens are set in their proper places in each narrative. An edition of this book was published in 1848 by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps as a cheap volume in one of Bohn's libraries. It cannot be re-issued in a better or a cheaper form, and whoever cares enough for good literature to buy the book is glad in the possession of it. There is an analysis of Peter Alphonsus, and of Marie's Lays; there are romances of Arthur and of Merlin; Guy

of Warwick ; Bevis of Hampton ; Cœur de Lion ; Charlemagne romances ; Sir Otuel ; Sir Ferumbras ; the Seven Wise Masters ; Florice and Blanchefleur, and nearly a dozen more. Scott came to know Ellis first by correspondence upon old romances ; then, says Lockhart, "the correspondence between Ellis and Scott soon came to be constant. They met personally, before many letters had been exchanged, conceived for each other a cordial respect and affection, and continued on a footing of almost brotherly intimacy ever after. To this alliance Scott owed, among other advantages, his early and ready admission to the acquaintance and familiarity of Ellis's bosom friend, his coadjutor in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the confidant of all his literary schemes, Mr. Canning."

The following criticism from Ellis to Scott, written two months after the publication of his "Marmion" in 1808, will give us one more touch from his hand.

George Ellis to Walter Scott upon his "Marmion."

"All the world are agreed that you are like the elephant mentioned in the *Spectator*, who was the greatest elephant in the world except himself, and consequently that the only question at issue is, whether the 'Lay' or 'Marmion' shall be reputed the most pleasing poem in our language—save and except one or two of Dryden's Fables. But, with respect to the two rivals, I think the 'Lay' is, on the whole, the greatest favourite. It is admitted that the fable of 'Marmion' is greatly superior—that it contains a greater diversity of character—that it inspires more interest—and that it is by no means inferior in point of poetical expression ; but it is contended that the incident of Deloraine's journey to Melrose surpasses anything in 'Marmion,' and that the personal appearance of the Minstrel, who, though the last, is by far the most charming of all minstrels, is by no means compensated by the idea of an author shorn of his picturesque beard, deprived of his harp, and writing letters to his intimate friends. 'These introductory epistles, indeed' [it will be remembered that one was addressed to Ellis himself], "though excellent in them-

selves, are, in fact, only interruptions to the fable; and, accordingly, nine out of ten have perused them separately, either after or before the poem—and it is obvious that they cannot have produced, in either case, the effect which was proposed—viz., of relieving the reader's attention, and giving variety to the whole. Perhaps, continue these critics, it would be fair to say that 'Marmion' delights us in spite of its introductory epistles—while the 'Lay' owes its principal charm to the venerable old minstrel: the two poems may be considered as equally respectable to the talents of the author; but the first, being a more perfect whole, will be more constantly preferred. Now all this may be true—but it is no less true that everybody has already read 'Marmion' *more than once*—that it is the subject of general conversation—that it delights all ages and tastes, and that it is universally allowed to improve upon a second reading. My own opinion is, that both the productions are equally good in their different ways: yet, upon the whole, I had rather be the author of 'Marmion' than of the 'Lay,' because I think its species of excellence of much more difficult attainment. What degree of bulk may be essentially necessary to the corporeal part of an epic poem I know not; but sure I am that the story of Marmion might have furnished twelve books as easily as six—that the masterly character of Constance would not have been less bewitching had it been much more minutely painted—and that De Wilton might have been dilated with great ease, and even to considerable advantage;—in short, that had it been your intention merely to exhibit a spirited romantic story, instead of making that story subservient to the delineation of the manners which prevailed at a certain period of our history, the number and variety of your characters would have suited any scale of painting. Marmion is to Deloraine what Tom Jones is to Joseph Andrews;—the varnish of high-breeding nowhere diminishes the prominence of the features—and the minion of a king is as light and sinewy a cavalier as the borderer—rather less ferocious, more wicked, less fit for the hero of a ballad, and far more for the hero of a regular poem. On the whole, I can sincerely assure you,

sans phrase, that had I seen 'Marmion' without knowing the author, I should have ranked it with 'Theodore and Honoria'—that is to say, on the very top shelf of English poetry."

"Theodore and Honoria"—on a story from Boccaccio—is that one of Dryden's Fables which Ellis especially considered to be the most pleasing poem in our language. Scott said of his friend Ellis that he was "the first converser I ever knew; his patience and good-breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off at score upon some favourite topic."

George Ellis was preparing an edition of the Diary of his friend William Windham when he died, in April 1815. And now, in the old phrase of the Northern saga tellers, George Ellis goes out of the story.

GEORGE CANNING.

GEORGE CANNING, like George Ellis, married in the year 1800, but Ellis was in that year a bridegroom of forty-seven, Canning a bridegroom of thirty. Canning married the daughter of Major-General John Scott. She brought him a hundred thousand pounds, and made him free to devote himself entirely to the service of his country. He went out of office with Pitt, and came back into office with him in 1804, as Treasurer of the Navy. After Pitt's death in 1806, Canning did not serve under Lord Grenville, but in the spring of 1807, at the age of thirty-seven, became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the ministry of the Duke of Portland, whose wife and Canning's wife were sisters. Canning did not serve in the Cabinet formed after the resignation of the Duke of Portland in October 1809. In 1812, Canning was returned for Liverpool, and said that his political allegiance was buried in the grave of Pitt. He could not act with Lord Castlereagh; the relations between them had, indeed, in 1809, led to a duel upon Putney Heath. He would not in 1812 return to the Foreign Office when invited to do so by Lord Liverpool, with the unwelcome condition that Castlereagh should be the leader of the

House of Commons. He went to Lisbon in 1814 for the health of his eldest son, when Lord Liverpool appointed him Ambassador Extraordinary; and next year he was in the south of France. In the summer of 1816 he returned to England, and became President of the Board of Control. His son died in April 1820. He went abroad in the autumn, and was abroad during the trial of Queen Caroline. When he returned he resigned, unwilling to take part in action unfriendly to the Queen. Queen Caroline died in August 1821, but the King then would not receive Canning as a minister. He was appointed Governor-General of India in 1822, but in that year Castlereagh, who had returned to office as Foreign Secretary, died by suicide. The Duke of Wellington told the King that none but Canning could succeed him, and Canning returned to the Foreign Office. Canning's health was breaking when the course of events made him in April 1827 head of a ministry formed by coalition with the Whigs. Canning was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Lansdowne was Home Secretary, and Lord Lyndhurst, Chancellor. Canning was friendly to the claims of the Roman Catholics and to free trade as leader of a liberal section of the Tories, trained in the school of Pitt. In March 1827 Canning and Huskisson introduced a bill for the admission of foreign wheat, under conditions of a sliding scale, that lessened the evil of protection. It passed the Commons, but was thrown out in the Lords upon an amendment moved by the Duke of Wellington. Canning died on the 8th of August 1827. In the next year his second son, a captain in the navy, was drowned. Canning's widow was after his death created a Viscountess. His third son, born in 1812, left Eton in the year of his father's death. A year later he went on to Oxford, succeeded to the peerage, on his mother's death, as Viscount Canning, and lived to become, in 1856, Governor-General of India. When the government of India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown, Lord Canning was, in 1858, the first Viceroy of India, and in 1859 he was raised to an earldom. His wife, loved throughout India, died in 1861, and he died himself in the next year, leaving no successor to the title.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

AFTER Canning's death, his friend Frere said, "I think twenty years ago Canning's death would have caused mine; as it is, the time seems so short I do not feel it as I otherwise should." He survived Canning nearly twenty years, and died in January 1846, having lived to the age of seventy-seven, and twice refused a peerage.

After the *Anti-Jacobin* days, Frere, in April 1799, succeeded Canning as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. From 1800 to 1804 he was abroad as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, first at Lisbon and then at Madrid. On his return, grant was made to him of a pension of £1700 a year, and he was sworn a member of the Privy Council. In October 1808 he went out to Spain as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Central Junta. He was replaced in 1809 by Lord Wellesley, and the Central Junta, when he left, created him a Marquis. This was the end of Frere's political life. His father's death in 1807 had made him master of Roydon Hall. He married in 1812 the Dowager Countess of Errol, and published in 1817 the first two cantos, and in 1818 the other two cantos, of his burlesque poem, first produced as "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." It delighted Byron, who wrote to Murray, "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere)." In March 1818 Byron wrote—"The style is not English, it is Italian; Berni is the original of *all*; Whistlecraft was my immediate model." Two years later he said of Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore," "It is the parent not only of Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian poetry." When the two separate parts, each of two cantos, were published together

in 1818, the title of the little volume was "The Monks and the Giants."

Southey wrote of it in 1820 to Landor—"A fashion of poetry has been imported which has had a great run, and is in a fair way of being worn out. It is of Italian growth, an adaptation of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his sportive mood. Frere began it. What he produced was too good in itself, and too inoffensive to become popular; for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault of its Italian models, that the transition from what is serious to what is burlesque was capricious. Lord Byron immediately followed, first with his 'Beppo,' which implied the profligacy of the writer, and lastly with his 'Don Juan.' . . . The manner has had a host of imitators."

With this last piece of burlesque playfulness—fresher and more good-humoured than 'Beppo'—we pass from Frere, only adding that in 1818 his wife's health caused him to settle at Malta, where he made those admirable versions from Aristophanes of the *Acharnians*, *The Knights*, and *the Birds*, which I have reprinted in "the Universal Library" from the original edition printed at Malta in 1839. "The Monks and the Giants" have, indeed, been reprinted in another volume of the same library, "A Miscellany," but as the work cannot be left out of the present collection, here it is again. I may just add that there is a detailed criticism of it, by Ugo Foscolo, in the twenty-first volume of the *Quarterly Review*.

THE
MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN

OF

AN INTENDED NATIONAL WORK,

BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT,
OF STOW MARKET, IN SUFFOLK, HARNESS AND COLLAR MAKERS.

INTENDED TO COMPRISE

THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATING TO
KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

THE following stanzas being for the most part the production of my late brother, William Whistlecraft, as composed by him in the year 1813, I have judged (by the advice of my friends) that it would be more suitable to publish them without alteration in any respect, and to which I have adhered strictly, as may be seen by a reference to the thirteenth stanza. This I thought it due to have stated, in consideration of our having proposed the Two Boards for Verse and Prose, which in the present crisis might be stigmatised ; but it is well known that the public opinion was more consonant to magnificence and useful encouragement at that time than it has been for the last twelve months, or is likely to be the case again, unless the funds should experience a further advance, together with an improvement in the branches of Customs and Excise. The occasion of their remaining unpublished was in compliance with the advice of friends, though at present, in conformity with the pressure of the times, they have thought it advisable that the following publication should take place, which, if an indulgent public should espouse it, it is intended that it should be followed in due course with a suitable continuation.

THE
MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

I.

I'VE often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose :
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demarara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

II.

Poets consume excisable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious :
As an industrious and painstaking body 'tis
That poets should be reckoned meritorious :
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one Board for Verse and one for Prose.

III.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
I've often seen, in copper-plate and print ;
I never saw them elsewhere for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't :
But everybody knows the Regent's heart ;
I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint ;
Each Board to have twelve members, with a seat
To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat :--

IV.

From princes I descend to the nobility :
 In former times all persons of high stations,
 Lords, baronets, and persons of gentility,
 Paid twenty guineas for the dedications :
 This practice was attended with utility ;
 The patrons lived to future generations,
 The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
 So men alive and dead could live by learning.

V.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune ;
 Now, we must starve unless the times should mend :
 Our poets now-a-days are deemed importune
 If their addresses are diffusely penned ;
 Most fashionable authors make a short one
 To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
 To show their independence, I suppose ;
 And that may do for gentlemen like those.

VI.

Lastly, the common people I beseech—
 Dear people ! if you think my verses clever,
 Preserve with care your noble Parts of Speech,
 And take it as a maxim to endeavour
 To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
 And then these lines of mine may last for ever ;
 And don't confound the language of the nation
 With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

VII.

I think that poets (whether Whig or Tory)
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
 Should study to promote their country's glory
 With patriotic, diligent research ;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
 It stands to reason—this was Homer's plan,
 And we must do—like him—the best we can.

VIII.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
 Are out in print, and most of them have sold ;
 Perhaps together they may make a score ;
 Richard the First has had his story told,
 But there were lords and princes long before,
 That had behaved themselves like warriors bold ;
 Among the rest there was the great King Arthur,
 What hero's fame was ever carried farther ?

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckoned the best king, and bravest lords,
 Of all that flourished since the Tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records ;
 Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words :
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that names that were respected
 In former ages, persons of such mark,
 And countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark :
 An error such as this should be corrected.
 And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
 Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
 And then I'll light a great poetic fire,

XI.

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
 And wash the canvas clean, and scour the frames,
 And put a coat of varnish on the fable,
 And try to puzzle out the dates and names ;
 Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
 And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
 —These first eleven stanzas make a proem,
 And now I must sit down and write my poem.

CANTO I.

I.

BEGINNING (as my bookseller desires)

Like an old minstrel with his gown and beard,
"Fair ladies, gallant knights, and gentle squires,
Now the last service from the board is cleared,
And if this noble company requires,
And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
Of sundry strange adventures I could tell,
That oft were told before, but never told so well."

II.

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle ;
And all were entertained, both man and beast
According to their rank, in proper style ;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes ;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes :
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine ;
Hérons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard :
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own ;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

V.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling :
The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions ;

VI.

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs :
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and foreigners with foreign features.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses ;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims and penitents and grave burgesses ;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes ;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

VIII.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtesans, and boors
(Although appropriate to their meaner station),
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours ;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
Occasioned by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

IX.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long ;
Therefore my versatile ingenious muse
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's court has never had its match ;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch :
Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XI.

They looked a manly, generous generation ;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick ;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

XII.

The ladies looked of an heroic race—

At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face.

Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arched and high ;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen ;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,

Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's court an ever welcome guest ;
Britain will never see his like again.

Of all the knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
I never saw his picture nor his print ;
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XIV.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appeared
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and reared
To rustic labours or to loose amours ;
He moved amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain ;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

XVI.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
 Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
 Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
 But ever was regretted while away ;
 With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
 His ready converse charmed the wintry day ;
 No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
 Or foreign marvels, like the foolish knights,

XVII.

But with a playful imitative tone
 (That merely seemed a voucher for the truth)
 Recounted strange adventures of his own,
 The chances of his childhood and his youth,
 Of churlish giants he had seen and known,
 Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
 The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
 Of savage monarchs and their monstrous wives :

XVIII.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
 Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
 His ready memory seized and bore away ;
 And ever when the ladies chose to ask,
 Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
 Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
 But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
 As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

XIX.

His ready wit and rambling education,
 With the congenial influence of his stars,
 Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
 All games of skill and stratagems of wars ;
 His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
 Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars ;
 His mind with all their attributes was mixed,
 And, like those planets, wandering and unfixed ;

*These lines have the honour of being quoted by
 Macaulay in his character of the Earl of Peter-
 borough. Macaulay was on the side of the Secession
 in 1841.*

XX.

From realm to realm he ran—and never stayed ;
Kingdoms and crowns he won—and gave away :
It seemed as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray :
No conquests nor acquirements had he made :
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd :

XXI.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe ;
It seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow ;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low ;
Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
When overmatched, entangled, and outnumbered.

XXII.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
For sieges, and constructions for defence,
Inventions some of them that have survived,
Others were deemed too cumbrous and immense :
Minstrels he loved, and cherished while he lived,
And patronised them both with praise and pence :
Somewhat more learned than became a knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

XXIII.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word—
He was a perfect loyal cavalier ;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword* ;
And like his weapon was that worthy peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never failed to hit ;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension :

XXV.

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer :
Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser-general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

XXVI.

One riddle I could never understand—
But his success in war was strangely various ;
In executing schemes that others planned,
He seemed a very Caesar or a Marius ;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious :
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realised them better far than he did.

XXVII.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind ;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It seemed an emanation from his mind ;
The coarsest natures that approached him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined ;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point of honour like a knight.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
His eager valour knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant lion in his shield
Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault.
With ready succour where the battle reeled :
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

CANTO II.

I.

I've finished now three hundred lines and more,
And therefore I begin Canto the Second,
Just like those wandering ancient bards of yore ;
They never laid a plan, nor ever reckoned
What turning they should take the day before ;
They followed where the lovely Muses beckoned :
The Muses led them up to Mount Parnassus,
And that's the reason that they all surpass us.

II.

The Muses served those heathens well enough—
Bold Britons take a tankard, or a bottle,
And when the bottle's out, a pinch of snuff,
And so proceed in spite of Aristotle—
Those Rules of his are dry, dogmatic stuff,
All life and fire they suffocate and throttle—
And therefore I adopt the mode I mention.
Trusting to native judgment and invention.

III.

This method will, I hope, appear defensible—

I shall begin by mentioning the giants,
A race of mortals, brutal and insensible,
(Postponing the details of the defiance,
Which came in terms so very reprehensible
From that barbarian sovereign King Ryence),
Displaying simpler manners, forms, and passions,
Unmixed by transitory modes and fashions.

IV.

Before the feast was ended, a report
Filled every soul with horror and dismay ;
Some ladies, on their journey to the court,
Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the aboriginal giants to their fort—
An unknown fort—for government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

V.

A waiting damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
Herself the witness of a woeful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appeared before the ladies and the queen ;
Her figure was funereal, veiled and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
“Excuse us, madam,—we’ve no time to waste—”
And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
With other knights, equipped and armed in haste ;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel ;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reached the mountains on the second night,
And wandered up and down till break of day.
When they discovered, by the dawning light,
A lonely glen where heaps of embers lay ;
They found unleavened fragments, scorched and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the giants' courses—
He felt the embers, but the heat was out—
He stood contemplating the roasted horses.
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces—
"The giants must be somewhere here about !"
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remained untouched by kites or crows ;

IX.

"You see no traces of their sleeping here,
No heap of leaves or heath, no giant's nest—
Their usual habitation must be near—
They feed at sunset, and retire to rest—
A moment's search will set the matter clear."
The fact turned out precisely as he guessed :
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a valley, closed on every side,
Resembling that which Rasselas¹ describes ;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
Where the descendants of the giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried
(Invaders tread upon each other's kibes):
First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man :

¹ Prince of Abyssinia. See his life, written by himself.

XI.

So Horace said—and so the giants found,
Expelled by fresh invaders in succession :
But they maintained tenaciously the ground
Of ancient, indefeasible possession,
And robbed and ransacked all the country round ;
And ventured on this horrible transgression,
Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,
As lords and lawful owners of the soil.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound ;
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels under ground :
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a cave and den,
That with its strange construction seemed to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when—
—Hewn inward in the huge suspended rock,
The tombs and monuments of mighty men :
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas ! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base !

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased :
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a reign :

XV.

A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primæval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

XVI.

But on the other side a river went,
And there the craggy rock and ancient wall
Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent :
Time and the wearing stream had worked its fall :
The modern giants had repaired the rent,
But poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patched it up, contriving as they could,
With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood :

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—
A true-bred giant never trusts a knight—
He sent a herald, who returned again
All torn to rags and perishing with fright ;
A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain—
To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite :
When all conciliatory measures failed,
The castle and the fortress were assailed.

XVIII.

But when the giants saw them fairly under,
They shovelled down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder ;
Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed ;—
Success seemed hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A council then was called, and all agreed
To call in succour from the country round ;
By regular approaches to proceed,
Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happened to secede :
It seems his falcon was not to be found ;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the country came ;
At Gawain's summons all the people aided ;
They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbours work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was he, for very shame
They dug, they delved, entrenched and palisaded,
Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every ford where giants might have waded.

XXI.

Sir Tristram found his falcon, bruised and lame,
After a tedious search, as he averred,
And was returning back the way he came,
When in the neighbouring thicket something stirred,
And flashed across the path as bright as flame :
Sir Tristram followed it, and found a bird
Much like a pheasant, only crimson red,
With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

XXII.

Sir Tristram's mind—invention—powers of thought,
Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
Devising ways and means to have it caught
Alive—entire—to see it safely caged :
The giants and their siege he set at nought
Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
He gained his object after three days wandering,
And three nights watching, meditating, pondering,

XXIII.

And to the Camp in triumph he returned :

He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
And praise and magnify the prize he earned.

Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
But here his heart with indignation burned :

"Good cousin, yonder stands an eagle's nest !
—A prize for fowlers such as you and me."—
Sir Tristram answered mildly, "We shall see."

XXIV.

Good humour was Sir Tristram's leading quality,

And in the present case he proved it such ;
If he forbore, it was that in reality

His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shocked his worthy friend's formality—

He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much ;
He walks apart with him—and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces—

XXV.

Approving everything that had been done—

"It serves to put the giants off their guard—
Less hazard and less danger will be run—

I doubt not we shall find them unprepared—
The castle will more easily be won,

And many valuable lives be spared ;
The ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talked incomparably well ;

His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell),
That his whole system was entirely wrong ;
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished.

XXVII.

“Indeed!” Sir Tristram said, “for aught we know—
For aught that we can tell—this very night
The valley’s entrance may be closed with snow,
And we may starve and perish here outright—
’Tis better risking a decided blow—
I own this weather puts me in a fright.”
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram’s fortune.

XXVIII.

’Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
With cold salute the mountain’s chilly brow;
The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
Inundated the vales and depths below,
When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
Ascending through the vapours dim and hoar,
A secret track, which he descried before.

XXIX.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
To walk across the playground or the yard
Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reached the spot, was your reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Tristram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

XXX.

They climbed an hour or more with hand and knee
(The distance of a fathom or a rood
Was farther than the keenest eye could see);
At last the very ground on which they stood,
The broken turf, and many a battered tree—
The crushed and shattered shrubs and underwood—
Apprised them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelmed the time before.

XXXI.

Sir Tristram saw the people in a fluster ;
He took them to a sheltered hollow place :
They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
And Tristram, with an unembarrassed face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muster,
To take a muster, and to state the case—
“It was,” he said, “an unexpected error,
Enough to strike inferior minds with terror ;

XXXII.

“But since they were assembled and collected”
(All were assembled except nine or ten),
“He thought that their design might be effected ;
All things were easy to determined men.
If they would take the track which he directed,
And try their old adventure once again.”
He slapped his breast, and swore within an hour
That they should have the castle in their power.

XXXIII.

This mountain was like others I have seen ;
There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between—
A copper-plate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore, with permission,
I'll give a print of it the next edition.

XXXIV.

Thither Sir Tristram with his comrades went,
For now the misty cloud was cleared away,
And they must risk the perilous ascent,
Right in the giants' front, in open day :
They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
Before the battery should begin to play.
Their manner of ascending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge :

XXXV.

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
Always afraid to lose your hold half way ;
And as they clambered each successive tier
Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
It was not altogether without fear—
Just fear enough to make brave people gay :
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
“ They wound with toilsome march their long array.”

XXXVI.

The more alert and active upward sprung,
And let down ropes to drag their comrades after ;
Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
Stript off and twisted with such mirth and laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung :
Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to pass a raging wint'ry flood,
Such was the situation where they stood :

XXXVII.

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height ;
The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright :
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

XXXVIII.

The giants saw them on the topmost crown
Of the last rock, and threatened and defied—
“ Down with the mangy dwarfs there !—Dash them down !
Down with the dirty pismires !”—Thus they cried.
Sir Tristram with a sharp sarcastic frown,
In their own giant jargon thus replied,
“ Mullinger !—Cacamole !—and Mangonell !
You cursed cannibals—I know you well—

XXXIX.

"I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
 And your left-handed squinting brother's too—
 By heaven and earth, within an hour at most,
 I'll give the crows a meal of him and you—
 The wolves shall have you either raw or roast—
 I'll make an end of all your cursed crew."
 These words he partly said, and partly sang,
 As usual with the giants, in their slang.

XL.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow—
 The giants ran away—they knew not why—
 Sir Tristram gained the point—he knew not how—
 He could account for it no more than I.
 Such strange effects we witness often now;
 Such strange experiments true Britons try
 In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
 In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

XLI.

True courage bears about a charm or spell—
 It looks, I think, like an instinctive law
 By which superior natures daunt and quell
 Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
 I wonder if philosophers can tell—
 Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
 I can't explain it—but the fact is so,
 A fact which every midshipman must know.

XLII.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
 To show Sir Gawain that the coast was clear:
 They heard his camp re-echo with a shout—
 In half-an-hour Sir Gawain will be here.
 But still Sir Tristram was perplexed with doubt—
 The crisis of the ladies' fate drew near—
 He dreaded what those poor defenceless creatures
 Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

XLIII.

The giants, with their brutal want of sense,
In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half dismantled all the new-built wall.
They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Tristram formed a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

XLIV.

“My lads,” he cried, “an effort must be made
To keep those monsters half-an-hour in play,
While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
Or else the ladies will be made away.
By mounting close within the palisade,
You’ll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway—
Their clubs and maces : recollect my words,
And use your daggers rather than your swords.”

XLV.

That service was most gallantly performed :
The giants still endeavoured to repel
And drive them from the breach that they had stormed :
The foremost of the crew was Mangonell.
At sight of him Sir Tristram’s spirit warmed ;
With aim unerring Tristram’s falchion fell,
Lopt off his club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus disabled that stupendous chuckle.

XLVI.

The giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade ;
Sir Tristram swerved aside, and reaching round,
Probed all his entrails with his poniard’s blade :
His giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade ;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragged him forth, and tossed him in the ditch.

XLVII.

Sir Tristram, in the warfare that he waged,
Strove to attract the giants' whole attention :
To keep it undivided and engaged,
He racked his fiery brain and his invention :
And taunted and reviled, and stormed, and raged,
In terms far worse, and more than I can mention.
In the meanwhile, in a more sober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

XLVIII.

But first I must commemorate in rhyme
Sir Tristram's dexterous swordmanship and might
(This incident appears to me sublime),
He struck a giant's head off in the fight !
The head fell down, of course, but for some time
The stupid, headless trunk remained upright :
For more than twenty seconds there it stood,
But ultimately fell from loss of blood.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band ;
He enters on the work with warmth and haste.
And slays a brace of giants out of hand,
Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be planned,
The keep or inner castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your entrance, just three yards behind,
There was a mass of stone of moderate height,
It stood before you like a screen or blind :
And there—on either hand to left and right—
Were sloping parapets or planes inclined,
On which two massy stones were placed upright,
Secured by staples and by leathern ropes,
Which hindered them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

“—Cousin, those dogs have some device or gin!—
—I’ll run the gauntlet—and I’ll stand a knock—”
He dashed into the gate through thick and thin—
He hewed away the bands which held the block—
It rushed along the slope with rumbling din,
And closed the entrance with a thundering shock
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discovered by the classics in their seas).

LII.

This was Sir Tristram—(as you may suppose)
He found some giants wounded, others dead—
He shortly equalises these with those ;
But one poor devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the ladies interpose ;
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected :
Many details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the castle’s capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the wall
(Meaning to leap into the outer court) ;
But when he came, he saved himself the fall,
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
The giants were demolished one and all :
He pulled them up the wall—they climb and enter—
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

LV.

The only real sufferer in the fight

Was a poor neighbouring squire of little fame,
That came and joined the party over-night ;

He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
Which he received in tumbling from a height :

The knights from court had never heard his name,
Nor recollected seeing him before—

Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

LVI.

Thus Tristram, without loss of life or limb.

Conquered the giants' castle in a day ;
But whether it were accident or whim

That kept him in the woods so long away.
In any other mortal except him

I should not feel a doubt of what to say ;
But he was wholly guided by his humour,
Indifferent to report and public rumour.

LVII.

It was besides imagined and suspected

That he had missed his course by deep design,
To take the track which Gawain had neglected—

I speak of others' notions, not of mine :
I question even if he recollected—

He might have felt a moment's wish to shine :
I only know that he made nothing of it,
Either for reputation or for profit.

LVIII.

The ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,

Proceeded instantaneously to court,
To thank their Majesties for their protection.

Sir Gawain followed with a grand escort,
And was received with favour and affection.

Sir Tristram remained loitering in the fort ;
He thought the building and the scenery striking,
And that poor captive giant took his liking.

LIX.

And now the thread of our romance unravels,
Presenting new performers on the stage ;
A giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next succeeding page :
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this fastidious, supercilious age ;
Reviews, and paragraphs in morning papers—
The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapours.

LX.

“My dear,” says she, “I think it will be well
To ascertain our losses or our gains :
If this first sample should succeed and sell,
We can renew the same melodious strains.”
Poor soul ! she's had, I think, a tedious spell,
And ought to be considered for her pains.
And keeping of my company so long—
A moderate compliment would not be wrong.

CANTO III.

I.

“I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray,
He offers handsomely—the money down ;
My dear, you might recover from your flurry
In a nice airy lodging out of town.
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey ;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front parlour for next week.

II.

“Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think ;
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock ;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink ;
On Banstead Downs you’d muster a new stock.
And I’d be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o’clock.
We’ll travel down there in the morning stages :
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

III.

“And here in town we’ll breakfast on hot rolls.
And you shall have a better shawl to wear ;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes ;
By Monday next I’ll compass a new pair :
Come, now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air,
Set out the tea things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up.”—*Arms and the Monks I sing.*

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream ;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river’s bank and southern beam :
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly persons, and of good esteem,
That passed an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the monks and giants there subsisted,
In the first abbot’s lifetime, much respect ;
The giants let them settle where they listed ;
The giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame giant once the monks assisted,
Old and abandoned, dying with neglect,
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seemed a glorious golden opportunity,
To civilise the whole gigantic race ;
To draw them, to pay tithes, and dwell in unity ;
The giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enriched the whole community,
Had the old giant lived a longer space ;
But he relapsed, and though all means were tried,
They could but just baptize him—when he died.

VII.

And, I believe, the giants never knew
Of the kind treatment that befell their mate ;
He broke down all at once, and all the crew
Had taken leave, and left him to his fate ;
And though the monks exposed him full in view,
Propped on his crutches, at the garden gate,
To prove their cure, and show that all was right,
It happened that no giants came in sight :

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanour calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious, and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential ;
They kept a distant, courteous intercourse ;
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

IX.

Music will civilise, the poets say,
In time it might have civilised the giants ;
The Jesuits found its use in Paraguay ;
Orpheus was famous for harmonic science,
And civilised the Thracians in that way ;
My judgment coincides with Mr. Bryant's ;
He thinks that Orpheus meant a race of cloisterers,
Obnoxious to the Bacchanalian roisterers.

X.

Decyphering the symbols of mythology,
He finds them monks, expert in their vocation :
Teachers of music, med'cine, and theology,
The missionaries of the barbarous Thracian ;
The poet's fable was a wild apology
For an inhuman bloody reformation,
Which left those tribes uncivilised and rude,
Naked and fierce, and painted and tattooed.

XI.

It was a glorious Jacobinic job
To pull down convents, to condemn for treason
Poor peeping Pentheus—to carouse and rob,
With naked raving goddesses of reason,
The festivals and orgies of the mob
That every twentieth century come in season.
Enough of Orpheus—the succeeding page
Relates to monks of a more recent age ;

XII.

And oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream ;

XIII.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depth of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

XIV.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each could venture—"Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard heaven's thunder melt
In music!—all at once it soothes, it smothers—
It overpowers one—Pillicock, don't pelt!
It seems a kind of shame, a kind of sin,
To vex those harmless worthy souls within."

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

XVIII.

Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
 To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
 Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
 Thundering his deep surprise and indignation :
 The lesser hills, in language of their own,
 Discussed the topic by reverberation ;
 Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
 Their only conversation was "ding-dong."

XIX.

Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
 But never made an outward change of place :
 Not so the mountain-giant—(as behoved
 A more alert and locomotive race),
 Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
 They ran straight forward to besiege the place
 With a discordant universal yell,
 Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
 Obligated to persevere in the narration
 Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
 Oppression, sacrilege, assassination ;
 The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
 But truth is an imperious obligation.
 So—"my heart sickens, and I drop my pen,"
 And am obliged to pick it up again.

XXI.

And, dipping it afresh, I must transcribe
 An ancient monkish record, which displays
 The savage acts of that gigantic tribe ;
 I hope that, from the diction of those days,
 This noble, national poem will imbibe
 A something (in the old reviewing phrase),
 'Of an original flavour, and a raciness ;'
 I should not else transcribe it, out of laziness.

XXII.

The writer first relates a dream, or vision,
 Observed by Luke and Lawrence in their cells,
 And a nocturnal hideous apparition
 Of fiends and devils dancing round the bells :
 This last event is stated with precision ;
 Their persons he describes, their names he tells,
 Klaproth, Tantallan, Barbanel, Belphegor,
 Long-tailed, long-taloned, hairy, black, and meagre.

XXIII.

He then rehearses sundry marvels more,
 Damping the mind with horror by degrees,
 Of a prodigious birth a heifer bore,
 Of mermaids seen in the surrounding seas,
 Of a sea-monster that was cast ashore ;
 Earthquakes and thunder-stones, events like these,
 Which served to show the times were out of joint,
 And then proceeds directly to the point.

XXIV.

Erant rumores et timores varii :
 Dies horroris et confusionis
 Evenit in callendis Januarii ;
 Gigantes, semen maledictionis
 Nostri potentes impii adversarii,
 Irascebantur campanarum sonis,
 Horâ secundâ centum tres gigantes
 Venerunt ante januam ululantes.

XXV.

At fratres pleni desolationis,
 Stabant ad necessarium præsidium.
 Perterriti pro vitis et pro bonis,
 Et perduravit hoc crudele obsidium,
 Nostri claustralis pauperis Sionis,
 Ad primum diem proximorum Idium ;
 Tunc in triumpho fracto tintinnabulo,
 Gigantes ibant alibi pro pabulo.

XXVI.

Sed frater Isidorus decumbebat
 In lecto per tres menses brachio fracto,
 Nam lapides Mangonellus jaciebat,
 Et fregit tintinnabulum lapide jacto ;
 Et omne vicinagium destruebat,
 Et nihil relinquebat de intacto,
 Ardens molinos, casas, messuagia,
 Et alia multa damna atque outragia.

XXVII.

Those monks were poor proficient in divinity.
 And scarce knew more of Latin than myself ;
 Compared with theirs they say that true Latinity
 Appears like porcelain compared with delf ;
 As for the damage done in the vicinity,
 Those that have laid their Latin on the shelf
 May like to read the subsequent narration
 Done into metre from a friend's translation.

XXVIII.

Squire Humphry Bamberham, of Boozley Hall
 (Whose name I mention with deserved respect),
 On market-days was often pleased to call,
 And to suggest improvements, or correct ;
 I own the obligation once for all,
 Lest critics should imagine they detect
 Traces of learning and superior reading,
 Beyond, as they suppose, my birth and breeding.

XXIX.

Papers besides, and transcripts most material,
 He gave me when I went to him to dine ;
 A trunk full, one coach-seat, and an imperial,
 One band-box—But the work is wholly mine ;
 The tone, the form, the colouring ethereal,
 “The vision and the faculty divine,”
 The scenery, characters, and triple-rhymes,
 I'll swear it—like old Walter of the *Times*.

XXX.

Long, long before, upon a point of weight,
 Such as a ring of bells complete and new,
 Chapters were summoned, frequent, full, and late ;
 The point was viewed in every point of view,
 Till, after fierce discussion and debate,
 The wiser monks, the wise are always few,
 That from the first opposed the plan *in toto*,
 Were over-borne, *canonicali voto*.

XXXI.

A prudent monk, their reader and librarian,
 Observed a faction, angry, strong, and warm
 (Himself an anti-tintinnabularian),
 He saw, or thought he saw, a party form
 To scout him as an alien and sectarian.
 There was an undefined impending storm !
 The opponents were united, bold, and hot ;
 They might degrade, imprison him—what not ?

XXXII.

Now faction in a city, camp, or cloister,
 While it is yet a tender raw beginner,
 Is nourished by superfluous warmth and moisture,
 Namely, by warmth and moisture after dinner :
 And therefore, till the temper and the posture
 Of things should alter—till a secret inner
 Instinctive voice should whisper, all is right—
 He deemed it safest to keep least in sight.

XXXIII.

He felt as if his neck were in a noose,
 And evermore retired betimes from table,
 For fear of altercation and abuse,
 But made the best excuse that he was able ;
 He never rose without a good excuse
 (Like Master Stork invited in the fable
 To Mr. Fox's dinner) ; there he sat,
 Impatient to retire and take his hat.

XXXIV.

For only once or twice that he remained
To change this constant formal course, he found
His brethren awkward, sullen, and constrained,
—He caught the conversation at a bound,
And, with a hurried agitation, strained
His wits to keep it up, and drive it round.
—It saved him—but he felt the risk and danger,
Behaved-to like a pleasant utter stranger.

XXXV.

Wise people sometimes will pretend to sleep,
And watch and listen while they droop and snore—
He felt himself a kind of a black sheep,
But studied to be neither less nor more
Obliging than became him—but to keep
His temper, style, and manner as before ;
It seemed the best, the safest, only plan,
Never to seem to feel as a marked man.

XXXVI.

Wise curs, when canistered, refuse to run ;
They merely crawl and creep about, and whine,
And disappoint the boys, and spoil the fun—
That picture is too mean—this monk of mine
Ennobled it, as others since have done,
With grace and ease, and grandeur of design :
He neither ran nor howled, nor crept nor turned.
But wore it as he walked, quite unconcerned.

XXXVII.

To manifest the slightest want of nerve
Was evidently perfect utter ruin,
Therefore the seeming to recant or swerve,
By meddling any way with what was doing,
He felt within himself would only serve
To bring down all the mischief that was brewing ;
“No duty binds me, no constraint compels
To bow before the Dagon of the Bells,

XXXVIII.

“To flatter this new foolery, to betray
 My vote, my conscience, and my better sense,
 By bustling in the belfry day by day ;
 But in the grange, the cellar, or the spence
 (While all are otherwise employed), I may
 Deserve their thanks, at least avoid offence ;
 For (while this vile anticipated clatter
 Fills all their hearts and senses), every matter

XXXIX.

“Behoveful for our maintenance and needs
 Is wholly disregarded, and the course
 Of our conventual management proceeds
 At random. day by day, from bad to worse ;
 The larder dwindles and the cellar bleeds !
 Besides,—besides the bells, we must disburse
 For masonry, for frame-work, wheels and fliers ;
 Next winter we must fast like genuine friars.”

XL.

As bees, that when the skies are calm and fair,
 In June, or the beginning of July,
 Launch forth colonial settlers in the air,
 Round, round. and roundabout, they whiz, they fly,
 With eager worry whirling here and there,
 They know not whence, nor whither, where, nor why,
 In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
 Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming ;

XLI.

Till the strong frying-pan's energetic jangle
 With thrilling thrum their feebler hum doth drown,
 Then passive and appeased, they droop and dangle,
 Clinging together close, and clust'ring down,
 Linked in a multitudinous living tangle
 Like an old tassel of a dingy brown ;
 The joyful farmer sees. and spreads his hay,
 And reckons on a settled sultry day.

XLII.

Even so the monks, as wild as sparks of fire
 (Or swarms unpacified by pan or kettle),
Ran restless round the cloisters and the choir,
 Till those huge masses of sonorous metal
Attracted them toward the tower and spire ;
 There you might see them cluster, crowd, and settle,
Thronged in the hollow tintinnabular hive ;
The belfry swarmed with monks ; it seemed alive.

XLIII.

Then, while the cloisters, courts, and yards were still,
 Silent and empty, like a long vacation ;
The friar prowled about, intent to fill
 Details of delegated occupation,
Which, with a ready frankness and good will,
 He undertook ; he said, "the obligation
Was nothing—nothing—he could serve their turn
While they were busy with this new concern."

XLIV.

Combining prudence with a scholar's pride,
 Poor Tully, like a toad beneath a harrow,
Twitched, jerked, and hauled, and mauled on every side,
 Tried to identify himself with Varro ;
This course our cautious friar might have tried,
 But his poor convent was a field too narrow ;
There was not, from the prior to the cook,
A single soul that cared about a book :

XLV.

Yet, sitting with his books, he felt unclogged,
 Unfettered ; and for hours together tasted
The calm delight of being neither dogged,
 Nor watched, nor worried ; he transcribed, he pasted,
Repaired old bindings, indexed, catalogued,
 Illuminated, mended clasps, and wasted
An hour or two sometimes in actual reading ;
Meanwhile the belfry business was proceeding ;

XLVI.

And the first opening peal, the grand display,
In prospect ever present to his mind,
Was fast approaching, pregnant with dismay,
With loathing and with horror undefined,
Like the expectation of an ague-day ;
The day before he neither supped nor dined,
And felt beforehand, for a fortnight near,
A kind of deafness in his fancy's ear :

XLVII.

But most he feared his ill-digested spleen,
Inflamed by gibes, might lead him on to wrangle,
Or discompose, at least, his looks and mien ;
So, with the belfry's first prelude jangle,
He sallied from the garden gate unseen,
With his worst hat, his boots, his line and angle,
Meaning to pass away the time, and bring
Some fish for supper, as a civil thing.

XLVIII.

The prospect of their after-supper talk
Employed his thoughts, forecasting many a scoff,
Which he with quick reply must damp and balk,
Parrying at once, without a hem or cough,
“ Had not the bells annoyed him in his walk ?—
No, faith ! he liked them best when farthest off.”
Thus he prepared and practised many a sentence,
Expressing ease, good-humour, independence.

XLIX.

His ground-bait had been laid the night before,
Most fortunately !—for he used to say,
“ That more than once the belfry's bothering roar
Almost induced him to remove away ;”
Had he so done,—the gigantic corps
Had sacked the convent on that very day,
But providentially the perch and dace
Bit freely, which detained him at the place.

L.

And here let us detain ourselves awhile,
 My dear Thalia ! Party's angry frown
 And petty malice in that monkish pile
 (The warfare of the cowl and of the gown),
 Had almost dried my wits and drained my style ;
 Here, with our legs, then, idly dangling down,
 We'll rest upon the bank, and dip our toes
 In the poetic current as it flows.

LI.

Or in the narrow sunny splashes near,
 Observe the puny piscatory swarm,
 That with their tiny squadrons tack and veer,
 Cruising amidst the shelves and shallows warm,
 Chasing, or in retreat, with hope or fear
 Of petty plunder or minute alarm ;
 With clannish instinct how they wheel and face,
 Inherited arts inherent in the race ;

LII.

Or mark the jetty, glossy tribes that glance
 Upon the water's firm unruffled breast,
 Tracing their ancient labyrinthic dance
 In mute mysterious cadence unexpressed ;
 Alas ! that fresh disaster and mischance
 Again must drive us from our place of rest !
 Grim Mangonel, with his outrageous crew,
 Will scare us hence within an hour or two.

LIII.

Poets are privileged to run away—
 Alcæus and Archilochus could fling
 Their shields behind them in a doubtful fray ;
 And still sweet Horace may be heard to sing
 His filthy fright upon Philippi's day ;
 (—You can retire, too—for the Muse's wing
 Is swift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
 Alarmed at periwigs and human ties).

LIV.

This practice was approved in times of yore,
 Though later bards behaved like gentlemen,
 And Garcilasso, Camoens, many more,
 Disclaimed the privilege of book and pen ;
 And bold Aneurin, all bedripped with gore,
 Bursting by force from the beleaguered glen,
 Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
 Not meek and mean, as Gray misunderstood.

LV.

But we, that write a mere campaigning tour,
 May choose a station for our point of view
 That's picturesque and perfectly secure ;
 Come, now we'll sketch the friar—That will do—
 " Designs and etchings by an amateur ;"
 " A frontispiece, and a vignette or two :"
 But much I fear that aquatint and etching
 Will scarce keep pace with true poetic sketching.

LVI.

Dogs that inhabit near the banks of Nile
 (As ancient authors or old proverbs say),
 Dreading the cruel critic crocodile,
 Drink as they run, a mouthful and away ;
 'Tis a true model for descriptive style ;
 " Keep moving " (as the man says in the play),
 The power of motion is the poet's forte—
 Therefore, again, " keep moving ! that's your sort !"

LVII.

For, otherwise, while you persist and paint,
 With your portfolio pinioned to a spot,
 Half of your picture grows effaced and faint,
 Imperfectly remembered, or forgot ;
 Make sketch, then, upon sketch ; and if they a'n't
 Complete, it does not signify a jot ;
 Leave graphic illustrations of your work
 To be devised by Westall or by Smirke.

LVIII.

I'll speak my mind at once, in spite of raillery ;
I've thought and thought again a thousand times,
What a magnificent poetic gallery
Might be designed from my Stowmarket rhymes ;
I look for no reward, nor fee, nor salary,
I look for England's fame in foreign climes
And future ages—*Honos alit Artes*,
And such a plan would reconcile all parties.

LIX.

I'm strongly for the present state of things ;
I look for no reform, nor innovation,
Because our present parliaments and kings
Are competent to improve and rule the nation,
Provided projects that true genius brings
Are held in due respect and estimation.
I've said enough—and now you must be wishing
To see the landscape, and the friar fishing.

CANTO IV.

I.

A MIGHTY current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base ; but you might see
On the near margin many a wat'ry glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee
All tranquil, and transparent, close embayed ;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven ;

II.

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
 Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true ;
 Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
 Fresh'ning the surface with a rougher hue ;
 Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
 Again returning to retire anew :
 So rest and motion, in a narrow range,
 Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

III.

The monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
 Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach ;
 His mightier tackle, pitched apart, awaits
 The grovelling barbel's unobserved approach :
 And soon his motley meal of homely cates
 Is spread, the leather bottle is a-broach ;
 Eggs, bacon, ale, a napkin, cheese and knife,
 Forming a charming picture of still-life.

IV.

The friar fishing—a design for Cuyp,
 A cabinet jewel—"Pray remark the boot ;
 And, leading from the light, that shady stripe,
 With the dark bulrush-heads how well they suit ;
 And then, that mellow tint so warm and ripe,
 That falls upon the cassock, and surtout :"
 If it were fairly painted, puffed and sold,
 My gallery would be worth its weight in gold.

V.

But hark !—the busy chimes fall fast and strong,
 Clattering and pealing in their full career ;
 Closely the thickening sounds together throng,
 No longer painful to the friar's ear,
 They bind his fancy with illusion strong ;
 While his rapt spirit hears, or seems to hear,
 "Turn, turn again—gen—gèn, thou noble friar,
Eleele—lèele—lèele—lected prior."

VI.

Thus the mild monk, as he unhooked a gudgeon,
 Stood musing—when far other sounds arise,
Sounds of despite and ire, and direful dudgeon ;
 And soon across the river he espies,
In wrathful act, a hideous huge curmudgeon
 Calling his comrades on with shouts and cries,
“There !—there it is !—I told them so before ;”
He left his line and hook, and said no more ;

VII.

But ran right forward (pelted all the way),
 And bolted breathless at the convent-gate,
The messenger and herald of dismay ;
 But soon with conscious worth, and words of weight,
Gives orders which the ready monks obey :
 Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded straight ;
He reinspires the convent’s drooping sons,
Is here and there, and everywhere at once.

VIII.

“Friends ! fellow-monks !” he cried, “(for well you know
 That mightiest giants must in vain essay
Across yon river’s foaming gulf to go) :
 The mountainous, obscure, and winding way,
That guides their footsteps to the ford below,
 Affords a respite of desired delay—
Seize then the passing hour !” the monk kept bawling,
In terms to this effect, though not so drawling.

IX.

His words were these, “Before the ford is crost,
 We’ve a good hour—at least three quarters good—
Bestir yourselves, my lads, or all is lost—
 Drive down this staunchion, bring those spars of wood :
This bench will serve—here, wedge it to the post ;
 Come, Peter, quick ! strip off your gown and hood—
Take up the mallet, man, and bang away !
Tighten these ropes—now lash them, and belay.

X.

“ Finish the job while I return—I fear
 Yon postern gate will prove the convent’s ruin ;
You, brother John, my namesake ! stay you here,
 And give an eye to what these monks are doing ;
Bring out the scalding sweetwort and the beer,
 Keep up the stoke-hole fire, where we were brewing :
And pull the gutters up and melt the lead—
(Before a dozen Aves can be said)

XI.

“ I shall be back amongst you.”—Forth he went,
 Secured the postern, and returned again,
Disposing all with high arbitrement,
 With earnest air, and visage on the main
Concern of public safety fixed and bent ;
 For now the giants, stretching o’er the plain,
Are seen, presenting in the dim horizon
Tall awful forms, horrific and surprising—

XII.

I’d willingly walk barefoot fifty mile,
 To find a scholar, or divine, or squire,
That could assist me to devise a style
 Fit to describe the conduct of the friar ;
I’ve tried three different ones within a while,
 The grave, the vulgar, and the grand high-flyer ;
All are I think improper, more or less,
I’ll take my chance amongst ’em—you shall guess.

XIII.

Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly
 Where danger and the convent’s safety call ;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
 Where on the massy gates huge maces fall ;
Where missile vollied rocks are whirled on high,
 Pre-eminent upon the embattled wall,
In gesture, and in voice, he stands confest ;
Exhorting all the monks to do their best.

XIV.

We redescend to phrase of low degree—

For there's a point which you must wish to know,
The real ruling abbot—where was he?

For (since we make so classical a show,
Our convent's mighty structure, as you see,

Like Thebes or Troy beleaguered by the foe :
Our friar scuffling like a kind of Cocles),
You'll figure him perhaps like Eteocles

XV.

In Æschylus, with sentries, guards and watches,

Ready for all contingencies arising,
Pitting his chosen chiefs in equal matches

Against the foe—anon soliloquising ;
Then occupied anew with fresh despatches—

Nothing like this !—but something more surprising—
Was he like Priam then—that's stranger far—
'That in the ninth year of his Trojan war,

XVI.

Knew not the names or persons of his foes,

But merely points them out as stout or tall,
While (as no Trojan knew them, I suppose),

Helen attends her father to the wall,
To tell him long details of these and those ?

'Twas not like this, but strange and odd withal ;
"Nobody knows it—nothing need be said,
Our poor dear Abbot is this instant dead.

XVII.

"They wheeled him out, you know, to take the air—

It must have been an apoplectic fit—
He tumbled forward from his garden-chair—

He seemed completely gone, but warm as yet :
I wonder how they came to leave him there ;

Poor soul ! he wanted courage, heart, and wit
For times like these—the shock and the surprise !
'Twas very natural the gout should rise.

XVIII.

“But such a sudden end was scarce expected ;
Our parties will be puzzled to proceed ;
The belfry set divided and dejected :
The crisis is a strange one, strange indeed ;
I’ll bet yon fighting friar is elected ;
It often happens in the hour of need,
From popular ideas of utility,
People are pitched upon for mere ability.

XIX.

“I’ll hint the subject, and communicate
The sad event—He’s standing there apart ;
Our offer, to be sure, comes somewhat late,
But then, we never thought he meant to start,
And if he gains his end, at any rate,
He has an understanding and a heart ;
He’ll serve or he’ll protect his friends, at least,
With better spirit than the poor deceased ;

XX.

“The convent was all going to the devil
While he, poor creature, thought himself beloved
For saying handsome things, and being civil,
Wheeling about as he was pulled and shoved,
By way of leaving things to find their level.”
The funeral sermon ended, both approved,
And went to Friar John, who merely doubted
The fact, and wished them to inquire about it ;

XXI.

Then left them, and returned to the attack :
They found their abbot in his former place ;
They took him up and turned him on his back ;
At first (you know) he tumbled on his face :
They found him fairly stiff, and cold, and black ;
They *then* unloosed each ligature and lace,
His neckcloth and his girdle, hose and garters,
And took him up, and lodged him in his quarters.

XXII.

Bees served me for a simile before,
And bees again—"Bees that have lost their king,"
Would seem a repetition and a bore ;
Besides, in fact, I never saw the thing ;
And though those phrases from the good old store
Of "feebler hummings and a flagging wing,"
Perhaps may be descriptive and exact ;
I doubt it ; I confine myself to fact.

XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother
Arises ; that the frame and the condition
Of things is altered, they combine and bother,
And every winged insect politician
Is warm and eager till they choose another.
In our monastic hive the same ambition
Was active and alert ; but angry fortune
Constrained them to contract the long, importune,

XXIV.

Tedious, obscure, inexplicable train,
Qualification, form, and oath and test,
Ballots on ballots, balloted again ;
Accessits, scrutinies, and all the rest ;
Theirs was the good old method, short and plain ;
Per acclamationem they invest
Their fighting Friar John with robes and ring,
Crozier and mitre, seals, and everything.

XXV.

With a new warlike active chief elected,
Almost at once, it scarce can be conceived
What a new spirit, real or affected,
Prevailed throughout ; the monks complained and grieved
That nothing was attempted or projected ;
While quiristers and novices believed
That their new fighting abbot, Friar John,
Would sally forth at once, and lead them on.

XXVI.

I pass such gossip, and devote my cares
By diligent inquiry to detect
The genuine state and posture of affairs :
Unmannered, uninformed, and incorrect,
Falsehood and malice hold alternate chairs,
And lecture and preside in Envy's sect ;
The fortunate and great she never spares,
Sowing the soil of history with tares.

XXVII.

Thus, jealous of the truth, and feeling loth
That Sir Nathaniel henceforth should accuse
Our noble monk of cowardice and sloth,
I'll print the affidavit of the Muse,
And state the facts as ascertained on oath,
Corroborated by surveys and views.
When good King Arthur granted them a brief,
And ninety groats were raised for their relief.

XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys were defaced,
Riven and uprooted, and with ruin strown,
And the fair dial in their garden placed
Battered by barbarous hands, and overthrown ;
The deer with wild pursuit dispersed and chased,
The dove-house ransacked, and the pigeons flown ;
The cows all killed in one promiscuous slaughter,
The sheep all drowned, and floating in the water.

XXIX.

The mill was burned down to the water wheels ;
The giants broke away the dam and sluice,
Dragged up and emptied all the fishing-reels ;
Drained and destroyed the reservoir and stews,
Wading about, and groping carp and eels ;
In short, no single earthly thing of use
Remained untouched beyond the convent's wall :
The friars from their windows viewed it all.

XXX.

But the bare hope of personal defence,
The church, the convent's, and their own protection,
Absorbed their thoughts, and silenced every sense
Of present loss, till Friar John's election ;
Then other schemes arose, I know not whence,
Whether from flattery, zeal, or disaffection,
But the brave monk, like Fabius with Hannibal,
Against internal faction, and the cannibal

XXXI.

Inhuman foe, that threatened from without,
Stood firmly, with a self-sufficing mind,
Impregnable to rumour, fear, or doubt,
Determined that the casual, idle, blind
Event of battle with that barbarous rout,
Flushed with success and garbage, should not bind
Their future destinies, or fix the seal
Of ruin on the claustral common-weal.

XXXII.

He checked the rash, the boisterous, and the proud,
By speech and action, manly but discreet ;
During the siege he never once allowed
Of chapters, or convoked the monks to meet,
Dreading the consultations of a crowd.
Historic parallels we sometimes meet—
I think I could contrive one—if you please,
I shall compare our monk to Pericles.

XXXIII.

In former times, amongst the Athenians bold,
This Pericles was placed in high command,
Heading their troops (as statesmen used of old),
In all their wars and fights by sea and land ;
Besides, in Langhorne's Plutarch we are told
How many fine ingenious things he planned ;
For Phidias was an architect and builder,
Jeweller and engraver, carver, gilder ;

XXXIV.

But altogether quite expert and clever ;
Pericles took him up and stood his friend,
Persuading these Athenians to endeavour
To raise a work to last to the world's end,
By means of which their fame should last for ever ;
Likewise an image (which, you comprehend,
They meant to pray to, for the country's good) :
They had before an old one made of wood,

XXXV.

But being partly rotten and decayed,
They wished to have a new one spick and span,
So Pericles advised it should be made
According to this Phidias's plan,
Of ivory, with gold all overlaid,
Of the height of twenty cubits and a span,
Making eleven yards of English measure,
All to be paid for from the public treasure.

XXXVI.

So Phidias's talents were requited
With talents that were spent upon the work,
And everybody busied and delighted,
Building a temple—this was their next quirk—
Lest it should think itself ill-used and slighted.
This temple now belongs to the Grand Turk,
The finest in the world allowed to be,
That people go five hundred miles to see.

XXXVII.

Its ancient carvings are safe here at home,
Brought round by shipping from as far as Greece,
Finer, they say, than all the things at Rome ;
But here you need not pay a penny-piece ;
But curious people, if they like to come,
May look at them as often as they please—
I've left my subject, but I was not sorry
To mention things that raise the country's glory.

XXXVIII.

Well, Pericles made everything complete,
Their town, their arbour, and their city wall ;
When their allies rebelled, he made them treat
And pay for peace, and taxed and fined them all,
By which means Pericles maintained a fleet,
And kept three hundred gallies at his call ;
Pericles was a man for everything ;
Pericles was a kind of petty king.

XXXIX.

It happened Sparta was another state ;
They thought themselves as good ; they could not bear
To see the Athenians grown so proud and great,
Ruling and domineering everywhere,
And so resolved, before it grew too late,
To fight it out and settle the affair ;
Then, being quite determined to proceed,
They mustered an amazing force indeed ;

XL.

And (after praying to their idol Mars)
Marched on, with all the allies that chose to join,
As was the practice in old heathen wars,
Destroying all the fruit trees, every vine,
And smashing and demolishing the jars
In which those classic ancients kept their wine ;
The Athenians ran within the city wall
To save themselves, their children, wives, and all.

XLI.

Then Pericles (whom they compared to Jove,
As being apt to storm and play the deuce),
Kept quiet, and forbade the troops to move,
Because a battle was no kind of use ;
The more they mutinied, the more he strove
To keep them safe in spite of their abuse,
For while the farms were ransacked round the town,
This was the people's language up and down :

XLII.

“’Tis better to die once than live to see
Such an abomination, such a waste ;”
“No ! no !” says Pericles, “that must not be,
You’re too much in a hurry, too much haste—
Learned Athenians, leave the thing to me ;
You think of being bullied and disgraced ;
Don’t think of that, nor answer their defiance ;
We’ll gain the day by our superior science.”

XLIII.

Pericles led the people as he pleased,
But in most cases something is forgot :
What with the crowd and heat they grew diseased,
And died in heaps like wethers with the rot ;
And, at the last, the same distemper seized
Poor Pericles himself—he went to pot.
It answered badly ;—therefore I admire
So much the more the conduct of the friar.

XLIV.

For in the garrison where he presided,
Neither distress, nor famine, nor disease
Were felt, nor accident nor harm betided
The happy monks ; but plenteous, and with ease,
All needful monkish viands were provided ;
Bacon and pickled herring, pork and peas ;
And when the table-beer began to fail,
They found resources in the bottled ale.

XLV.

Dinner and supper kept their usual hours ;
Breakfast and luncheon never were delayed ;
While to the sentries on the walls and towers,
Between two plates hot messes were conveyed.
At the departure of the invading powers,
It was a boast the noble abbot made,
None of his monks were weaker, paler, thinner,
Or, during all the siege, had lost a dinner.

XLVI.

This was the common course of their hostility ;
The giant forces being foiled at first,
Had felt the manifest impossibility
Of carrying things before them at a burst,
But still, without a prospect of utility,
At stated hours they pelted, howled, and cursed ;
And sometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates ;

XLVII.

Them the brave monkish legions, unappalled,
With stones that served before to pave the court
(Heaped and prepared at hand), repelled and mauled,
Without an effort, smiling as in sport,
With many a broken head, and many a scald
From stones and molten lead and boiling wort ;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

XLVIII.

The giant troops invariably withdrew
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock, and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain),
Returned to clamour, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again ;
Thus the blockade grew tedious : I intended
A week ago, myself, to raise and end it.

XLIX.

One morn the drowsy sentry rubbed his eyes,
Foiled by the scanty, baffling early light ;
It seemed a figure of inferior size
Was traversing the giants' camp outright ;
And soon a monkish form they recognise—
And now their brother Martin stands in sight,
That on that morning of alarm and fear
Had rambled out to see the salmon-teir ;

L.

Passing the ford, the giants' first attack
Left brother Martin's station in their rear,
And thus prevented him from falling back ;
But during all the siege he watched them near,
Saw them returning by their former track
The night before, and found the camp was clear ;
And so returned in safety with delight
And rapture, and a ravenous appetite.

LI.

"Well ! welcome,—welcome, brother !—brother Martin !
Why, Martin !—we could scarce believe our eyes :
Ah, brother ! strange events here since our parting."
And Martin dined (dispensing brief replies
To all the questions that the monks were starting,
Betwixt his mouthfuls), while each friar vies
In filling, helping, carving, questioning ;
So Martin dined in public like a king.

LII.

And now the gates are opened, and the throng
Forth issuing, the deserted camp survey ;
"Here Murdomack, and Mangonel the strong,
And Gorboduc were lodged," and "here," they say,
"This pigstye to Poldavy did belong ;
Here Brindleback, and here Phagander lay."
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their posture squatting on the ground.

LIII.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half-a-dozen toes ;
They track them on, till they converge and meet
(An earnest and assurance of repose)
Close at the ford : the cause of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows ;
It was ascribed to causes multifarious,
To saints, as Jerom, George and Januarius,

LIV.

To their own pious founder's intercession,
To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's Psalter ;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
To new wax candles placed upon the altar,
To their own prudence, valour, and discretion :
To reliques, rosaries, and holy water ;
To beads and psalms, and feats of arms—in short,
There was no end of their accounting for't.

LV.

But though they could not, you, perhaps, may guess ;
They went, in short, upon their last adventure :
After the ladies—neither more nor less—
Our story now revolves upon its centre,
And I'm rejoiced myself, I must confess,
To find it tally like an old indenture ;
They drove off mules and horses half a score,
The same that you saw roasted heretofore.

LVI.

Our giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
For all my notions, being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand,
And multiply themselves a thousandfold
Beyond the first idea that I planned ;
Besides—this present copy must be sold :
Besides—I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.

APPENDIX.

GOETHE'S STELLA

AS TRANSLATED IN 1798.

THE translation of Goethe's "Stella," published in 1798, which immediately suggested the burlesque play in the *Anti-Jacobin* by Canning, Ellis, and Frere, is here appended. Knowledge of the original will heighten enjoyment of some touches in the caricature.

Goethe wrote "Stella" in 1774, at the age of twenty-five. Though he was famous already as the author of "Werther," its value in a publisher's eyes was twenty dollars. Even in Germany the close was condemned, and as the play now stands in Goethe's works it has been altered. The hero does blow out his brains. The false sentiment is brought out very strongly by the comic literalness, which in this English translation blots out the redeeming grace of style in the original.

S T E L L A.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

M. G O E T H E.

PREFACE.

As many beautiful, but eccentric poems of the Germans have lately become fashionable in this country, and as we have even begun to make some acquaintance with their theatre, this translation of one of the most admired plays of a celebrated writer may not be unacceptable to the public.

The manners of a people are perhaps more strikingly seen in their dramatic works than in any other. For this reason, and in order to preserve the character of the German stage, and what the French call the "*gout du terroir*," it has been thought advisable to translate the play as literally as possible, and from the original rather than the French, as, in passing through that elegant language, it might have lost more in nature and simplicity than it would have gained by art.

The story which serves to extricate our author's characters from the very difficult situation into which he has brought them, is not an invention, but a well-attested fact, and it has indeed been said that the whole of the fable (like that of Werther) was founded upon a more recent event in private life. The peripetia and catastrophe are nevertheless liable to great objections, and an English audience might be inclined to wish that Count Ferdinand had been left to pursue his purpose.

It would, however, be an absurd presumption to offer anything which looked like an apology for such an author as Goethe, writing to his countrymen: but if the beauties of passion and sentiment in this drama should not (to use an expression of Mr. Gray) "strike the reader blind" to its defects, the translator will stand in need of the most humiliating apology for himself.

STELLA.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT FERDINAND.

WALTER, *the Bailiff.*

STELLA.

CECILIA, *under the name of*

MRS. SUMMERS,

LUCY, *her Daughter.*

The Mistress of the Inn.

ANN, *her Daughter.*

WAITER.

Servants, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A post-house. The post-horn blows.*

Land. Charles! Charles! Charles! [*Enter WAITER.*

Char. What do you want?

Land. Where have you been all this time? Run, run, the post waggon is coming; show the passengers in, take their luggage—run, make haste when I speak to you. Quick, quick [*calling after him*], waiters should never walk. [*Exit WAITER.*] It is too much for a woman to manage such a house. There should be a master. That alone would make me marry again.

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLES, Mrs. SUMMERS, and LUCY in a travelling dress.

Lucy. Give this to me [*taking a parcel from CHARLES*], it is not very heavy; but carry those things for my mother, and attend upon her.

Land. Your servant, ladies. You're come betimes this morning. The post waggon never used to come so early.

Lucy. We had an excellent coachman, we were but two in the carriage, and had not much luggage.

Land. If you intend to dine, ladies, you will be so good to wait a little; for I have nothing quite ready.

Mrs. S. I will only beg a little broth in my own room.

Lucy. I am in no hurry for dinner ; in the meantime pray take care of my mother.

Land. That I will, madam.

Lucy. And let the broth be good.

Land. It shall be excellent. [*Exit LANDLADY.*]

Mrs. S. I wish you would leave off giving orders ! You might have gained some experience already, even in this journey. Though we have had very little, we have spent more than we ought to have done ; and have paid too much for everything all the way—and in our situation——

Lucy. We have not wanted hitherto——

Mrs. S. But we very soon should have wanted.

[*COACHMAN comes in.*]

Lucy. Well, coachman, what say you ? You must have something to drink, must not you ?

Coach. I made good haste with you, ladies.

Lucy. So you did, coachman, and therefore you should have something extraordinary—there.

Coach. Thank you, madam. Are you going further ?

Lucy. No ; for the present we shall remain here.

Coach. Ladies, your servant. [*Exit COACHMAN.*]

Mrs. S. I see by his looks that you have given him more than was necessary.

Lucy. We ought not to send him away dissatisfied ; he was so good-humoured and careful during the whole journey. You say that I am self-willed, mamma, but you must allow that I am not selfish.

Mrs. S. Don't misunderstand me, Lucy. I like your frankness, as well as your spirit and generosity ; but they are virtues only in certain situations.

Lucy. This little village really pleases me, mamma. And I see from hence, I believe, the house of the lady with whom I am to live.

Mrs. S. Yes, that is her house, and I shall be very happy if you should like the place that is destined for you.

Lucy. I perceive already that it is not a very cheerful habita-

tion, there is not a creature to be seen ; but there is a beautiful garden, the lady is amiable, and we shall do very well together. Why do you look around you so, mamma ?

Mrs. S. Leave me, Lucy. Happy girl ! You have no painful recollections. Once it was otherwise. Now, alas ! nothing is more irksome to me than going to an inn.

Lucy. Where do you not find something to give you pain ?

Mrs. S. And where do I not find sufficient cause for pain ? Oh, my dear girl, how different was it formerly, when your father travelled with me in the first years of our marriage, that happiest part of my life ! The world, at that time, had all the charms of novelty—and as the various objects passed before me, his society and his love made every place amusing, and every trifle interesting !

Lucy. Certainly nothing is so pleasant as travelling.

Mrs. S. And after a hot day in summer, or bad roads in winter, when we came into many much worse inns than this, and felt the simple pleasure of repose ; seated on a wooden bench together, and partaking of a homely meal—oh ! it was then very different !

Lucy. But it is now time that you should forget him.

Mrs. S. You know not what you say. Forget him ! My dear child, you have had no losses yet—no irreparable losses ! The moment I became certain that he had forsaken me, all joy fled from my heart—despair seized me—I abandoned myself—Heaven abandoned me—I can hardly call back to my memory the state of my mind at that time.

Lucy. I can recollect nothing but that I sat by your bedside, and cried because you cried. It was in the green room, by the little stove. Leaving that room was what grieved me most when we quitted the house.

Mrs. S. You were but seven years old, and could not know what you had lost.

[*Enter ANN with the soup, LANDLADY, and CHARLES.*]

Ann. Here is the broth that you ordered, madam.

Mrs. S. Thank you, my good child. Is that your daughter, landlady ?

Land. She is my daughter-in-law, madam ; but she is a good girl, and I could not love her better if I were her own mother.

Mrs. S. You are in deep mourning.

Land. Yes, madam, for my husband ; he has been dead about three months ; we had not been married more than three years.

Mrs. S. You seem to have recovered the loss of him.

Land. Aye, madam, one has no time here either to weep or to pray. It's all the same at an inn. Sundays and working days are all alike. Charles, a couple of napkins directly, and spread one here.

Lucy. Whose house is that upon the side of the hill ?

Land. It belongs to our Baroness, one of the best of women.

Mrs. S. I am glad to hear you, who are her neighbour, confirm what we have been already told of her. My daughter is going into the family to be her companion.

Land. This young lady !

Lucy. Yes, I.

Land. I heard that she expected a young woman, but can you resolve upon going into service ?

Lucy. If she is a worthy woman, and agreeable to me, why not ? But I could not live with a person I did not like.

Land. It would be very strange indeed if you should not like her. Had my girl been old enough, the place would not have been given to a stranger. It is impossible to see my lady and not to love her.

Ann. Oh, yes, when once you see her ; she is so kind and so good. She is impatient for your arrival ; if you choose to go, I will conduct you. I am one of her favourites.

Lucy. I will first dress myself ; and I must eat some dinner, too, before I go.

Ann. May I run, mother, and tell my lady that the young woman is come.

Land. Yes, do.

Mrs. S. And tell her we will wait upon her immediately after dinner. [Exit ANN.]

Land. My girl loves her beyond measure, madam. To be sure she is the most charming woman in the world, and one of her greatest amusements is to have children with her ; she teaches them to do various little works, and to sing, and she lets them wait upon her till they become handy, and then finds some good

service for them. And in this manner she has spent all her time since her husband has been absent. It is wonderful how she can be so unhappy, and yet preserve so much sweetness and benevolence.

Mrs. S. Is she not a widow?

Land. God knows! Her husband went from home three years ago, and since that time we have neither heard nor seen anything of him; and she loved him to distraction. My good man could hardly leave off when he had began to talk of them. Every year, upon the day she last saw him, she shuts herself up, and lets no creature come near her; and whenever she speaks of him, it goes to one's heart. I really think myself that there is not such another woman in the world!

Mrs. S. Unfortunate being!

Land. It makes people talk, to be sure.

Mrs. S. Why, what do they say?

Land. One hardly cares to repeat such things.

Mrs. S. Pray tell me.

Land. If you would promise not to betray me, I would trust you with it. It is now about eight years since they came hither. They bought that estate—nobody knew them—we called them the good gentleman and the good lady, and imagined that he was an officer who had made money in foreign service, and now wished to retire. She was at that time very young, not more than sixteen, and as beautiful as an angel.

Lucy. Then she is not more than four-and-twenty now.

Land. No! and she has experienced a great deal of misfortune for her age. She had a child, and that died very early. In the garden is its grave, covered only with sods; and since her husband has been gone, she has built a hermitage over it, and has ordered her own grave to be made by its side. My husband was an old man, and not apt to be affected; but he could not talk of them, and of the happiness they enjoyed together, without emotion. It made him quite a different man, he would say, only to see how they loved each other.

Mrs. S. My heart yearns towards her!

Land. But so the story goes. They say the husband had strange principles; at least he never came to church; and those

who are not governed by religion, are under no government. All at once we heard that he was gone, and so it proved; he was gone and never came back again.

Mrs. S. [*aside*]. An image of all my own misfortunes!

Land. Everybody was talking of it at the time when I first came here, a young married woman; next Michaelmas it will be three years. And in short, after a variety of odd reports, at last it began to be whispered that they were not married—but I beg you won't betray me—that he was a nobleman, and that she had run away with him; to be sure, when a young woman has taken such a step as that, she can look forward to nothing all the rest of her life but repentance.

Enter ANN.

Ann. My lady desires you will come to her immediately. She only wishes to see you, and will not detain you a moment.

Lucy. Will it be proper to go in my travelling dress?

Land. Yes! yes! I promise you she will not even observe it.

Lucy. Well, little girl, will you go with me?

Ann. That I will, with all my heart.

Mrs. S. One word, Lucy [*the LANDLADY retires to a distance*]; mind that you betray nothing, either of our condition or our misfortunes, and behave yourself respectfully.

Lucy [*aside to her mother*]. Leave it to me; I know my story. My father was a merchant, went to America, is dead, and that is the cause of our present distress; leave it to me, I have repeated the tale often enough. [*Aloud.*] I wish you would lie down a little. I am sure you have need of rest. Our landlady will show you a bedchamber.

Land. Yes, I have a pretty, quiet little room, which looks into the garden. I hope the Baroness will be agreeable to you, young lady. [*Exit LUCY and ANN.*]

Mrs. S. My daughter has a little pride.

Land. So have most young people; but it does not last long.

Mrs. S. So much the worse, I think.

Land. When you please, madam, I will wait upon you to your room.

A post-horn blows. Enter FERDINAND, in an officer's uniform, and a SERVANT.

Ser. Must I order fresh horses directly, and leave your trunks upon the carriage?

Fer. No! no!—bring them in—bring them in, I tell you, we shall not go any farther.

Ser. No further, sir? I thought you said——

Fer. No! let them show you an apartment, and bring in all my things immediately. [Exit SERVANT.]

Fer. [*going to the window*]. And do I see thee again! Heavenly sight! do I see thee again! Scene of all my happiness! How still the whole house is! Not a window open! The gallery how deserted, where we so often have sat together. What a cloister-like appearance! How it flatters my hope! And does Ferdinand make the employment of her thoughts in this solitude? And has he deserved it of her? Oh, it is like waking again into life, from a long, cold, joyless, death-like sleep! Everything appears to me so new, so animated, so interesting. The trees, the springs, all, all remain the same! So glided the water over the reeds when I, oh how many thousand times, have silently looked at it with her from that window, whilst, lost in thought, our eyes followed the stream. Its murmuring is melody—sweet melody that recalls past pleasure! And Stella! oh, she will still be what she was! No, Stella! you are not changed, so my heart tells me. How it bursts with impatience!—but I cannot, dare not yet!—I must first recover myself! I must first be convinced that I am really here, that I am not deceived by dreams, such as have so often brought me hither from far countries. Stella! Stella! I come, in thy arms to forget everything! And if thou hoverest round me, dear shadow of my unfortunate wife! forgive me. Thou art gone, let me forget thee—forget all in that angel's arms—forget my misfortunes, losses, errors, and repentance. To be so near to her, and yet still so distant! in a moment—but I cannot, dare not yet—I must suppress the violence of these sensations, or I shall expire at her feet!

The LANDLADY comes in.

Land. Are you ready for dinner, sir?

Fer. Is it dinner time already?

Land. Yes, sir, we only wait for a young woman, who is with my lady yonder at the great house.

Fer. How does my lady do?

Land. Are you acquainted with her, sir?

Fer. Some years ago I was often at the house. How does the marquis?

Land. God knows—he is in the wide world.

Fer. Gone from home?

Land. Yes, indeed. He went away and left the dear lady—God forgive him!

Fer. She was, I presume, very soon comforted?

Land. If you think so, you can know but little of her. No, she has lived like a nun ever since I have been here. She receives no strangers, and visits very few people in the neighbourhood. No, she stays at home, and has all the poor children of the village about her. And notwithstanding her inward grief, she is always gentle, always kind.

Fer. I intend to wait upon her.

Land. So do. She has sometimes invited us—the bailiff's wife, the clergyman's sister, and myself, and talked with us upon various subjects. We were, of course, always careful not to remind her of her husband; but once it happened, Heaven knows how it came about, that he was mentioned. She spoke with warmth in his praise, and burst into tears. Sir, we all cried like children, and could with difficulty compose ourselves.

Fer. [*aside*]. Have I deserved this of her? [*Aloud.*] Is my servant shown to a room?

Land. Yes, sir—No. 2, upon the first floor. Charles, show the gentleman his room. [*Exit FERDINAND and CHARLES.*]

LUCY and ANN come in.

Land. Well! what do you think of my lady?

Lucy. Oh, she is a delightful woman—you did not say at all too much of her. She was unwilling to part with me, and I was obliged to promise that I would return with my mother as soon as dinner was over, and bring my clothes.

Land. I thought so. Now it will be agreeable to you to dine?

A tall handsome officer is just arrived. If you have no objection——

Lucy. Not the least. Is my mother asleep?

Land. I don't know.

Lucy. Then I must go and see how she does.

Land. Charles, see here. The salt is forgotten again. Do you call that rinsing? look at these glasses! [*FERDINAND enters.*] Sir, the young woman is returned, and will come to dinner immediately.

Fer. Who is she?

Land. I don't know her. She seems to be a person who has been well brought up, but not now in affluence. She is going into the service of our good lady here.

Fer. Is she young?

Land. Very young. Her mother is here with her.

[*Enter LUCY.*

Lucy. Your servant, sir.

Fer. I am very glad to find such agreeable company.

[*LUCY draws near the table.*

Land. Here, madam—if you please to be seated. Sir, there is a chair——

Fer. We are not then to have the pleasure of your company, Landlady?

Land. No! If I stand still—all stands still. [*Exit LANDLADY.*

Fer. Is it true, madam, that you are going into service?

Lucy. My situation makes it necessary. I shall be companion to my lady.

Fer. Methinks you could not fail to find a companion who would take more care of you than the Baroness.

Lucy. You, sir, I find are like other men.

Fer. How do you mean?

Lucy. In two words, then, very presuming. Men think themselves absolutely necessary; and, I don't know how it was, but I was brought up very well without them.

Fer. You have lost your father!

Lucy. I can hardly remember that I had one. I was very young when he left us to make a voyage to the coast of America, and his ship, as we heard, foundered at sea.

Fer. You appear to be very indifferent about him !

Lucy. It cannot well be otherwise. He had done very little to gain my affections, and knowing that men prize nothing so much as liberty, I could easily forgive him for leaving us ; but my poor mother is dying with grief for his loss.

Fer. You are then without any protection ?

Lucy. That does not signify. If our means are diminished, I am now grown up, and I do not fear but I shall be able to support my mother.

Fer. Your spirit is surprising.

Lucy. Those who have often risen again when they had expected to sink learn courage.

Fer. Cannot you impart some of it to your mother ?

Lucy. Alas ! she has the loss, not I. I am thankful for the life he gave me. I am cheerful and happy. But for her—she had passed with him the bloom of her youth, and then to be deprived of him—suddenly deprived of him ! What can equal the distress of such a situation ? I have not yet experienced any loss. I can form no idea of it. You appear thoughtful, sir !

Fer. Yes, my dear. Life is full of cares, and also of happiness. [*Rising up.*] And so heaven support your spirits. [*He takes her hand.*] You suddenly struck me, my dear child—in the world how often, and how far, have I been removed from all my hope, my happiness ! But yet always——

Lucy. What mean you, sir ?

Fer. All that is kind, my dear. You have my best, my warmest wishes for your welfare. [*Kisses her hand. Exit.*]

Lucy. There is something extraordinary in this man, but he seems to have a good heart.

ACT II.

Enter STELLA and a SERVANT.

Stel. Go to her—go directly, and say that I am waiting for her.

Ser. She promised to come immediately, madam.

Stel. But you find that she does not. I like her much. Go, and let her mother come with her. [*Exit SERVANT.*] I can

hardly have patience to wait. It is something to wish, to hope. I am quite a child! Yet, why should I not seek objects of affection? It requires much to fill this heart! Much, poor Stella, much! Whilst he yet loved me, whilst I pressed him to my bosom, one look of his filled my whole soul! And, O Heaven! Thy decrees are unsearchable! How often from his embraces have I lifted up my eyes to Thee, my heart glowing with his love, my lips seeming to imbibe his exalted soul, and with tears of tenderness have cried, Father of Mercies! oh continue to us this happiness, Thou, who hast made us so happy! It was not Thy will. [*She is thoughtful a few moments, then suddenly gets up, and strikes her hand upon her heart.*] No, Ferdinand, no! that was not a reproach.

Mrs. SUMMERS and LUCY enter.

Stel. Here they are. My dear girl, you are now mine. Madam, I thank you for the confidence with which you deliver this treasure into my hands. She is a capricious little creature; but she has a good and generous heart. Yes, Lucy; you see I have found you out already.

Mrs. S. You feel what I bring to you, and trust to your protection.

Stel. [*after a pause, in which she looks at Mrs. SUMMERS*]. Pardon me! I am informed of your story. I know that I have before me persons of good family; but your appearance awes me. You inspired me with respect and confidence the first moment that I saw you.

Mrs. S. My lady, your goodness——

Stel. Oh! nothing of that. It is a pleasure to me to express what my heart feels. How are you? I hear you have not been well. Pray sit down.

Mrs. S. I have not been in good health for some time, my dear madam; but travelling in this beautiful season, with the change of scene, and the pure, delightful morning air (which has so often given fresh vigour to my exhausted spirits), have had so favourable an effect upon me that even the recollection of past happiness becomes a pleasure to me. I see a fleeting image of my golden days when love first dawned upon my soul.

Stel. Yes, the days, the early days of love! No! thou art not gone back to heaven, golden time! thou art present to each heart when the blossom of love is unfolded.

Mrs. S. [*pressing her hand*]. Enchanting visions!

Stel. Your countenance is illuminated like that of an angel. Your cheeks glow——

Mrs. S. Alas! and my heart too. It beats for you. Sympathises with you.

Stel. Then you also have loved! Thank heaven I find a being that can understand me, that can pity me, that will not coldly look upon my sorrows! What have I not done? What have I not tried? but all in vain. No, the world and all that it contains can be of no avail. No, what we love is everything, and all is for the object beloved.

Mrs. S. All heaven is in her heart! [*Aside.*

Stel. When I am least aware of it, his image suddenly appears before me. Sometimes as I have seen him come into company, when his eyes were wandering in search of me, or as he bounded over the fields to throw himself into my arms at the garden gate, and sometimes at a distance, as I have seen him going from me. Alas! then it was to return—it was to return to me again. If I recall to my thoughts the hurrying scenes of the world, he is equally there. When I was at the theatre, I was sure, whether I saw him or not, that he stood where he could observe and admire every attitude of mine. I knew that the waving of my plumes attracted him more than all the beauties round him, and that the music was but an accompaniment to the eternal chorus of his heart—Stella! Stella! how dear thou art to me!

Lucy. How is it possible to feel so much love?

Stel. Do you ask, child? I cannot answer you. But with what do I entertain you?—trifles!—important trifles. We are but great children; and perhaps it is well for us that we are so. What passions rend the soul when we are offended and resolve to leave a beloved object; but if armed with all our pride and firmness, we again behold him—how all subsides with one look, with one pressure of the hand.

Mrs. S. Your pure nature still preserves all its innocence—that, at least, remains to you.

Stel. Oh ! a thousand years of weeping and sorrow would not be a price too great to give for the delights of young love—the stolen looks, the faltering voice, the agitation, the divine oblivion, the meetings, partings, the first passionate kiss hastily snatched, the first calm embrace. My dear madam, you seem oppressed. Are you well?

Mrs. S. Oh men ! men !

Stel. They are the cause of joy and sorrow. With what ideas of felicity they fill our minds ; what new affections possess us when first their tumultuous passions are communicated to our souls. How often has my whole frame shook, when in floods of tears he has poured a world of sorrows into my bosom. I begged him for heaven's sake to spare himself—me. In vain ; till in my inmost soul he kindled the flame with which he was consumed. And so the poor girl became all love, all tenderness. And where is now the æthereal climate in which such a being can live and breathe.

Mrs. S. We trust men. In the moments of passion they deceive themselves ; how should we avoid being deceived by them.

Stel. A sudden thought strikes me, madam. Let us be to one another what these men ought to have been to us ; let us remain together ; give me your hand, we will not part.

Lucy. That cannot be.

Stel. Why not, Lucy ?

Mrs. S. My daughter is sensible, madam.

Stel. It is not a favour which I offer. Are you not aware that you will confer a great obligation on me by staying ? My good friend, I dare not be alone. I have tried everything—my farm, my garden, music, books. I teach the little children of the village to read and spin, merely not to be alone ; merely to see something about me that lives and prospers. Sometimes, when my good angel seems to have removed the weight of sorrow from my heart—when I awake calmly on a warm spring morning and the loved sun shines on the opening leaves and I can begin the business of the day with cheerfulness and activity, then it is well with me—then I walk about for a time and direct my people and set them to work. And, for the short respite, I give thanks aloud to heaven.

Mrs. S. Yes, I have experienced it myself; activity and benevolence are the best gifts of heaven—a compensation for unfortunate love.

Stel. Compensation! A little relief perhaps. Something in the place of what we have lost, but not the lost thing itself. Lost love! oh where is there an equivalent for thee? When, as I oftentimes ramble from thought to thought, a friendly dream brings past time before me, and I look forward with hope to the future, then I calmly wander up and down my garden by the glimmering light of the moon. Till all at once the thought seizes me—it seizes me that I am alone. In vain to the four winds I stretch out my arms; in vain call upon the phantom of love with a fulness of heart, a violence that I think would almost draw down the moon from her sphere. I am alone; no voice answers me from the wood, the stars look cold upon my distress, and then the grave of my child appears suddenly at my feet.

Mrs. S. You had a child?

Stel. Yes, my good friend. O Heaven, you gave me that happiness also only to taste, and prepared a bitter cup for my whole life. When one of the village children, as I am walking, runs up to me barefooted, and, with little innocent eyes, kisses its hand to me, it pierces my soul. So tall, I think, my Fanny would have been. With melancholy tenderness I take it up and kiss it a hundred times as if it were my child. My heart is rent, the tears start from my eyes, and I break away.

Lucy. But you were also saved a great care?

[*STELLA smiles and pats her cheek.*]

Stel. How is it that I yet exist? How did I survive the dreadful moment? It lay before me, its bloom flown! and I stood over it, my heart turned to stone, without feeling, without sense. The nurse took it up, and suddenly called out, It is alive! I fell upon her neck, cried passionately over the child, threw myself at her feet. Alas! she was deceived. There it lay dead, and I by its side, in all the agony of despair.

[*STELLA throws herself into a chair.*]

Mrs. S. Turn your thoughts from the melancholy scene.

Stel. No! it is good, very good for me that my heart should open—that I should relieve my mind from this oppression! Oh!

were I once to begin talking of him who was all to me ! Who— but you shall see his picture.

Lucy. Oh, how I shall like to see it.

Stel. [*opens a door and points to it*]. There, my dear friends, there it is.

Mrs. S. Heavens !

Stel. That—that is his picture ! yet not a thousandth part of what he is. That forehead, those black eyes are his ; the dark hair, and the earnest look. But, oh ! the love, the friendship with which his soul overflowed, which animated his countenance, that no painter could express !—that his Stella alone can feel.

Lucy. I am all amazement, madam !

Stel. Yes, it is the picture of *such* a man.

Lucy. I must tell you that I dined to-day with an officer at the post-house who resembles this gentleman. Oh, it was himself ; I will lay my life it was himself.

Stel. To-day ! Oh, you deceive yourself ! You deceive me !

Lucy. Yes, madam, to-day. But he was burnt rather browner with the sun. It was himself ; I am sure it was.

Stel. I am all tumult, Lucy. I will go thither directly.

[*Rings the bell hard.*]

Lucy. It will not be proper for you to go.

Stel. *Proper ! Oh ! proper !*

[*SERVANT comes in.*]

Stel. Run ! William—at the post-house—run ! there is an officer that should—that is— Speak, Lucy !—tell him !—he is to come hither !—Desire him to come hither !

Lucy. Do you know the Baron ?

Ser. Yes, perfectly well, madam.

Lucy. Well, go to the post-house ; there is an officer there who resembles him extremely. I think it must be himself. See whether I am mistaken.

Stel. Tell him that he must come—must come immediately. Could I but hold him ! [*opening wide her arms*]. But I am deceiving myself ! It is impossible ! Leave me, my friends. Leave me to myself.

[*She retires with precipitation.*]

Lucy. My dear mother ! What is the matter ? How pale you are !

Mrs. S. This will be the last day of my life ! This my heart cannot bear ! All—all at once !

Lucy. For heaven's sake, what mean you?

Mrs. S. This husband—this beloved!—this much-desired! He is my husband! He is your father!

Lucy. My mother, my dearest mother!

Mrs. S. And he is here—will sink into her arms in a few moments. And *we*—*Lucy, we*—must be gone!

Lucy. When should you wish to go?

Mrs. S. Immediately—instantly!

Lucy. Go into the garden, my dear mother, and let me run to the post-house. If the post-waggon is not gone, we can go quietly back in it without taking leave—whilst intoxicated with happiness—

Mrs. S. In raptures of joy she will embrace him—himself!—and I, in the same moment that I find him, must for ever—for ever lose him!

Enter FERDINAND and a SERVANT.

Ser. This way, sir; here, don't you recollect the room. My lady is almost distracted with joy. I am very happy to see you here again.

[*FERDINAND crosses the stage without observing LUCY or Mrs. SUMMERS; they see him from behind.*

Mrs. S. It is he! It is himself! I am undone!

ACT III.

STELLA enters full of joy with FERDINAND.

Stel. [*turning to the walls of the room, and advancing towards a little statue of Venus*]. Here he is! Do you behold him! Here he is! How often have I lamented, and wept, and walked up and down in despair, within these walls! He is here again! I cannot believe my senses! dearest, dearest Ferdinand! You were long away. But you are returned to me [*falling upon his neck*]. You are returned. I will hear nothing, think of nothing, know nothing, but that you are here again.

Fer. My Stella! my dear Stella! [*embracing her*]. O Heaven, you have repaid me for all my sufferings!

Stel. Thou only one.

Fer. Stella, let me again drink thy dear breath ! thy breath, in comparison of which the air of paradise would be joyless and insipid.

Stel. Dearest Ferdinand !

Fer. Pour into this disturbed, tempestuous bosom, new love, new delight, from the fulness of thy own heart. [*He hangs upon her.*]

Stel. My beloved Ferdinand !

Fer. Oh transport, ecstacy ! Here, where you breathe, every object floats before me in the charm of life and youth. Love and eternal truth would here fix the wildest wanderer.

Stel. Thou dear enthusiast !

Fer. Do you not know that your bosom is like the dew of heaven to the parched traveller who returns to you from the barren deserts of the world.

Stel. And what delight to the poor Stella, to press her Ferdinand, her wandering, her lost, her only Ferdinand, again to her bosom.

Fer. [*falling at her feet*]. My Stella !

Stel. Rise, my dear Ferdinand, I cannot see you kneel.

Fer. Yes, let me ! let me kneel before you ! Does not my heart incessantly adore you ?—everlasting goodness and love.

Stel. I have you again ! I do not know myself !—I do not know what I say or do—and what matters it ?

Fer. To me it is again as the first moments of our happiness. I hold you in my arms—I imbibe from your lips the certainty of your love ! I tremble, and ask myself whether I am awake or in a dream.

Stel. But, Ferdinand, as I perceive, you are not grown better.

Fer. Yes, surely I am—these moments of delight in your arms must make me good. I could pray, Stella, and then surely I should be happy.

Stel. God forgive thee, that thou art so good for nothing, and so good ! So versatile, and yet so constant ! As soon as I hear thy voice I say to myself, “That is Ferdinand, who loves nothing in the world but me.”

Fer. And when I look at your sweet blue eyes, till I lose myself in them—I think, that during the whole time of my absence, no image has dwelt in them but mine.

Stel. And you are not mistaken !

Fer. Indeed?

Stel. No, or I would confess it to you! Did I not in the first months of my entire love for you, unfold all the inmost recesses of my heart? And did you not love me the better for it?

Fer. Thou angel!

Stel. Why do you look at me so? You think I am altered. Sorrow has faded my cheek. Is it not so?

Fer. Roses! sweetest bloom! Stella, why do you shake your head.

Stel. To think that I so love you, that I cannot accuse you for the sorrows you have brought upon me!

Fer. What, is your hair grey, Stella? Fortunately it was always light! You have not, however, lost any of it, I perceive.

[*He takes out the comb, and her long hair falls down.*]

Stel. [*with a fond smile*]. Foolery!

Fer. [*wrapping her hair round his arm*]. Rinaldo again in his former chains!

SERVANT *enters*.

Ser. Madam!

Stel. What is the matter? Why do you come with a distressed countenance? It is death to me, when I am so happy.

Ser. But, madam, the two ladies are going.

Stel. Going? Oh no!

Ser. Yes, madam. I saw the daughter go to the inn, and then return again to consult with her mother. I inquired at the house, and heard that they had hired horses, as the post-waggon was already gone. I went to them—the mother, all in tears, desired me to carry back her clothes privately, and wishing you all possible happiness, said she could not stay.

Fer. Is it the woman who came to-day with her daughter?

Stel. Yes, I wished to take the daughter into my service, and the mother had agreed to it. That they should give me this disturbance just at this time, Ferdinand!

Fer. What can they mean?

Stel. Heaven knows! I cannot tell; and I do not wish now to inquire. I would not willingly lose her. If you were not with me, Ferdinand, it would give me pain. Pray speak to them, Ferdinand. You, William, must do what they desire of you—

they must be left at liberty to do as they please. Ferdinand, I will wait for you in the arbour. You will soon follow me. Come soon. Ye nightingales, ye will again welcome him!

Fer. My dearest love.

Stel. [*hanging upon him*]. You will come soon.

Fer. In a few moments—immediately. [*Exit STELLA.*]

Fer. [*alone*]. Angel of Heaven! in your presence all is serenity and peace. Ferdinand, dost thou know thyself again? All that oppressed this bosom is removed—every care, every painful recollection of what is past, all apprehension of what is to come. What is to come! Fell thoughts, do you again assail me! That before her they should all vanish—'tis inconceivable! Yes, when I look at you, Stella, when I hold your hand——

BAILIFF *enters.*

Bail. [*he kneels to FERDINAND*]. Are you indeed here again?

Fer. Yes—stand up—I am returned——

Bail. Let me, my dear sir, let me——

Fer. Well, how is it with you? I hope you are happy.

Bail. I cannot be otherwise than happy. My wife is in good health, I have two children, and you are come back.

Fer. And how have you managed?

Bail. So well, that I could immediately lay the accounts before you. You will be surprised to find how much we have improved the estate. May I inquire after your wife, your daughter?

Fer. Peace! Must I tell you all? You deserve it as the companion of my follies.

Bail. I may thank Heaven that you did not make yourself chief of some horde. I should have begun to sack and plunder with you at the first word.

Fer. You shall hear all.

Bail. But I hope you mean to stay at home now. It is time to leave off all this rambling. Since I have had a wife and children, I find myself very well contented in this confined corner of the world, and the whole of it was too narrow for me before. But you——

Fer. No retrospect.

Bail. I only mean to say that our dear lady may hope again——

Fer. Oh, my child! My child!

Bail. Well, well, God will bless you with another, and it will live, and you will stay with us and become a good husbandman; and after all, what is the use of this restless rambling?

Fer. I find you have not left off giving your opinion.

Bail. Honoured sir, why should I not honestly speak what I think? I well remember, after you had been married two or three years to the good, the amiable Cecilia, how you tormented yourself. How discontented you were with everything. How you felt yourself imprisoned, fettered. How you sighed after liberty.

Fer. How you talk.

Bail. Is it not the truth?

Fer. Well!

Bail. When you opened your heart to me, and in a fit of excessive despondency said—"I must go, Frank. I was a fool to let myself be shackled. This situation confines all my powers, takes away the vigour of my soul. It presses upon me. The qualities I have in me should have space to unfold themselves"—

Fer. Very well!

Bail. I did not then comprehend what you would have, now I understand it. We went into the wide world, and wandered up and down, and, with all our freedom, knew not what we would be at, till at last we had no alternative but to return to our chains or hang ourselves.

Fer. Nonsense!

Bail. Then all your powers had free scope.

Fer. Blockhead!

Bail. Then your faculties had room to display themselves.

Fer. Do you know what you are prating about?

Bail. About what you so often talked of and never did, about what you wished for and could not attain, and often even did not seek after.

Fer. Enough, enough!

Bail. Well, stay with us now—do but stay, and all will be right.

SERVANT enters.

Ser. Mrs. Summers, sir.

Fer. Show her in.

[Exit SERVANT.

Fer. [alone]. This woman perplexes me. Nothing is pure,

nothing is perfect ! The gaiety of the daughter affected me ; what will her sorrow do !

Mrs. SUMMERS *enters*.

Fer. [*aside*]. O Heaven ! and must her figure too remind me of my crime ! Strange contradiction ! If it is our nature so to think, and so to act, why cannot we forgive ourselves ? [*Aloud.*] Madam !

Mrs. S. What are your commands, sir ?

Fer. I wish that you would give Stella and me your company. Pray sit down. [*Gives her a chair.*]

Mrs. S. The presence of the unfortunate is irksome to the happy ! and, alas ! the presence of the happy is still more irksome to the unfortunate.

Fer. I do not understand you. Can you have mistaken Stella ? She that is all kindness, all divine goodness.

Mrs. S. Sir, I wish to go silently away ; permit me to do so. I must be gone. Believe that I have urgent reasons, and let me entreat that you will give me leave to go.

Fer. [*aside*]. Her voice ! [*Aloud.*] Madam [*he turns round*].— [*Aside.*] Gods ! it is my wife. [*Aloud.*] Excuse me.

[*He retires suddenly.*]

Mrs. S. [*alone*]. He knows me ! I thank Heaven for having given me much strength at such a moment. Am I indeed the same poor, broken-hearted being that in so trying a situation can be so calm, so strong ? Providence ! Eternal Goodness ! if sometimes we lose the vigour of our mind, you restore it to us when we have the greatest need of it.

Fer. [*comes back*]. [*Aside.*] Does she know me ? [*Aloud.*] I pray you, madam, I entreat you, speak to me without reserve.

Mrs. S. Must I then relate to you my misfortunes ? How can you attend to sorrow and mourning upon a day which gives to you all the joys of life, and restores them also to the most excellent of women ? No, sir ; excuse me. Give me leave to go.

Fer. Let me prevail on you, madam.

Mrs. S. Willingly would I spare myself and you. The remembrance of my early years revives in me a deadly grief.

Fer. You were not then always unfortunate !

Mrs. S. No ! or I should not have been so sensible of misfortune. [*After a pause, and in a softer tone.*] The days of my youth were cheerful and happy. I know not what there was in me that attracted men ; but a great number wished to make themselves agreeable to me. I felt complacency and friendship for a few ; but there were none with whom I could have wished to unite my fate. And so passed the day, strewed with roses, when each fair hour led to another as happy ; and yet something was wanting. When I looked farther into life, and considered all the joys and sorrows that await mankind, then I wished for a companion, whose hand might lead me in my progress through the world ; who for the love which my young heart should dedicate to him, would be my friend in age, my protector, who might supply the loss of the parents I should have given up for his sake.

Fer. And afterwards——

Mrs. S. Alas, I found this man ! I saw him, upon whom, in the first days of our acquaintance, I placed all my hopes. The vivacity of his temper appeared to me to be accompanied with such generosity and truth, that I soon opened my heart to him. He gained my friendship ; and oh ! how soon after—my love. O Heaven, when his head rested on my bosom, how grateful did he appear for the place which had been prepared for him in my arms ! how he flew to me again, after he had been engaged in the whirl of business and dissipation ! And how I leant upon him, as my support and consolation, in every distress or difficulty.

Fer. What could disturb this tender friendship ?

Mrs. S. Nothing is lasting. Alas ! he loved me—as certainly loved me, as I loved him ! There was a time when he could attend to nothing but me ; think of nothing but my happiness. Oh, he conducted me through pleasant paths, and then left me in a desert.

Fer. [*his distress still increasing*]. But how could his heart, his sentiments——

Mrs. S. How can we know what passes in the heart of men ? I did not observe that by degrees he became—what shall I call it ?—not indifferent—that I must not say ; he ever, ever loved me ; but he required more than my love. I had his affections to share,

perhaps, with a rival. I did not conceal my suspicions—and at last——

Fer. And could he——

Mrs. S. He left me! The wretchedness I felt has no name! All my hopes fell that moment to the ground, at the very time when I expected to reap the fruit for which I had sacrificed my bloom. To be forsaken, abandoned! To lose all that can support and gratify the mind. Love, confidence, honour, rank, prosperity—all overturned at once—and I, and the unhappy pledge of our love!—— A dead melancholy succeeded to the rage of grief, and when that was swept away, my exhausted spirits sunk into apathy. All the disasters to which the fortune of a poor deserted being is liable, I neither foresaw nor regarded, till at length——

Fer. Oh, how guilty——

Mrs. S. [*interrupting him, with suppressed grief*]. No, he is not! I pity the men who are enslaved by love.

Fer. Madam!

Mrs. S. [*smiling to conceal her distress*]. No, certainly! I see them as slaves in fetters, and as such they are, indeed, always considered. They deceive themselves for a time, and woe to us when their eyes are opened! I could be nothing to him at last but a good housewife. I certainly attended upon him with the utmost endeavours to be agreeable to him and careful of him. I dedicated all my time to my family and my children, and without doubt, being occupied with so many trifles, my heart and head were often barren, and I was not a very entertaining companion to a man of his lively imagination and brilliant talents. He necessarily found my society insipid; he was not in fault!

Fer. [*falling at her feet*]. Oh yes, I am! I am!

Mrs. S. [*in a flood of tears, falling on his neck*]. My——

Fer. My Cecilia! My wife!

Cec. [*drawing back*]. Not mine! [*Again falling on his neck.*] My heart betrays me! Ferdinand, whatever you are, let the tears of an unhappy woman flow upon your bosom; bear with her these few moments, and then abandon her for ever. Think her not thy wife! Spurn her not from thee!

Fer. Heaven! O Cecilia! Your tears upon my cheek!—your heart throbbing against mine! Spare me! spare me!

Cec. I ask nothing, Ferdinand! nothing but these few moments! Grant but this relief to my heart, and it will become firm, disengaged. Ferdinand, you shall be released from me.

Fer. Rather may my life be taken away! I will not part with you!

Cec. I shall see you again, but not upon this earth! You belong to another. I cannot rob her of you! Open! open to me, world of spirits! Let me look into that happy futurity, into that eternal dwelling. That, that alone can give me consolation in these dreadful moments.

Fer. [*taking both her hands, and looking at her and embracing her*]. Nothing—nothing in the world shall take me from you. I have found you again.

Cec. Found what you did not seek!

Fer. Do not say so. Yes, indeed, I have sought you, my forsaken, my dear wife. Even in the arms of this angel, I have scarcely known a moment of real happiness. Everything reminded me of you and of your daughter. Of my Lucy! Good heaven! to think that that charming girl is my daughter! I have sought you everywhere. Three years I have been seeking you. In the place where we resided I found that our habitation was in other hands, and heard the sad story of your losses. Your retreat rent my heart. I could discover no traces of you. And tired of my life and of myself, I put on this uniform, and went into foreign service, and in my despair helped to support the dying freedom of the Corsicans. And now you see me, after a long and strange wandering, again returned to you, my kind and faithful wife.

LUCY enters.

Fer. Oh, my daughter!

Lucy. My dearest father!—if indeed you will be to me a father.

Cec. And Stella!

Fer. Here, we must be quick. Unfortunate Stella! Why, Lucy, why could we not this morning discover one another? you know with how much emotion I left you. Oh! why, why? we had then been saved all this. Stella! we had spared you this sorrow. But we will be gone. I will tell her that you are resolved to go; that you will not interrupt her by taking leave; but that

you cannot be prevailed upon to stay. And you, Lucy, go directly to the post-house and order a chaise to be got ready immediately for three. The servant will put up my things with yours. Cecilia in the meantime will stay here, and when all is ready, you will come back, Lucy, and both of you wait for me in the garden room. I will disengage myself from Stella—say that I purpose to accompany you to the inn, to pay the post for you, and take care that you meet with no difficulties. Poor girl! we make use of your goodness to deceive you. We will go.

Cec. Go! One reasonable word with you.

Fer. No! We will go; say no more. We will be gone.

[*Exit CECILIA and LUCY.*]

Fer. [*alone*]. Gone! Oh where, where! A dagger might open the way through all these difficulties, and turn me to cold insensibility, for which I would now gladly exchange this being. And is it even thus? In my fortunate days, what were my thoughts of those to whom life was a burthen, and who cast it from them? And now! Oh! how unfeeling are the happy! This discovery one hour sooner, how much would have been spared! I had not seen her—she had not seen me. I could have persuaded myself that she had forgotten me—that she had got the better of her sorrow. But now, how shall I appear before her? What say to her? O my crimes! my crimes! how bitter they are to me at this moment. I left them both, both were lost to me, and now that I find them again I am lost to myself. O grief! O torment!

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Hermitage in STELLA'S garden.*

Stel. [*alone, looking at her flowers*]. You bloom beautifully, more beautifully than ever, dear, dear spot of eternal sacred repose, but you attract me no longer. Now I shudder before you. Cool, soft earth, I tremble at the sight of you! Alas! how often in the hour of fancy have I been wrapped in the mantle of death, and hid my sorrows under thy living green. Then have I called on corruption to dissolve this anxious bosom, and release my spirit in a friendly dream. But now, light of heaven, you shine upon

me in all your brightness. He is returned, and the whole creation smiles, my heart swims in pleasure, I breathe new life, and from his lips I shall inhale a newer, brighter, more glowing existence—shall live with him, for him, in continual delight! Ferdinand! he comes. Hark! no, not yet. Here he shall find me, here, by this altar of roses, under these branches full of flowers. These buds I will gather for him. Here, here! and then I will lead him to this little bower. Small as it is, I did well, however, to make it large enough for two. Here I used to lay my books; here stood my writing-desk. Away with you, I want nothing now, now I have Ferdinand. But is he indeed returned? Is he again here? Perhaps—— [FERDINAND *enters.*] Where stayed you, my best love? Where have you been? I have been long, long alone. [*Anxiously.*] Are you well?

Fer. [*aside*]. These women have distracted me. [*Aloud.*] The mother is a very worthy woman, but she will not stay; she will not assign her reasons, but she is determined to go. You must allow her to do so, Stella.

Stel. If she is not willing to stay, I will not certainly persuade her against her inclination; and, Ferdinand, I want nothing now! [*falling on his neck*]*—*now I have you!

Fer. Compose yourself.

Stel. Let me weep; I would the day were over. My whole frame still trembles—joy so unexpected, so sudden. My dear Ferdinand, I can hardly—I shall sink under it.

Fer. [*aside*]. How shall I go from her? [*Aloud.*] Leave me, Stella!

Stel. It is thy voice, thy fond voice—*Stella!* Stella! You know how I love to hear you pronounce that name—Stella? Nobody speaks it like you; the whole soul of love is in the sound. How delightful to me is the memory of those days when I first heard you speak it. When all my happiness began in you.

Fer. Your happiness?

Stel. You look as if you would begin to reckon the days of sorrow you have brought upon me. No more of that, Ferdinand! no more of that! I count only those of joy. Oh! from the time I first saw you, how was my whole soul changed. Do you remember the afternoon in the garden with my uncle? When

you came to us we were sitting under the great chestnut trees, behind the summer-house.

Fer. [*aside*]. She will rend my heart. [*Aloud.*] I remember it well, my Stella.

Stel. When you came, I don't know whether you observed that from the first moment you had fixed my attention ; but I, however, soon remarked that your eyes sought mine, and when my uncle proposed music and you took up a violin, whilst you were playing I looked earnestly at your countenance—I traced every line in it. On a sudden pause you turned your eyes towards me and they met mine ; how I coloured and looked down. You perceived it, Ferdinand. From that instant I was sensible that you were often looking over the book at me, and were so out of time that my uncle lost all patience. Each false note was to me soft flattery that touched my heart ; it was the sweetest confusion I had ever felt in my life. For the whole world I could not have met your eyes again ; I left the company.

Fer. Oh ! every minute circumstance ! [*Aside.*] Cruel recollection.

Stel. I am often surprised that, loving you as I do to entire forgetfulness of myself when I am with you, these scenes should still be as vivid and fresh in my memory as if they had passed but yesterday. How often, Ferdinand, have I thought of the evening when you went through the wood with my friend to look for me. You both called Stella, Stella ! The instant you spoke, I knew your voice, and when you came up to me and took my hand, which was most confused of the two ? My good Sarah said to me the same afternoon, "I see your fate is decided." And what happiness in your arms. If Sarah could but be a witness of it. She was a good creature, and wept over me when I was sick and dying for love. I would willingly have taken her with me when I forsook everything for you.

Fer. Forsook everything !

Stel. Does that strike you so much ? Is it not true ? Or can you, in Stella's mouth, mistake it for a reproach. Oh, for love of you, I have not done near enough !

Fer. No ! your uncle, who loved you as a father, who idolised you, who had no will but yours—that was nothing. Your fortune, the estate which would have been yours—that was nothing. The

place where you had passed your childhood, the scene of your innocent amusements, your companions——

Stel. And what are all these without you, Ferdinand? They were indeed something to me before I knew you; but when love and you took possession of my soul, it was then I first began to live. I must indeed confess that I have many times in a solitary hour said to myself, "Why could I not have enjoyed all these things with him? Why was it necessary to run away? Would my uncle have refused him my hand? Certainly not; then why run away?" But I found excuses enough for you—they never failed. "If it was a caprice," said I—for you have a multitude of caprices, Ferdinand—"If it was a caprice to carry off the maiden as a prize! and if it was his pride to take her without her fortune!" You may imagine that I was every way interested to put the best construction upon it, and so you were always justified.

Fer. My heart sinks within me!

ANN enters.

Ann. Your pardon, my lady. Why do you stay so long, captain? everything is ready, and they only wait for you. The young lady has hurried us almost out of our senses, and now you make them wait.

Stel. Go, Ferdinand; go with them to the inn and pay the post for them; but come back again soon.

Ann. Do not you go with them then? The young lady bespoke a chaise for three, and your servant has packed up your things.

Stel. It is a mistake, Ferdinand.

Fer. What does the child mean?

Ann. What do I mean? Why, truly, it is rather extraordinary that you should leave this lady to go with her maid, whom you only became acquainted with at the ordinary to-day. But I observed a tender parting, to be sure, when you kissed her hand after dinner.

Stel. [*with surprise*]. Ferdinand!

Fer. She is a child, she don't know what she says.

Ann. Don't believe him, dear lady! everything is packed up, and the gentleman is certainly to go with them.

Fer. Go where?—where?

Stel. Leave us, Ann. [*Exit ANN.*] Relieve me from this dreadful distress. I know 'tis nothing, and yet the child's nonsense pains me. Ferdinand, I am thy Stella!

Fer. [*turning to her and taking her by the hand*]. Thou art my Stella!

Stel. You terrify me, Ferdinand! You look wildly!

Fer. Stella, I am a wretch and a coward! I lose all my powers when I am with you. I have not the resolution to strike the dagger into your heart, and yet secretly meditate slow poison. O Stella! Stella!

Stel. For heaven's sake!

Fer. [*with bitterness and passion*]. And only not to see your sorrow! not to hear your despair!—to fly!

Stel. [*in a faint voice*]. I can support myself no longer.

[*She is sinking, but holds by him.*]

Fer. Stella! whom I hold in my arm! Stella! thou who art all to me! Stella! [*Coldly.*] I leave thee!

Stel. [*staring confusedly and smiling*]. Me?

Fer. [*gnashing his teeth*]. Yes, thee! with the woman whom thou hast seen! with the girl!

Stel. It grows dark!

Fer. That woman is my wife—[*Stella looks earnestly at him, and falls into his arms*—and the girl is my daughter! Stella! [*He observes that she has fainted.*] Stella! [*He carries her to a chair.*] Stella! Oh, help! help!

CECILIA and LUCY enter.

Fer. Look! look at this angel! She is gone. See! Oh, help! help! [*CECILIA and LUCY are both busied about her.*]

Lucy. She is beginning to recover.

[*He looks at them for some time without speaking.*]

Fer. And by your aid! by your aid! [*Exit.*]

Stel. Who? Where? [*Standing up.*] Where is he? [*She sinks back, and looks round her at CECILIA and LUCY, who are still employed about her.*] Thank you! thank you! Who are you?

Cec. Compose yourself! We are——

Stel. You? Are you not gone? You are?—Heaven, who told

it me? Who are you? Are you?—[*taking CECILIA by the hand*]
—No; I lose myself again.

Cec. Dearest, best of women, let me press you to my bosom.

Stel. It lies deep in my soul. Tell me, are you——

Cec. I am—I am his wife.

Stel. [*starting back and putting her hand before her eyes*]. And I!
[*She walks wildly backwards and forwards.*]

Cec. Let me conduct you to your apartment.

Stel. What do you remind me of? Oh horror! horror! And
is this the end of all? Cast off, abandoned—lost, for ever lost!
O Ferdinand, Ferdinand!

Cec. Go, Lucy, call your father.

Stel. No! For heaven's sake, hold, stay! Let him not come.
No, father, husband! Go, go!

Cec. My dear Stella!

Stel. And do you love me? Do you press me to your bosom?
No, leave me. Put me from you. Yet one moment [*falling on
her neck*], it will be the last, I shall soon be no more. My heart!

Lucy. You must compose yourself.

Stel. I cannot support your presence. I poisoned all your
peace, robbed you of your all. You were in sorrow, and I, what
happiness did I enjoy! [*Falls on her knees.*] Can you forgive me?

Cec. [*CECILIA and LUCY hasten to raise her*]. Oh rise, rise!

Stel. No; here I will kneel, lament, pray to heaven and to you
to forgive me. Pardon, pardon! [*She starts up.*] Pardon! I
am not in fault. Thou gavest him to me, great God of heaven!
I held him as Thy dearest gift; leave me, my heart is rent!

Cec. Touching innocence!

Stel. [*taking CECILIA in her arms*]. I see the goodness of
heaven in your eyes. I sink! Oh raise me up! She forgives
me! She feels my misery!

Cec. My dear Stella, my friend, my sister, be calm; exert all
your powers. Believe that He who created us with these passions
can support us under them and give us relief and comfort.

Stel. Let me stay and die in your arms.

Cec. [*after a long pause, in which STELLA walks distractedly up
and down, she exclaims with violence*]. Come!

Stel. No! leave me, leave me! Disorder, confusion, horror,

despair, overwhelm me. It cannot be, it is impossible; so suddenly, it cannot be comprehended, it cannot be borne.

[She stands thoughtful for a time, with her eyes fixed on the ground. At length raising them up, she sees them both, screams, and runs away.]

Cec. Follow her, Lucy; watch her! [Exit LUCY.]

Cec. *[alone]*. Oh look down in mercy upon Thy children; upon their distresses, their sorrows. I, alas! have been taught to suffer; strengthen me, and if the knot can be loosened, great God of heaven! let it not be rent!

ACT V.

SCENE—STELLA'S apartment by moonlight.

Stel. [alone—holds the picture of FERDINAND, and is preparing to take it out of the frame]. Deep shades of night surround me! Conduct me! Lead me! I know not where I step! I must go; ah, where! where! And am I banished from this place of my own creation? Must I no longer wander where the sacred moon illumines the top of my tall trees? whose deep shade shelters the grave of my sweet child; from the place destined for my own grave, which I have so often and so devoutly washed with my tears; where my free spirit hoped again to hover after death, and recall past pleasure. From you must I be driven, banished! But I am grown callous, heaven be praised; I begin to lose all sensation! My mind is confused. Banished! I cannot comprehend the idea. I shall lose myself again. Now! my eyes are dim! Farewell! farewell! Never to see you more! Cold death is in the thought! You must be gone, Stella! *[She seizes the portrait.]* But you! should I leave you behind! *[She begins to take out the nails.]* Oh! that I could pour out my life in tears, and sleep a sleep of death! I am—I ever must be miserable! *[She turns the picture to the light of the moon.]* O Ferdinand! when you first approached me, how my heart sprang towards you. Were you not touched with my unsuspecting confidence in your faith and virtue? When I received you into my heart, did you not feel what a sanctuary was opened to you? and

you did not start from me—fly me! How was it that you could in cruel sport root up my life, my innocence, my happiness, and throw them so carelessly, so thoughtlessly away? Oh honour! generosity! My youth! my golden days! And you hid such deep deceit in your soul. Your wife! Your daughter! My heart was open and pure as the fairest morning of spring. Everything smiled around me. Where am I! [*Contemplating the picture.*] So noble! so seducing! That look it was which ruined me! I hate thee! Away, away from me! So attracting! so enchanting! No! no destroyer! Me! Me! You! Me! [*She makes a point at the picture with the knife as if she would cut it.*] Ferdinand! [*She turns away, lets fall the knife, and bursts into a flood of tears.*] Oh! my dear, dear, dear Ferdinand! It is in vain! in vain!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My lady, according to your orders, the horses are brought to the back gate of the garden. Your trunks are packed up. You won't forget to take money——

Stel. Take that picture! [*The SERVANT takes up the knife, cuts the picture out of the frame, and rolls it up.*] Here is money.

Ser. But why?

Stel. [*after standing a few moments and looking round her.*] Come! [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to the Hall.

Fer. [*alone.*] Peace, peace! This conflict is agony—despair and horror seize me again! Cold and deadly lies all the prospect before me, as if the world were now nothing, as if I had been guilty of nothing. And they? Oh! am I not more wretched than they are? What is to be done? Here! there! whichever way I look, the scene is more cruel! more and more horrible! [*Striking his forehead.*] To what am I reduced? No man can give me aid or counsel. The past and the future equally perplex me! And these women, these three lovely and incomparable beings, made miserable by my means, wretched without me! Still more wretched with me! If I could pour out my heart in tears and lamentations, could implore forgiveness, throw myself at their feet, and by partaking of their sorrows, again feel a ray of comfort! But where are they? Stella, prostrate on the earth,

turns her dying eyes to heaven, and exclaims—"Of what had I, an opening flower, been guilty, that in Thy wrath thou shouldst cut me off? unfortunate as I am, of what had I been guilty that Thou shouldst bring this monster to me?" And Cecilia! my wife! horror, endless horror! What blessings are assembled round me, only to make me wretched. Husband! father! lover! The noblest, tenderest, best of women thine! Canst thou comprehend this ineffable happiness? but 'tis this which rends thy soul, each demands an undivided heart, and I—but it is unfathomable. They will be wretched! Stella! Stella! all thy hopes are blasted. Oh! what have I robbed thee of? Thy peaceful days! the bloom of thy youth! And am I so cold, so calm! [*He snatches a pistol and instantly loads it.*] Ay! this is well! here it must end!

CECILIA enters.

Cec. My dear—Ha! [*starting with alarm at the sight of the pistols; then recovering herself, she says with composure.*] Are those for your journey? [*He lays down the pistols.*] My dear friend, you seem more calm; may I say one word to you?

Fer. What do you wish, Cecilia? What do you wish, my dear wife?

Cec. Call me not so till I have done speaking. We are now grievously involved. Can nothing be done by which we may be extricated? I have suffered much, and my misfortunes have taught me to take strong measures. Do you understand me, Ferdinand?

Fer. I hear.

Cec. Consider well what I say. I am but a wife, a troublesome, complaining wife; but firm resolution is in my soul, Ferdinand. It is my purpose, my determined purpose, to leave you!

Fer. [*ironically*]. You are brief, Cecilia!

Cec. Do you think it impossible to quit those we love with deliberation?

Fer. Cecilia!

Cec. I do not reproach you; and think not that I make too great a sacrifice. In your absence I was absorbed by grief. I was lost in vain lamentations. I find you again, and your presence inspires me with new strength. Ferdinand, my love for

you is not selfish. 'Tis not the passion of a mistress ; it is the affection of a wife who can resign her own happiness for yours.

Fer. Never ! never !

Cec. Are you angry ?

Fer. You distress me !

Cec. I wish you to be happy. I have my daughter, and in you I have a friend. We will part without being disunited ; I will live at a distance from you, but I shall know that you are happy. I will be a confidential friend ; you shall impart to me your joys and sorrows. Your letters will be all my existence, and mine will be to you as friendly visitors. You need not, therefore, retire with Stella to a remote corner of the world. We shall love one another, take an interest in each other, and so, Ferdinand, give me your hand upon it.

Fer. As raillery this is too much, as serious it is inconceivable. Be it as it will, my best friend, cold reasoning will not extricate us. What you say is generous and noble, but you deceive yourself. The heart accepts not these imaginary consolations. No, Cecilia—my wife—no, no ! You are mine, I am yours. Why should I say more ? I am yours, or——

Cec. But Stella ! [*FERDINAND starts up and walks wildly backwards and forwards.*] Which of us is deceived ? Which of us, from cold reasoning, endeavours to find a momentary consolation ? Yes, yes, men know themselves !

Fer. Depend not too much upon your calmness !—the unhappy Stella will weep and linger out her life far from me and you. Think not of her, think not of me !

Cec. Yes, I am convinced that in her solitude the thought of our reunion would be a solace to her angelic mind. Cruel reproaches now embitter her moments. And she would suppose me far more unhappy than I should be were I to leave you, for she would judge by herself. She would not live in peace, the angel would not live at all if she thought her happiness were a robbery. It were better for her——

Fer. Let her retire to a cloister.

Cec. But why should she be immured ? Of what has she been guilty, that in her most blooming years, with all her rising hopes before her, she should be sent to waste her days in loneliness and

despair? Separated from every object that is dear to her, from the man she so passionately loves, from the man who so—— Is it not true, Ferdinand, you love her?

Fer. [*starts back*]. Ha! what mean you? Are you an evil spirit in the form of my wife? Why do you seek to turn me thus at pleasure? Why do you rend what is already torn? Am I not distracted enough? Leave me, consign me to my fate! And heaven have pity on you! [*He throws himself into a chair.*]

Cec. [*goes to him and takes his hand*]. There was once a count [*FERDINAND would spring from her, she holds him*], a German count, who from a sense of religious duty, left his wife and country to go to the Holy Land. He travelled through many kingdoms, and was at length taken captive. His slavery excited the compassion of his master's daughter, she loosened his chains, they escaped together; she accompanied him through all the perils of war as his page. Crowned with victory he returned to his noble wife. But the dear girl (*for he thought humanely*) he did not desert. His high-born consort hastened to meet him, and thought all her faith and love rewarded by folding him again in her arms. And when the knight proudly threw himself from his horse upon his native soil, and the spoils were laid at her feet—"My wife," said he, "the greatest prize is still behind." A gentle damsel appeared veiled amidst the crowd; he took her by the hand and presented her to his wife, saying, "Here is my deliverer, she freed me from captivity, she made the winds propitious, she attended upon me, fought by me, nursed me. What do I not owe her? Here she is, do you reward her." The generous wife embraced her, wept on her neck, and cried, "Take all that I can give. Let him be yours; he of right belongs to you, he of right, too, belongs to me; let us not part, let us all remain together." Then falling into her husband's arms, "We are yours," she exclaimed. "We are both yours," they cried with one voice; "we are yours for ever!" And heaven smiled propitious on their love, the holy vicar pronounced his benediction over them, and they had but one dwelling, and one grave.¹

¹ These facts are attested by Moreri and Bayle. The following is a translation of the article in Moreri:—"Gleichen being made prisoner by the Turks, and employed to work in the royal gardens, was noticed by the daughter of the king, his master, and by degrees so far obtained her favour that she offered to contrive his

Fer. Great God! Thou who sendest angels to us in our extremities, grant us strength to support their presence! Oh my wife!

[He sinks with his face on the table.]

Cec. *[opens a door and calls].* Stella!

[STELLA enters, looks wildly at the pistols, at CECILIA and

FERDINAND. Then clasping CECILIA in her arms—

Stel. Father of mercies! what is this?

[FERDINAND starts up, and is running distractedly from them; CECILIA holds him.]

Cec. Divide with me that heart, Stella, the whole of which belongs to you. You have saved my husband—saved him from himself, and you restore him to me again.

Fer. *[approaches STELLA].* My Stella!

Stel. I comprehend it not.

Cec. You will know all—even now your heart explains it!

Stel. *[falling on FERDINAND's neck].* And may I trust that heart!

Cec. Do you thank me for arresting the fugitive?

Stel. *[taking CECILIA in her arms].* O Cecilia!

Fer. *[embracing both].* Mine! mine!

Stel. *[taking hold of his hands and hanging upon him].* I am thine!

Cec. We are both thine!

escape, and to accompany him in his flight, on condition that he would marry her. He told her that he was already married; she replied that such a circumstance need not prove an obstacle to their union, since, by the Turkish law, a man is allowed to have more than one wife. The Count submitted to her arguments and gave her his promise. They left Turkey together and landed in Italy. The Count went immediately to the Pope, to whom he related his adventures, and obtained his permission to retain both wives. The Countess very kindly received the Turkish lady. The legitimate wife had many children, to whom the Turkish lady (who brought forth none) was very tenderly attached. A monument of this history still exists at Erford." Houdorff's words are:—"Hujus ei monumentum Erphordiae etiamnum extat in quò ex utròque latere comiti uxores adstant, regina marmoreà coronà ornata, comitissa sculpta est nuda, et infanta ad pedes reptantes."

Under the article *Gleichen*, Bayle gives the same account of this adventure as *Moreri*, whom he seems to have copied. *Du Val* mentions it in his description of Germany. By *Arnaud* it has been amplified into a novel, and by *Le Noble* in his *Zulima*.

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